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A. Mbrighton.

OWAIN GOCH,

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE CAVALIER," "KING OF THE PEAK,"

&c. &c.

And what a noble plot was crost,
And what a brave design was lost!

COWLEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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OWAIN GOCH.

CHAPTER I.

Curse on her charms! I'll stab her through them all.
The Revenge.

On releasing the French lieutenant from the fangs of the two female tigers, Rowna and Winifred Jones, his rescuers had almost as much to do to prevent Ribaudier from avenging himself upon them with his sword. He foamed, stamped, raved, and swore, whilst the blood which issued from the wound inflicted by the teeth of the Welsh girl ran down his cheek, and added terrors to his already hideous countenance. To increase his chagrin, Winifred, and her mother also, when she became versed in the whole matter, far from being scared by his

sallies of rage, laughed at his condition; and the damsel, softening her loud and jocund tone, asked him in a voice of affected condolement "If he would have another kiss?"

"Kiss!" cried the Frenchman, "La chatte féroce! La sauvage! Canibale! Diable! A bear — a tiger I vill kiss."

"Kiss 'em and welcome!" cried Winifred, laughing; "but hur will be a bit wiser for time coming than to trust the wolf because his eyes are shut. If hur would thrive in wooing where hur takes no pains, hur must go to such fine madams as the smuggler's. Give 'em gowd — fine bobs to their ears, and silk petticoats, and ye may woo thrifty."

This was the first time that Winifred had said any thing unkindly of Kate, and it was probably the pride of disinterested constancy which infused this portion of tartness into the triumph of the Welsh girl. The smuggler's bride, however, took no notice of it, except by a look which seemed to implore peace;

for her spirit, which was naturally lively, and rather coquettish, was cowered by a succession of events as terrible to her as they were new. Coquincourt, with that indifference which rejects all incident as uninteresting which is ungenteel or unpolite, once more lay down upon his hard bedstead, but O'Regan, to whom such an affair as that we have recited was a subject of high gratification, enjoyed the triumph of the girl, and the defeat of her admirer, with a relish which greatly incensed the discomfited lieutenant.

"By the virtue of my oath, Mounsheer!" said the Governor; "your own self hasn't the right way of going about the business. Ould Teague O'Regan, for as long 's the time since he play'd puss in a corner, wouldn't have been thrown out in that sort of way; after all talking, an Irishman's the boy for the girls — his blarney 's all gospel — like eating butter with a silver spoon, Grah. Och, Winny,

I 've seen the time when you'd not have shy'd Teague O'Regan, my darling."

" Hur wouldn't have the best Paddy that ever liv'd on tatoes and buttermilk," said Rowna with a sneer.

" Pratees and buttermilk, woman ! " cried Teague, in indignant surprize, "and are not pratees and buttermilk, and the lads that live on 'em, better than cheese and onions ? Och, woman, talk till you 're blue in the face, but say no more about Paddy."

" To sleep, to sleep," said Rowna, waving her hand with impatience ; " idle is hur talk — to sleep."

She retired to the further part of the room ; where, beneath the window, was a long wooden couch or settle, upon which she threw herself. Her daughter, seated at the feet of her mother, began to hum one of her country songs to a low and sad tone, which harmonized most of her companions once more to sleep. Watchfulness, however, still maintained its dominion over her ; for she

not only remained awake, but seemed to enter into some train of thought, which banished sleep from her eyelids. They were indeed covered with tears; low and stifled sobs burst from her breast; and frequently did she uplift her head, and look towards that part of the room where her envied rival slept on the bosom of Watch. The smuggler, reclining on the arm of the settle on which he sat, seemed also buried in repose. After beholding their situation for some minutes with all the agony of unrequited affection, she rose from her seat, and approaching them with noiseless steps, gazed upon them with a long and lingering look. Again she perused those dark and manly features upon which she had long delighted to dwell, and that robust form which in her eyes outshone all others. And with no little envy did she note the beauties of the more delicate figure beside him; — the fair round neck, the pretty features, the rose on her

cheeks unsmirched by the sun, the long and silky fringe of her eyelashes finely contrasted with the ivory tint of her skin. She espied the small hand and taper fingers of Katherine, and instantly expanding her own, beheld her broad palm and horny fingers with anguish and disdain. "Hur is not made for dallying, sure enough." With a tone of self-mockery, she uttered these words; but the feeling speedily changed again to that of grief and regret! "How fair is this minion! How small her limbs! Not a blur, nor a smirch, nor a freckle — if hur 's true to him; as true as — ay, as I am, that he cares not for — hur 's a mate fit for him indeed! Ye may see the blue veins track o'er hur forehead. Oh! would thou'dst ne'er seen light, or ne'er seen my rover, bonny as thou art."

Her tears flowed so fast, that she was obliged to stifle her grief by enveloping her head in her apron; and for some moments she leaned against the wall, overcome by the painful anguish of her

mind. But it was not long that she gave way to this weakness. Naturally firm, she soon rallied her courage, and throwing aside her temporary veil, she surveyed Watch and his bride with more calmness.

"Now," she muttered, as the words of her mother came to her memory; "now might I spend her life blood, and spoil the sport of her lover; with my bare hand I could gripe her throat until no breath was left in that dainty body. But would her death win him to me? I care not — her would not have him — ha! devil, why throw ye in my way the mortal weapon?"

The sword of Captain Coquincourt, which that officer, on lying down, had reared up beside the chimney, caught her eye, and she stole towards it with eager but silent steps; grasping it with a trembling hand, she drew it from the scabbard, and turning round to achieve her desperate purpose, her arm was arrested by Will Watch. Neither of them spoke; for she was now aware that,

affecting sleep, her old sweetheart had watched her motions; and he was too fearful of alarming his bride, who still slept in security, to cause an useless commotion. He disarmed Winifred, and looked upon her with a countenance in which pity for her unhappy condition was mingled with anger at her attempt upon Katharine's life.

"Yea, I would slay her," said Winifred, first breaking silence; "I care not for hur looks: kill me — strike the sword into my breast and it is right — hur will die well pleased, for then hur will not see a sight more hateful to hur than heaven's light to the fiends. Strike here: hur will forgive the blow."

"Winny, rest quiet," answered Watch; "I love thee too well to cut the smallest line of thy tackling. What, wench, if we can 't be man and wife, we can be as good friends, belike, brother and sister. Never fear but thou 'lt get a better helmsman to steer thee than ever Will Watch was at his best."

"Another husband!" exclaimed Winifred, with disdain; "No, Will, hur will die! Hur minion and I must not both live; and as hur can't reach the woman's life, hur will lose hur own."

"Thou wouldst not hurt her if thou'dst way to do it," replied the smuggler; "thou couldst not lay the steel to her breast."

"Make hur not mad," said the girl, in a new fit of jealousy; "hur beauty, which thou think'st should keep hur safe, is the devil that spurs me to slay her."

"Nay, but couldst thou smite a child — a suckling?" said Watch; "if not, her look would stifle thy rage."

Winifred did not reply; she could not; for the excess of Watch's admiration for his young bride so aroused her jealousy, that she had much to do to restrain herself from falling headlong upon her rival, and glutting her vengeance in the destruction of her charms. As it was, however, Winifred stifled her rage. Covering it over as well as she could, for

she was not an adept in the art of dissimulation, she resolved to await some fitter opportunity of putting in execution her meditated vengeance.

With her assistance the smuggler got rid of his fetters, which were but tied together with a strong cord, and once more congratulated himself upon his comparative freedom. It was scarcely effected, before Watch and Winifred heard a challenge given by a sentinel, who, they perceived from the sound, was stationed on the top of the tower, to some person below. The reply, "A friend," was also distinct; but this answer was apparently unsatisfactory to the sentinel, for he threatened to fire, unless the person gave a better account of himself. To this threat the voice below cried, "The Salmon of Llancoch."

"What seek ye here?" said the soldier.

"We run up the shore to catch the turn of the tide," answered the men in the boat.

"Stand off — stand off — or I'll fire into you; you heard the orders, and run risk in breaking them."

The report of a musquet on the landward side of the tower apprized the sentinel of the designs of the boatmen, and he instantly discharged his piece upon them. The firing, and cries of "Guard, ho! — turn out!" in a short time alarmed the whole garrison. Drums beat to arms, and the soldiers lost no time in obeying the signal; whilst the stir and tumult among the prisoners became universal. Coquincourt, who at the first shot had sprung from his couch, hurried about from one place to another, enquiring the cause of alarm; and when he found that the tower was surrounded by an armed force sufficiently strong to attempt its reduction, with the skill and promptitude of a veteran officer, making such dispositions as he thought necessary for its safety. Ribaudier swore fiercely, and recommended a sally; whilst Dupuy, eager to signalize himself, occupied the little

chamber of Shadow with a few men, resolved to defend the portal to the last extremity. The Irish hero, O'Regan, sat upright on his bedstead, and rubbing his eyes, asked "what all the bother was about?" but receiving no answer, applied himself to console the pretty Katharine Van Dronk, who, being awoke by the tumult, sat close to her husband, the image of fear and helplessness. In these moments of suspense and danger, no persons seemed more collected or less alarmed than Rowna and her daughter, the latter of whom smiled contemptuously at the terror of her rival; and the masculine superiority of her courage seemed once more to awaken better feelings in the mind of this singular virago. She took the hand of Katharine with an air of protection, and in a low but authoritative voice said to Watch, "Bestir hurself, if hur would be free; leave hur wench in my hands; I will keep hur safe."

"Oh no, no, you shall not leave me,"

said Katharine, holding her husband fast; "I shall die if you leave me; I dare not remain in her hands."

"And why not, minion?" answered Winifred, grinding her teeth; "would hur have him hide from danger when others fight for him? Fool, let him go; I will fight for hur, though hur little deserves it."

Will Watch, whose bold heart was already in the combat, knew not what to do, particularly after the attempt which Winifred had made upon the life of his bride. He looked first upon her, and then upon the fierce and excited figure of the Welsh girl, who apparently knew what was passing in his mind; for she said, "Will Watch, fear hur not, hur will pledge faith and troth for hur wench's safety. Stand not here, but leave hur, and about your work. — Hark! the cheers of Owain Goch and hur bold followers call the smuggler to the strife. — Hark! hark! the roar of death!"

"Death! sure enough!" cried O'Regan,

starting upon his feet, "it's the cheery rattle of fifty pieces of musquetry. To it, good lads, I'll be with ye anon. Oh for a spontoon or a chimney proker!"

"Will Watch! does hur hear, and is hur still?" cried the Welsh maiden, stamping furiously on the ground.

The smuggler breathed hard, courage sparkled in his eyes, and he squeezed Katharine in his arms, as if to take leave of her before entering the combat; but she clung to him with a tenacity and fondness that were irresistible, and he again sat down on the bench.

"Ah! coward! coward!" cried Winifred, gnashing her teeth; "is this Will Watch that hur has loved? Well rid, well rid of a coward. Haws gweuthur hebog o farcut, no marchog o daiog.* Give hur the sword hur dares not use; give it Winifred, and hur will fight among men for the craven smuggler."

This taunt was more than Watch could

* Easier to make a falcon of a kite,
Than of a knave a knight.

bear. He tore himself from the arms of his fainting bride, and laid her on the bench, beseeching Winifred to remember her plighted word for Katharine's safety.

"If hur does not give the wench safe to hur again," cried Winifred, clasping his hand, "may no prayer be said over hur grave."

Happily, during the foregoing conversation, the guard-room was either cleared of the soldiers, most of whom were already engaged in the combat, or they were too much occupied in concerting means of defence, to notice their prisoners. Even the uproar made by the captives confined in the inner chamber, and who endeavoured to burst open the door which communicated with the guard room, failed to excite their attention.

The tumult now became louder, the discharges of fire-arms more frequent, the shouts of the combatants more fierce; and the darkness of the night was dispelled by the blaze of torches and flashes of the musquetry. So vivid was the illu-

mination that the light pierced the high window of the guard-room, and threw a shadowy glare upon its gloomy walls. Through this window, mounted upon the settle on which she had slept, the herculean Rowna, like one of the valkvriur, or choosers of the slain, gazed with animated eyes upon the combat; and as the tide of battle rolled backwards or forwards, as the assailants pressed onward to the attack, or were checked in the assault by the sharp vollies of their enemies, a transport of delight, or groan of disappointment, bespoke the interest she took in the scene. Hitherto no opportunity had presented itself of Watch joining in the combat with any chance of a moment's life; for had he, assisted by O'Regan, attempted to release his fellow captives in the inner chamber, he must have been immediately cut off by the soldiers who passed to and from the guard-room. He was, therefore, constrained to await patiently some turn of events which should enable him to be-

come a sharer in the fight; and that he might not lose any moment of which he could avail himself, he joined Rowna at the window, and continued to gaze with a stirring heart upon the battle. At first the assailants pressed on with great gallantry, and endeavoured to force the gate of the tower, which was still kept fast under bar and bolt; but finding the work impracticable, and being severely galled by the fire of the garrison, they gave up the attempt, and, in lieu of tearing it down, made a fire beneath for the purpose of burning it. The fire was not long in catching hold of the worm-eaten doors; and although the operation might demand a considerable time, yet the garrison perceived that eventually this defence would be destroyed, unless by a sally they could beat off the enemy, and extinguish the flames. A sortie, Monsieur Coquincourt was aware, in his circumstances, both as regarded the limited number of his men, and his ignorance of the enemy's force, was a hazardous spe-

culation; but he suffered his own judgment to be overridden by the savage and headlong courage of his lieutenant, and the warm and gallant temperament of Dupuy. He was besides encouraged to it by the disorder which a sharp volley, fired immediately previous to the sally, appeared to create in the ranks of the enemy, who fled from the gate of the tower within the line of trees by which it was surrounded. This retreat, which it afterwards appeared was a ruse de guerre employed by Delafosse, raised the chagrin of Rowna to the highest pitch, and occasioned no little concern to the hardy but unskilful smuggler.

"D — n the rascals — they fly," cried Watch.

"Sheep — sheep — pitiful hares!" exclaimed Rowna; "Where is Owain Goch? Where is the wolf of war? They fly and none follow. Now, Owain Goch! Now, wolf of Benlyn! the dogs are on thee; turn and rend."

The soldiers, led on by Ribaudier and

Dupuy, charged their enemy with great fierceness, and, deceived by the stratagem of Delafosse, followed further than prudence warranted. They were immediately beset by Owain Goch, who, rushing out of the wood with his followers, took them in flank; and they now perceived, for the first time, that they had to deal with men skilled in regular warfare. Their courage was, however, nothing daunted; they fought with desperate constancy, and the lieutenant, whose rashness had been the cause of their critical situation, exerted himself with singular ardour to maintain the fortune of his soldiership. The young ensign, Dupuy, whose appearance bespoke unfledged juvenility, evinced in his courage and conduct a precocious manhood, which astonished both friends and foes; and he succeeded, amidst a heavy fire and impetuous attack, in extinguishing the flames, which had already consumed one half of the door. The conflict continued for some minutes with unabated fury; but

fortune seemed at length to declare for the side of the garrison, who, beholding the foe once more give way, in the ardour of a confirmed victory, pressed beyond the line of the trees, and got entangled in the wood. At this moment Coquincourt, who perceived the utter ruin of his men, if the enemy should have laid another ambuscade, drew out the remainder of his people to support their comrades. And for this support they had indeed no small occasion ; for the second retreat, as the first, was a decoy of the enemy, who, rallying again, fell upon Ribaudier with fresh fury and renewed strength. In a few minutes the whole party was engaged, and Captain Coquincourt was put to the use of his halbert with the meanest of his soldiers. At this moment the door of communication between the inner chamber and the guard-room was forced in with a tremendous crash, and Watch, leaping down from the window, beheld a number of the armed followers of Gwyndyr, who, con-

ducted by Jones, the landlord of the Salmon, had scaled the window from their boats by means of rope ladders. They had brought with them arms of all kinds, so as to put the prisoners in plight for battle, and they now demanded to be led against their foes.

"Jones!" cried Watch, "stay you here and keep the deck. Messmates, follow me."

They descended the stairs, and fell upon the rear of the enemy like a whirlwind; and in a few seconds the roar of battle was hushed. The enemy, to a man, were either dead or prisoners. Their captain, Coquincourt, was struck down, and taken without any hurt; but Ribaudier and Dupuy, covered with wounds, and desperate to the last, were no easy prey to the victors. Out of seventy rank and file, who, before the combat, had garrisoned the tower, not more than twenty, and most of those severely wounded, returned to it as prisoners.

Owain Goch and his victorious follow-

ers were received with acclamations by the soldiers lately captive, who insulted with bitter taunts the misfortunes of the enemy. The Irish hero, Colonel Teague O'Regan, whose infirmities prevented him from engaging in the fight, also joined in the encomiums bestowed upon Gwyndyr and his adherents. And Rowna and Winifred Jones, in their pride and admiration of Cambrian valour, forgetful of their late defection, advanced to congratulate the chieftain on his successful prowess. But his eyes no sooner fell upon them than they lightened with rage.

"How, are ye there?" cried Gwyndyr, "ye that have betrayed your countrymen, and are baser than the Saxon!"

"Hold hur peace, Owain Goch," answered the undaunted Rowna, "our wishes served hur. Saxon be hur name that loves not Wales; the blood of Welshmen is in our veins."

"Treacherous and false ye are;" returned Gwyndyr, "and cursed be the hand that holds ye in fellowship. Had

ye been men, like as ye are most faithless and vile women, I would have ye burnt on the embers of Plas y traeth."

"Hur has seen coelcerth * burn merrily afore now;" replied Rowna with indifference.

"Away to the heath and glen," cried the chieftain; "be no more seen among men. By my mother's bones, I will hold him at feud that renders ye food or fire at your need."

"Speak again, Owain Goch!" cried the wife of Jones, whose courage gave way before the fearful denunciation of the chieftain; "Speak again, Chief of Benlyn; ye doom women, not soldiers; ye doom the friends, not the foes of Wales."

"I have spoken and sworn;" answered Gwyndyr; "I have not two mouths. Away to the red deer and the Gwyniad pool; there is here no rest for your foot."

* Bonfires.

With the authority of a prince unaccustomed to have his will disputed, the chieftain of Merioneth waved his hand, and turned his back upon the supplicants, who, with humbled looks and weeping eyes, begged the intercession of Colonel O'Regan, the only person of consequence present. The good-natured Hibernian, although somewhat awed by the fever of mind in which he beheld the turbulent mountaineer, cheerfully undertook the office; and said, "Hark'ee, my dear friend and fellow soldier, Master Owen och Gwyndyr! It's an ould proverb in Ireland, that the widow's blessing is a crutch to the lame. So, my dear, don't let us be fighting with women when we should be spaking 'em fair — but let the dirty-faced ould widow go home again to her brandy bottle, and take her young one under her arm."

"Hur is not a widow!" said Winifred, interrupting him. "Faith, jewel, I know it!" returned O'Regan; "your own self is a maid, I suppose; but ould Botheram

there's a widow — I mane your moder, my darling."

"Hur's not a widow, I tell hur," replied Winifred.

"Then what the devil is she?" said the ex-governor.

"Hur's the wife of Tavid Jones of Llancoch," answered Winifred.

"Botheration!" cried O'Regan. Then why doesn't David Jones take care of his own. But never mind, Master Gwyndyr! in the hope that the dirty-faced ould woman will soon become a widow, I pray ye, set her at large."

"To the hill, to the hill!" cried Owain Goch impatiently; and without deigning any reply to the intercession of his colleague.

"Och! if you won't, you won't," said O'Regan, who feared to incense the savage and blood-stained chief. "But you might have said, No, thank you. You see, honies, there's no hope left in the world for you, as Master Gwyndyr re-

fuses your pardon to a man of my figure and rank."

But at this moment, happily for Rowna and her daughter, a personage whose figure and rank might not be so striking as those of the ex-governor of Charlemont, but whose power and interest with the chieftain were here superior, entered the guard-room. It was the smuggler, who with some impatience enquired after Delafosse.

"I have sought him in all quarters, above board and below," said Watch; "but he is not within hail. He joined action with you?"

"He did, and planned our attack," replied Gwyndyr. "I saw him a short time before the fight was won."

"Damn the shot that has struck his colours," said Watch; "if he has fallen, we had better have lost the fight."

"May be he has gone down to the village to take in Burdet," said Owain Goch.

"Drwndwn has had Burdet and his company under hatches a long spell," returned Watch; "but Delafosse may be on the outlook. What devil's got into these women? Rowna and Winifred snivelling? Nay, my eyes, then, it's time for all of us to hang out a wet sail."

"Hur cries not," replied Rowna, and Winifred 's a fool. Let children fear to hide in the mist, and starve upon the mountain. It will not be for long."

"Och, there's no brandy to be had there, jewel," said O'Regan.

"What's the matter?" said Watch; "who has dealt ye this doom?"

"I have," answered the chieftain: "I have sworn their doom, and they must abide it. Let not the light of morning see ye at Llancoch."

"Nay, Gwyndyr, slacken sail," said Watch; "if you carry your canvass at this rate, we shall be capsized."

"I have sworn," said Gwyndyr, impatiently: "I have vowed feud against him that gives them food or shelter."

"Thou shalt not break thy oath," returned the smuggler; "they shall seek shelter, and find it in thine own hold. Away to Corndochon."

"Stay," said the chieftain, whose angry feelings appeared to subside into grave reflection; "not at Corndochon, but at Llanwchllyn, they may rest until my coming. Seek ye Drwndwn — he will tell ye where best ye may bide — it will not be for long — the eagle once on the wing is not long absent from his eyry."

"And if we go to Llanwchllyn," said Rowna, "what must come of the house?"

"Let it burn," cried Owain Goch, furiously. "Are ye not content to go where ye may have life and living?" Away, while I am in the humour."

"Come, Rowna, bear a-head," said the smuggler. "Winifred, push off, or you'll be aground again." He took them by the arms, and led them out of the room; but could not prevent Rowna from muttering her dissatisfaction as she made her exit. At the door he met

Owain with the broken nose, who with a strong party of mountain warriors had surprised and made prisoners the English Captain Burdet and his company, most of whom were, according to custom, regularly drunk, and incapable of defence. All these personages now made their appearance in the guard-room: but upon enquiry the French Captain Delafosse was still absent, and his loss occasioned no small anxiety to his friends. A searching party, with Drwndwn at its head, was instantly ordered out to discover whether he had fallen in the fight, and lay upon the field in front of the tower; but they shortly returned as ignorant of his fate as before.

"Nay, then, I can wind my sportsman," cried Owain Goch; "he is laying on the scent in the prime covers of Plas Mawr."

"I hope not," said the smuggler. "Let us not cruize upon the private trader, Gwyndyr — it's little better than piracy."

"Why, then, I'm content to be a pirate," cried the chieftain. "Plas Mawr is not so private but I know that in it worth spoiling; and Delafosse shall not forestall me. Ho! Dysgirnin! Drwndwn!"

"Gwyndyr! I warn ye — commit no outrage upon Pendarvis. He's a land-shark, and deserves harpooning; but his wife is good enough for herself and him too. For her sake let us pass him by. My lady Pendarvis is already ill — the shock will be her death."

"Let her die — so must we all," cried the inhuman chieftain.

"It is not the value of the lumber I care for," said the smuggler.

"Nor is his household stuff my care," answered Owain Goch. "That be the reward of my followers."

"Huzza, huzza," cried the savage mountaineers.

"One prize is mine," continued Gwyndyr, whose eyes sparkled with horrid light. "I go to win it. O'Regan, do

you guard the tower — you have ample force. Watch, look to Llancoch, and make yourself master of the transport. I will beat up the country, and before morning dawns you shall hear how I have sped."

At the head of his undisciplined and ferocious followers, the fierce chief quitted the tower ; and O'Regan, taking upon himself his ancient office of governor, disposed of his prisoners, placed his guards, and secured his new government in the best manner he could devise.

CHAP. II.

" A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep." *Macbeth.*

We must now return to the ill-fated mansion of Plas Mawr, which had already, in consequence of the unusual, untimely, and protracted absence of Mr. Pendarvis, become a scene of anxious terror and suspense. Lady Pendarvis, whose taciturn melancholy was converted by fears for her husband's safety into the highest state of alarm, was a most fearful spectacle. Like the victim of strong paralysis, she shook from head to heel, her teeth chattered together, and her hands, which she held upwards in an attitude of imploration, maintained a perpetual motion: her eyes, like shooting stars, flashed with a ray as unsteady as those of an insane person, and her often-repeated complaints were broken and incoherent. The

endeavours of Madame and Mademoiselle Caillemotte were in vain exerted to soothe and comfort her. She did not attend to them. She had no feeling but of her husband's danger, and her own impending loss. The thoughts of the two French ladies, who had learned from Mrs. Roberts, Lady Pendarvis's woman, that Mr. Pendarvis was absent for the purpose of apprehending some disaffected persons, one of whom was the ferocious man who had made his appearance at the hall in the morning, were far from tranquillity, although, being used to scenes of alarm, they were much better able than their hostess to contemplate danger with coolness and presence of mind. Besides, they had not, at least one of them had not, that personal interest in the matter which agitated the breast of Lady Pendarvis, who feared her husband might be led into some contest perilous to his life. None of the ladies, at the commencement of the evening, had any idea of the smugglers being able to make head

against the royal troops, who appeared of sufficient strength to overawe the whole neighbourhood; but even the hopeful Madame Caillemotte could not disguise from herself that such men as the one she had seen at Plas Mawr were likely to maintain a desperate resistance; and that the danger of Mr. Pendarvis, if he personally superintended their apprehension, was by no means light. The thoughts of Julie were still more anxious and perplexed. She remembered the intimations of impending danger given her by Delafosse; his warning that she would need his protection; and the account of his situation which he was about to relate to her, when their interview was broken off by the fearful whistle of the mountaineer. And connecting these circumstances with the information which she had received from Lady Pendarvis's woman, she concluded that her lover was leagued with the fierce smugglers and men of the coast in some scheme to raise the head of rebellion amid the mountains of Wales.

She therefore trembled as much for Delafosse's safety as did Lady Pendarvis for that of her husband. The heavy cannonade, which could be heard distinctly from sea at Plas Mawr, had very much increased their apprehensions, and they were little dispelled by the reports of those scouts who were sent out for information. But at length a messenger, dispatched by Mr. Pendarvis, who feared the effect such terror-inspiring sounds might have upon the weak frame of his wife, arrived at the Hall, and announced Watch's capture. This piece of news, in a great measure, calmed the minds of Lady Pendarvis and Madame Caillemotte; but it had a very different operation upon Julie, who now concluded that her lover was among the prisoners, or perhaps killed in the fight. Sick with fear, she threw herself into a chair, and covered her face with her hands, unable to congratulate Lady Pendarvis on the safety of her husband. But her mother, whose tongue was unbound by the sud-

den thaw of her apprehensions, made up, according to custom, for her silence, and overwhelmed her hostess with expressions of joy at the termination of so unpleasant and perilous a duty.

"Ha, truly, Madame!" she cried, rubbing her palms together with great earnestness, "the duty of magistrates is occasionally dangerous; but then, ma chère amie, it is serviceable to the king, and so full of honour. En vérité, it is like the profession of arms — not so dangerous though — no, not so dangerous." She sighed, and continued, "My Caillemotte has spent a long life in arms — his hair has grown grey — not quite grey, but grizzled, under his beaver; but in all his perils — in all our separations, his glory and honour have stopped my complaints."

"It is enough that I have been the mother of a soldier," said Lady Pendarvis, relapsing into her usual gloom.

"That you have been!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte. "Yes, Madame,

you are still, doubt it not, the mother of as hopeful and gallant a spark, wherever he is, as ever stepped to the sound of drum. Ha! had Monsieur Edouard fallen, he would have found some way of letting you know it. I mean," she continued, observing that Lady Pendarvis surveyed her with some astonishment, "I mean, he would have engaged some comrade to announce his death to you; not that his ghost, as it is called in England, would appear to you, although such apparitions have sometimes occurred."

"Where?" said Lady Pendarvis, with an eye rolled around, and a look which seemed to indicate that she almost expected such an extraordinary visitation. "When?"

"Dear Madame!" cried the Frenchwoman, "be not alarmed. Indeed I cannot call to mind where or when; can you, Julie? I have heard so; though the truth is I have not witnessed any supernatural appearance myself. Be calm, ma bonne! Come hither, Julie, and sing

us a song, or assist me in some other way to amuse our good hostess. Come, child."

But as Julie did not attend, she turned round to reiterate her desire, and beheld her daughter seated as we have before described. Her attitude threw her mother into a new fit of alarm, and she ran and seized Julie by the arm, exclaiming, "Why, Julie, mon enfant! ma bonne! the girl is frightened. Julie! have you a mind I should die of chagrin?"

"Pardon me, Maman!" replied her daughter; "I shall be well immediately."

"Well! quel mot!" cried her mother. "What makes you ill, child? What has frighted you?"

"The firing — the danger," answered Julie.

"It is over; there is now no danger," said her mother. "Rally your spirits, Julie. Must an old woman sustain your courage? Fie, ma belle Caillemotte; your father would be ashamed."

Thus lectured, Mademoiselle Caillemotte, who wished to avoid observation,

endeavoured to arouse herself from the state of depression into which her fears for Delafosse had thrown her, and once more drew her seat near to her mother and Lady Pendarvis.

As the night wore away without the appearance of Mr. Pendarvis, the nervous disposition of his wife again took alarm. The first hour, after the arrival of the messenger, passed away pretty comfortably, but the second was occupied in feverish starts and querulous exclamations, which, as it waned to its conclusion, again took the shape of that intense excitement which had possessed Lady Pendarvis before.

"Why does he stay?" muttered the unfortunate lady to herself. "Why does he stay? Why does he stay? Roberts!"

"My lady," answered the woman, approaching her mistress's chair.

"Roberts, dost thou know the cause of thy master's absence?" said the mistress.

"No, my lady," replied the Abigail.

"Go and enquire," continued the lady of Plas Mawr. "I fear, I fear — go, and be speedy, wench — danger is abroad. Heard you not the ruffian's denunciation — 'Let our foes beware our wrath?' Did ye not hear him? 'I am the harp of my country,' said he. 'Strike me, and you raise the song of death.'"

The words of Owain Goch, which she bore in fatal remembrance, filled her with terror. She raised her clasped hands, and with fixed eyes continued to gaze for some minutes on her woman, who, in expectation of further commands, still stood beside her.

"Why are you not gone?" she at length said, with some anger. "Why do you tarry here, when I die with terror? Begone, and return not, unless you bring words of comfort. I have lost one — yes, I have lost one dear — very dear one." Tears gushed from her eyes, and she leaned on the arm of Mademoiselle Caillemotte, drowned in grief.

"Must I go to Llancoch myself, my

lady?" said Mrs. Roberts, timidly interrupting the course of her mistress's grief.

"To Llancoch?" said lady Pendarvis, raising herself up. "Why? wherefore would you go there?"

"His worship is there," said the woman.

"Mr. Pendarvis! true! yes, go — no, no — not you, Roberts — send Griffiths, and bid him be speedy as he loves me."

The words were scarcely parted from her mouth, and she had only time to recline her hand upon the arm of Julie, when the discharge of musketry at the tower, which was not a mile distant from Plas Mawr, came rattling up the valley. A ball from one of the pieces might have struck her in the head. She appeared to explode from her chair, and was in the middle of the room, with outstretched neck and straining ear, before Julie Caillemotte knew she had slipped from her arms. The crash of fire-arms, continually supported, now assured all pre-

sent that a regular combat was being fought, and Lady Pendarvis and Julie Caillemotte sank with involuntary devotion on their knees. Madame Caillemotte was the only person of the three who retained any presence of mind; and in this moment of emergency, she exhibited that cool courage and collectedness for which French women have ever been superior to all other females. With a constancy which would have done honour to Margaret de Montfort, Joanna de Blois, or Charlotte de la Tremouille, the worthy old lady rang the bell, and, summoning the servants, dispatched a reconnoitring party towards the village.

"Now, major domo," said she to Price, the house steward, who attended her commands at the head of the servants, "there is danger abroad, and it is our part, having some warning of its approach, to be prepared to meet it. What sort of defences have you to the house?"

"Very good bolts and bars, your ladyship," replied Price, in astonishment.

"Ah! those may keep out thieves, but not armed men;" said the military lady. "How many file can you muster, and what arms have you?"

"We can muster four men and a boy in the house," replied the steward; "the labourers are gone home; and there are six or seven fowling-pieces, beside other old world arms in the hall, if they be not too rusty for service. The keeper could give your ladyship more satisfaction, but he's abroad looking to the poachers."

"Eh bien! well, well, major domo, we must do our best," said Madame Caillemotte; "bustle about — fasten the doors and windows as well as you can — furbish up the fowling-pieces, and put yourselves into plight for defence in case there be need."

"We will obey your ladyship," answered Price; and he and his comrades instantly retired to assume, for the first time in their lives, at a moment's warning, the duties of service. When they were gone, Madame Caillemotte endeavoured

to raise Lady Pendarvis to her seat, but she could not induce her to quit the posture which she occupied, nor to notice her intreaties; nor was she much more successful with her daughter, whose mind was so much occupied with thoughts of her lover, and the events in which she deemed he was engaged, that she remained a long time deaf to the voice, and insensible to the touch of her mother.

"Are you not ashamed, Julie Caillemotte?" cried the old lady, whose patience was at length wearied by the apathy of her daughter. "Have you not had time enough to get over your alarm? Fie, fie; there is no foe at the door, Julie. Up with you, mon enfant, and aid me to raise our hostess."

With an air which denoted that she had little regard for what she was about to do, Mademoiselle Caillemotte arose from her knees, and assisted her mother to raise Lady Pendarvis, who hung a dead weight on their hands, to her chair.

She made no opposition to their wishes, but suffered herself to be drawn along between them, as if unconscious of the act. Having placed her upon a seat, Julie Caillemotte sat down, whilst her mother examined the bars of the window shutters, and the lock of the parlour door, both of which she found too slight to make any effectual resistance. At this moment the firing ceased, and the dying away of the sounds appeared to awake Lady Pendarvis from her melancholy reverie.

"Now there is no firing," said the lady of Plas Mawr, rising from her seat, and bending her head towards the window. "All is silent — all still — all death. — I am forlorn in the world — fire again, bloody-minded men! that I may still hope my husband lives — once more let me hear those dreadful sounds — they are my husband, my son, my life."

"Dearest madame, calm yourself," said Madame Caillemotte, who feared the melancholy of her hostess was about to turn

into absolute madness. "Mr. Pendarvis is too prudent — much too prudent, to venture himself unarmed among fighting men. Besides, ma bonne! Captain Coquincourt and Monsieur Burdet, with their companies, are sufficiently strong to protect him; be of good cheer — I pray ye be comforted."

"Oh! talk not of comfort!" cried the afflicted woman. "Heaven hath set its mark upon me that comforts may pass by — Roberts! Roberts! I pray ye ring the bell."

To this summons, the steward Price, with a gun upon his shoulder, appeared at the door, a sight which gave a fresh alarm to the nerves of his mistress.

"What! how is 't?" she exclaimed. "Is the house beset? are we beleaguered, that ye keep ward in arms? Answer me, Howel Price."

"We are not beset at present, your ladyship," replied the steward; "but it was the lady's pleasure we should be prepared."

"What news of your master?" said Lady Pendarvis.

"Griffiths hath not returned," answered Price; "but the firing is over, your ladyship."

"So much the nearer may be our fate," said his mistress; "if the rebels are victors, they have now leisure to begin here. Throw by your worthless arms; they will but irritate, they cannot resist the inhuman foe."

"Why, to speak truth, madam, we but carry them as a make-believe," said the steward, "for we have not a pound of powther nor an ounce of bullet in the hall."

Lady Pendarvis solemnly waved her hand, and the old man, making a low bow, retired.

"Dear friends!" said the lady of Plas Mawr, with a hollow and sober voice, which sounded as if from the grave; "Dear friends, for so I count ye, though our acquaintance has been short, I grieve heavily that you should be allied to my

evil fortune. Let the worst fall on me: I have long learned to suffer; but Heaven forbid that harm should befal you beneath the roof of Plas Mawr."

"We do not fear it, my dear Madame," said Madame Caillemotte, with as cheerful a tone as she could assume. "We have the courage and confidence of soldiers. We trust that the foe is vanquished, and at our mercy, not we at theirs."

"I have a boding spirit," said Lady Pendarvis, laying her hand upon her breast, "which croaks of ruin."

"And I," said Madame Caillemotte, with a smile which she intended should overcome the fears of her hostess, "a joyous one, that speaks of victory."

"Soon will the right be known," replied the Lady of Plas Mawr, in a voice scarcely audible; and with a slow and measured step, and a self-confidence and resumption of character, which were the effects of despair, she walked unsupported to her own chair near the fire-place, and

seating herself, seemed determined to await patiently the last stroke of fate. Madame Caillemotte and her daughter gazed upon her with feelings of mingled grief and surprise; but they were soon disturbed from their revery by a tap at the door, and the re-appearance of the steward.

"What now?" cried his mistress, rising from her seat, "are they come?"

"Griffiths is returned," answered Price.

"Thank God! And your master," cried Lady Pendarvis, eagerly.

"Mr. Pendarvis is not returned," said the steward, "nor could Griffiths discover him. But the village is filled with the followers of Owain Goch, and they are also masters of the Twr Vawr."

"The Twr Vawr!" shrieked the wife of Pendarvis, "then where are the soldiers?"

"They are killed or prisoners; beaten however, my lady," answered the steward, who himself, trembling with alarm,

had not sufficient prudence to conceal the fatal tidings from his mistress. Again the blood of the Lady Elain seemed to stagnate around her heart — to curdle and freeze in her veins. Her eyes, which the moment before were lighted up with frenzied brilliancy, lost their lustre; and she seated herself in her chair with a gentle groan, apparently deprived of all reasonable faculty. Far otherwise were the feelings of Madame and Mademoiselle Caillemotte. The former now began to apprehend a situation of difficulty and danger, for which she had not prepared herself. She trembled for her young and lovely daughter, exposed, as it seemed inevitably she must be, to the licentious passions of a barbarian mob. She had never contemplated the defeat of the royal troops, being wholly unapprised of that force attached to the chief of Ben Lyn which had vanquished the soldiers; and for a few moments, forgetting the masculine fortitude of her character, she gave herself and her daughter up for

lost. But Julie Caillemotte was not quite so much in despair. She had a pillar of support, a friend in need, undreamed of by her mother. She trembled to think that Delafosse was in the midst of peril, but she calculated implicitly upon him, and the influence of his name, for protection and liberty. And such reliance did she place upon the authority of her lover, who, she was well assured, would play no mean part in this political enterprise, that she had run over in her mind a scheme for extending his assurance to Mr. Pendarvis and his family. She was almost rejoiced at the chance which occurred to give Delafosse such an opportunity of laying her father under obligation for the safety of her mother and herself, as would oblige him to bestow her hand on her preserver. She was busied in these thoughts, when the buz of an approaching multitude, the sound of horns braying forth their dissonant notes, and the loud whoops of the moun-

tain warriors, threw them all into a new fit of alarm.

"To your post, master steward!" said Madame Caillemotte; "let us act the part of good soldiers, and defend ourselves to the last extremity; the bravest are the safest."

"Dear, my lady," said the trembling domestic, "we have no ammunition; neither powther nor shot, my lady."

"Well, well, sir," answered Madame Caillemotte, with fretful impatience, "if you cannot fight, you can stand still without running away. The enemy will perhaps pass on if they behold us wear a courageous countenance."

"Not they, ma'am," said Price, frightened out of all ceremony: "Your Ladyship does not know the highlanders of Merioneth and their chief, Owain Goch; shot and steel are quicker with them than words. Hark! a shot, madam — there's another — they are at the gate — what's to be done? no shot, no powther."

And true enough the fierce mountaineers, as if for the purpose of frightening the inhabitants from resistance, fired several shots at the windows in the upper stories of the house. The courageous steward, whose heart sank within him at the report of the fire-arms, ran away to hide himself, and left his mistress and her friends to the mercy of men whom he deemed infinitely more inexorable than beasts of prey. The other domestics, disheartened by his example, fled also, and the chieftain and his followers entered the house without resistance. The brigands immediately scattered about, and, without the assistance of the steward, soon discovered the way to the cellars and pantry; and with that proneness to drunkenness and gluttony remarkable in savages, they sat down in the hall to their enjoyment. Their chief, in the mean time, made his way to the parlour, where his appearance put the finishing stroke to the terror of Lady Pendarvis, who fell back in her chair and swooned away.

"Sir," said Madame Caillemotte, with as much coolness and fortitude as she could assume, "if you have any respect for female weakness, I beseech you to retire: your presence is too alarming to Lady Pendarvis."

"Lady Pendarvis may rest in peace," said the chieftain, contemptuously: "I want nought with her — here is my prize — I come to claim the rest of my treasure."

He caught Julie Caillemotte in his arms; but the indignant girl, by a powerful effort, broke from him, and fled to the opposite side of the room, whilst her mother, with desperate resolution, interposed herself between them.

"Beware what you do!" cried she: "Beware! — she is the daughter of a noble — she is the child of Monsieur la Caillemotte."

"I am glad to hear it, old gentlewoman," said Gwyndyr, in whom the exertion of battle had not allayed the fumes of intoxication; "the more fit is she to become

the bride of a Prince of Wales, and to link together two such heroes as La Caillemotte and Owain Goch. So stand aside, grandmother; she is my destined queen."

"Hark you, sir," said Julie, whose mind, notwithstanding her confidence in her lover, was agitated to an extraordinary degree; "you have a coadjutor in this enterprise, a gentleman who, I know, is highly commissioned, under King James — I mean Monsieur Delafosse; he is our most intimate and particular friend."

"Diaoul!" exclaimed Gwyndyr, whilst his eyes sparkled, and his teeth grinded with rage.

"He, I am sure," continued the beautiful pleader, "is wholly ignorant of the outrage offered to the house in which we reside; and you, sir, whoever you may be, if you persist in your violence, will answer him for it."

"Captain Delafosse has finished with this world," replied Gwyndyr: "he has fallen to-night in attacking the tower."

Julie clasped her hands together, and, with her eyes still fixed upon the face of Gwyndyr, sank upon the earth. Madame Caillemotte ran to the assistance of her daughter, whilst the stern mountaineer, in whom the despair of his lovely captive seemed to awaken better thoughts, stood over her in an attitude of commiseration.

"The girl loved Delafosse," he muttered to himself, "and now can I guess his reason for wishing me to avoid Plas Mawr. Well, well — he is gone, and peace be with him — but she must be mine."

Madame Caillemotte was too much occupied with her daughter to hear these words, and Lady Pendarvis still continued in her swoon; but Gwyndyr, who, in his new character of lover, forgot that of the political leader, and chieftain of his band, resolved to accommodate all other concerns to the furthering of his desires, which, at present, were not so brutish as to require possession of the person without the consent of his mistress. Owain

Goch was a man of unrestrained passions, and one who knew little of virtue, even by report; but he preserved so much respect for Mademoiselle Caillemotte as to prevent him from intruding upon her grief, or adding to it by a present declaration of his will.

In Wales, even at this day, the separation of lovers by death is marked by the general mourning, not in weeds but in sorrow, of the neighbourhood; and, doubtless, one hundred and thirty years ago, this praiseworthy tenderness was much stronger than now. But Gwyndyr, in addition to this regard for the feelings of his mistress, believed he should dispose her mind towards him much more readily by kindness and attention than by the exercise of that savage and barbarous power with which he was gifted. He at once relinquished the plan he had before formed for plundering and firing Plas Mawr, and carrying its inmates to his native mountains; but beholding the whole country now at his disposal, and con-

cluding that his rival was dead, he resolved to make peace with Mr. Pendarvis, by setting him at liberty upon reasonable ransom, or without, if he would join the Jacobite faction, and for the present to take up his quarters at the Twr Vawr. Thus disposed, he commenced his scheme of policy, by endeavouring to rouse Lady Pendarvis from her swoon, which with considerable difficulty he effected. She opened her eyes, and casting them upon him with a vacant stare, said, "Griffiths, where is your master? Is he come home yet?"

"Not yet," replied the chieftain, in as mild a tone as he could assume, "but he will be here even now."

"Ha, who art thou?" exclaimed Lady Elain, recovering her memory, "thou art he — I know — I remember the firing — thou art my husband's murderer."

"I am not, Lady Elain: your husband is alive and well!" answered Gwyndyr, with a grave countenance, "and will be at Plas Mawr in an hour."

"Why not now? thou deceivest me — I know he is slain."

"I will answer for his life with mine!" said Owain Goch. "Be of good cheer; I will send for Mr. Pendarvis forthwith."

At this moment Dysgirnin, one of the leaders of Gwyndyr's band, entered the room, and demanded the keys, and conduct to the coffers wherein were kept the valuables of the family; but Owain Goch bidding him begone, said, "Hark ye, Dysgirnin! we are wrong here — the house of Pendarvis is friendly to our enterprize."

"How!" said Lady Pendarvis.

"Say nothing as you would be saved from ruin," whispered the chieftain. "Dysgirnin, begone — I will come to ye presently."

With a discontented air the warrior retired; and Lady Pendarvis, at the request of Gwyndyr, assisted to recall the animation of Julie Caillemotte. Slowly and feebly she began to move: her eyes gradually unclosed, and filled with tears; and

she averted them from Owain Goch with shuddering terror.

"I pray you leave us," said Lady Pendarvis to the chieftain, "at least till the young lady is better."

"If Captain Delafosse has fallen," said the wily mountaineer, "he has been dearly avenged. Had I known that friends of my brother-soldier tarried at Plas Mawr, I would have guarded the portal with my own sword rather than any man should have disturbed you. But matters are now different: we have entered; and it will require all my command to induce our soldiers to quit the hall. But be at peace. While we occupy this country, it may be necessary that we have our quarters here; but I will place my officer at your door, and he will secure you from being troubled."

"Do as you will with what is in the house," said Lady Pendarvis, "but restore my husband."

"He is now at Llancoch," returned Gwyndyr; "doubt not of his speedy

presence. I go to provide for your safety and comfort. The soldiers of Colonel O'Regan are wild and lawless; but I will protect you for the maiden's sake, whilst I can wield arms in your defence."

"Colonel O'Regan, though an enemy, will, I am sure, respect females!" said Madame Caillemotte. "I beseech you present him our duties, and say we would, with his permission, proceed to London; his courtesy will be thankfully acknowledged both by my husband and his superiors."

"I will bear your message to the Colonel," replied Owain Goch, with an air of sincerity; "and he will perhaps answer in person. Cheer up, fair lady, you are safe under my fending as under your father's."

He left the room; and Julie Caillemotte, giving way to her tears, threw herself into the arms of her mother.

CHAP. III.

" How thou stirr'st, thou block !
The music there."

Pericles.

THE next scene in our play, gentle audience, is at the house of Bailiff, or Lawyer, Apsly, as he was more commonly termed; and the *dramatis personæ* before ye consist of those whom we left there; to wit, Mr. Pendarvis, Apsly, and the four savage mountaineers charged with their custody. On the departure of their chief and Delafosse, they had thrown themselves upon the floor, and, with the watchfulness of a waggoner's mastiff, fixed their eyes continually upon their prisoners. The courage of the justice's clerk was, as we have before remarked, entirely quelled by their inhuman aspects. He did not speak, nor look, nor exhibit any other sign by which their attention might be drawn upon him; but with a most woful countenance, and with his

eyes nearly shut, he preserved one attitude until it became extremely painful. The feelings of his master, though none of the most tranquil, were not so disturbed as to prevent him from retaining perfect presence of mind, and an undaunted courage. For a considerable time he remained silent, occupied with his own thoughts, and revolving a hundred schemes for his enlargement; but his musings were speedily interrupted by the uproar of the fight. At the warlike sound, the chief of the mountaineers, Tarw Trin, sprang from the floor and quitted the room, whilst his companions testified their delight by hideous grins, and jabbered to each other in native Welsh. Soon after the firing ceased, Tarw Trin returned, and proclaimed, with malignant joy, the victory of his chief. With a penetrating eye Pendarvis looked upon the savage, ignorant, and excited features of his guard; and turning, with a face of affected despondence, to the bailiff, he said, "Apsly, fill me a

glass of your liquor; I now experience the truth of that old saw, which saith, Grief is dry."

The bailiff raised his head, opened his eyes, and regarded his master with a look of doubt, and the followers of Owain Goch with a glance of fear. But at length, perceiving the men made no opposition to Mr. Pendarvis's demand, he arose from his seat, and placed the keg of Hollands upon the table. His master immediately filled a bumper, and applied it to his lips. "Your Hollands is good," said the wily lawyer, "but too strong for me. Take a glass thyself, Apsly, it will arouse thy spirits."

"Hur will drink for hur," cried Tarw Trin, snatching the horn from Pendarvis with savage glee, and filling it with liquor. He said some words to his companions, and emptied the goblet. Each of his fellows did the like, one contending with another for the first draught; but at length they seated themselves upon the floor, and taking the keg in the midst,

drank round with barbarian intemperance. The game which Watkyn Pendarvis had taken upon himself to play was a hazardous one. He calculated upon the liquor operating speedily; but he was not aware how huge a dose was necessary to overcome men who were habituated to take large quantities of spirits without feeling intoxication. What they had now to get through was immense, and Pendarvis was sure it would eventually finish them; but he trembled lest this guard should be relieved before the liquor had accomplished his purpose. He watched them with a beating heart; careful, however, to avoid eyeing them in such a manner as to induce suspicion; and their noisy mirth soon convinced him that the strong waters began to have their effect. His policy, however, had not foreseen one danger which attended their inebriety. Their mirth became waspish, and quarrels arose, which appeared likely to issue in a bloody termination. And although they spoke in

Welsh, a language which Pendarvis did not understand, he was convinced, by their directly pointing at himself and Apsly, that they were occasionally the cause of discord, and perhaps of suspicion. Apsly was not long ignorant of this fresh peril, and shook in every limb, lest, in their fit of drunkenness, the mountaineers should put him and his master to death. A few hours sufficed Tarw Trin and his fellows to drain the keg, for they made no relaxation in their intemperance until the cause of it was consumed; and the quickness with which they had dispatched so large a quantity of spirits caused the liquor to operate with unusual strength. It was not immediately, however, that the highlanders were overthrown. Like a strong man in the agonies of death, they disputed every advance of that enemy which was to overthrow them; whilst the very energy of their opposition accelerated its triumph. Tarw Trin, a savage of small stature, but violent passions, leaped from the floor,

and kicked the empty keg and the horn goblet to the further end of the room; and perceiving that the bailiff observed him with eyes of horror, he fell upon him, and dragging him out of his chair by the throat, pushed him into the middle of the chamber, and threw himself upon the vacant seat. The affrighted justice's clerk instantly dropped upon his knees, and begged for mercy, apprehending that the next step of the mountaineer would be to cut his throat; but his alarm was dispelled by the appearance of a broad grin upon the countenance of Tarw Trin, who pointed to the empty keg, and cried, "Gwin! gwin!"

"If you have more spirits in the house," said Pendarvis, rising from his seat, "let our trusty guard have them. Stay, where can I find them?" And, regardless of the fate of his companion, the lawyer would have quitted the room, under the pretext of seeking a fresh supply of liquor, intending to make his escape; but his departure was opposed by

Tarw Trin, who, as Pendarvis crossed the room, picked up his long gun, and levelled it in silence at his head. And it is probable he would have shot him, if Apsly had not plucked his master by the coat, who, turning round, beheld himself exposed to the instant fire of the warrior.

"Hold, hold, what mean ye?" cried Pendarvis.

"To shoot hur flying," answered Tarw Trin.

"I do not fly," returned Pendarvis; "I thought you wanted more liquor, and I went to seek it; but as you please; your civility I deemed worthy recompence."

"Let hur go;" said Tarw Trin, pointing to the bailiff, "if hur does not come back — death and fire, by St. Elian! Gwyniad! go with hur."

He pushed one of his companions with his foot, but the man was already too drunk to stir from his place; and in answer to the often-repeated kicks of his

superior, answered nothing but "Aw, yaw, aw." Another of the mountaineers, however, arose from the floor, and followed the bailiff with as much steadiness as he could muster into an inner apartment, whence they soon returned with another keg similar to that which had been emptied. The savage hugged it to his breast, but it was speedily torn from him by Tarw Trin, who with drunken dignity assumed the privilege of having the first draught. His right was nevertheless disputed by Gwyniad, whose lethargy was in some measure dispelled by the appearance of the new supply; and it was not until he had made his superiority manifest by knocking down his opponent and trampling on him with brutal violence, that Tarw Trin could exert that prerogative which he believed belonged to his station. In fact, a regular mutiny had nearly taken place, which was alone quelled by the valour of Tarw Trin; for the fellow who had accompanied Apsly seemed much inclined to

espouse the side of Gwyniad, being perhaps indignant that the camel had not the first draught of the water which had burdened his back. But the prostration and punishment of Gwyniad were a sufficient caution to his fellows to avoid drawing the ire of their leader upon themselves; and they waited in silence until Tarw Trin had taken his tithe of the liquor, and it should come round in turn. Nevertheless they were doomed to experience a fresh mortification; for when Tarw Trin had helped himself, he made Apsly bring him the goblet, and filling it with liquor, he nodded to him to drink it off. The justice's clerk stood for some moments in suspense, unable or unwilling to construe his intention; but the warrior, snorting with impatience, cried, "Yved, yved."

"Drink!" exclaimed the justice's clerk, putting the ardent spirit to his mouth with trembling complacency; "pa—h, my wind's clean gone; I could e'en drink molten lead as well."

"Yved, yved," cried Tarw Trin, pushing the goblet again to his lips; "it will warm hur heart — it's cold enough, if hur looks do not lie."

Urged by the ferocity of the mountaineer, Apsly once more lifted the goblet to his mouth, and drank off the contents; but the unwonted draught nearly forced his eyes out of their sockets; and he stood gulping and gasping for breath for half a minute, whilst the savages yelled with laughter.

"What should hur do with liquor," cried Tarw Trin, "if hur cannot drink? Carry the cup to hur master; let it go round."

"Master Captain," said the lawyer, with prompt flattery, "I am no drinker; I have not lived on the mountains where the thin breeze calls for a stout lining of spirit; but I'll drink a cup to our better acquaintance, with all my heart."

"Yved, yved!" exclaimed Tarw Trin, impatient of the lawyer's long speeches, "I ask hur to drink — not talk."

"Here's to your healths, gentlemen of the guard!" said Pendarvis, cursing them at the same time between his teeth.

"Gentlemen!" said Tarw Trin, looking with contempt upon his fellows; "hurself is the only gentleman of Owain Goch's following here present."

"Well, sir, I know not your name," returned Pendarvis, with an affected submission, "or I would toast your health in your proper title."

"My name's Tarw Trin," answered the mountaineer; "don't talk — yved, yved — eat the corn or let the horse — yved."

"Captain Tarw Trin, I drink your health!" said Pendarvis.

The warrior, who could with difficulty sit upright on his seat, nodded in reply, and held out his hand for the goblet, which Pendarvis gave up with the liquor untasted.

"Pendarvis, foe to the mountains!" said Tarw Trin, with an attempt at courtesy which would as well have be-

fitted a bear. "Pendarvis, I drink hur health. Pendarvis, hur would have bolted hur cover, and left us to meet Owain Goch's dagger."

"Nay, on my honour!" cried the lawyer, who foresaw the danger of having that subject raised; "let us drink and be merry, boys, and pack our grievances to the devil."

"Yved, hur thought to make the *meiny* drunk," said Tarw Trin, with a smile of contempt; "and, St. Elian! hur is drunk hurself! Yved, hur shall drink; Pendarvis, Gwyniad, fill up!"

But Gwyniad and his comrades were now asleep upon the floor, as fast as the extreme of drunkenness could make them; and Tarw Trin himself seemed likely to become soon in the same condition. Pendarvis, to avoid any interruption of the gradual decadence of the savage warrior, again filled the goblet, and putting it to his lips, he pretended to drink, and set it down.

"There, captain!" said the lawyer, trying to colour his speech with the thick pronunciation of a drunken man; "cup for cup, noble captain; thou'rt a laggard; thou canst not drink; I have vanquished thee at a fair course. Yved, yved, Tarw Trin, yved Apsly."

"Sing, sing!" said the mountaineer, raising his head, which again fell on his breast, and at the same time flourishing his arm; "sing, caniad."

"Sing, my hearts!" said Pendarvis. "Sing, Apsly; give us something jolly. Beast, begin!"

He turned round with a fierce countenance upon his retainer, who, with a voice quivering with fear, and a face as long as a winter's night, attempted to raise a tune. Tarw Trin opened his eyes, and flourished his hands; but the wily lawyer took the lights, which were at a distance, and placed them directly in front of the drunken man, upon whose optics they acted so forcibly, when he attempted to expose them, that he afterwards kept

them closely shut. But he nevertheless continued to cry out, "caniad, caniad, sing."

"Caniad, caniad!" repeated Pentarvis, with a kick upon the shins of Apsly, which induced a continuation of his song at a more regular and modulated note. The song was bacchanalian, but its sad notes, as doled out by the stupified bailiff, rather resembled the lament of some funeral dirge:

Come, give us another bottle!
Life's not worth a pottle,
Unless you wet your throttle.
Confusion now to him,
Who will not see wine swim,
From the bottom to the brim,
From the bottom to the brim.

"Villain!" whispered Pendarvis to his luckless clerk, "sing with a more comfortable voice, or I'll leave thee to thy perdition."

The bailiff, stung by this threat, raised his voice to an extraordinary pitch, but was stopped by his master, who clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Not so loud, fool! Would you waken the ruffians? Smoothly, as if thou wast setting thy grandmother to rest, or rocking a babe to sleep."

In a lower tone Apsly pursued his song:

Come, fill up another glass!
He that thirsts is an ass;
Man's life is but grass:
Then drink while you may,
While there's sunshine make hay;
Be merry and gay,
And think nought of what's to pay,
And think nought of what's to pay.

During the melody of his clerk, which had the effect of harmonising the ferocious Tarw Trin to rest, Pendarvis cautiously removed the fire-arms of the mountaineers. This task was not performed without considerable difficulty and danger; for the Highlanders, according to their usual practice, had laid their guns beneath their heads. Drunkenness, however, like the loss of Samson's hair, enabled the Philistines to overcome the sleeping warriors without opposition, and

Pendarvis, with the assistance of his clerk, disarmed the guard, without arousing them from their powerful slumbers. This feat achieved, Pendarvis took Tarw Trin's knife from his belt, and his eye glistened with the intoxication of triumph, when he beheld the throats of the supine warriors, bared to the mortal stroke of the murtherous weapon.

"Listen," he whispered to his follower, who gazed upon him with terror, "listen at the door, while I cut the throats of these hogs. Thy hand is too feeble."

"Hold your's for the love of heaven," said the tender-hearted bailiff, shuddering with horror, for he deemed the purpose of his master little better than a murtherous one; "why would your worship kill them?"

"Villain, how durst thou question any act of mine?" replied Pendarvis; "their death is our safety."

"We are safe without," answered Apsly; "I will answer for their lying

quiet for hours to come. Let us not cover ourselves with blood."

"Beast, you shall repent this," said Pendarvis; "quit the house and leave me to follow you. Away!"

"I will not," returned Apsly, resolutely; "in this I will not obey. I will see you clear off, and the men left in peace. Come, sir, this is not worthy of you; their murder would be a curse upon our fortune."

"I tell thee, fool, they must die to ensure our escape," said the lawyer, fiercely; "and thou hadst best withdraw, or I may find it necessary to stop another mouth."

But this threat had no effect upon the bailiff, who said, "Better to die with a clean conscience than a foul one. I will not stir unless with your worship, and I will cry out upon the first stroke you draw."

"Lead the way," said Pendarvis, sullenly relinquishing his fatal purpose; "let the wolves live; the sheep will cry out when it is too late. Proceed."

"Always after your worship," replied Apsly, drawing back with his usual deference, which was now mixed with a considerable degree of shrewdness. Pendarvis threw on his hat and cloak with an air of resentment, whilst his companion also clothed himself in the best manner the opportunity would allow, and they then with great caution quitted the house. On emerging into the street they were astonished to find the whole of the open piece of ground in front of the beach lighted up by flames which proceeded from the Silver Salmon, the house kept by Jones. It had lately been the quarters of the soldiers, and when Drwndwn had made himself master of it and its garrison, he had set it on fire, in revenge of the treason of Winifred. A number of persons, both male and female, were gathered around the house, the hopes of plunder overpowering their fears of danger from either of the hostile parties; and their watchfulness had at length nearly met with its reward; for

Pendarvis and his companion had scarcely time to note the scene, before a loud explosion, and a shock which scattered the mob, attested the communication of the fire to a barrel of gunpowder, kept by Jones for the private supply of his friends. Most of the people were thrown down by this eruption, and Apsly stood petrified at the dreadful and unusual sound.

"We must be quick," said Pendarvis, seizing him by the arm and attempting to drag him along; "that report will arouse the ruffians; they will pursue and retake us if we do not use exertion. Follow me. Art thou dead? Nay, if thou wilt not make speed, I leave thee to thy destiny."

And, with a look of contempt at his companion's imbecility, he pushed him away, and crossed the village with great haste. Apsly watched him as he fled, but his limbs failed of their office, and he could only follow him with his eyes. He tottered back to a wall, and thence to

a door not more than fifty yards from his own, which, by good fortune, had a porch, wherein the unfortunate bailiff sat down to recover his spirits. In the mean time, Tarw Trin and his savage comrades had been aroused by the explosion, and in a moment the sharp-eyed mountaineer, though still drunk, missed his prisoners. In the first burst of his rage he sought for his arms, but, unable to find them, he seized the keg, out of which they had lately been drinking, and which was still heavy, from its contents not having been drawn off, and, with undiscriminating vengeance, dashed it upon one of his comrades. The man leaped upon his feet, and, mad with pain and fury, seized Tarw Trin by the throat, and after shaking him until he was nearly choked, hurled him against the wall. The other two, who were least drunk of the party, staggered out of the house, and began, with dreadful noises, which served to give notice of their approach, to search for the fugitives. Tarw Trin and his late ad-

versary followed, and the whole of them passed within a few yards of the porch where Apsly was concealed. The bailiff closed his eyes, crossed his hands upon his breast, and for once, as he afterwards confessed, offered up a hearty prayer for his deliverance. But the mountaineers did not offer to turn aside from the plain direction towards the still flaming house of Jones, by which they were probably attracted. From his place of concealment the bailiff saw them strike in among the people, who by this time had recovered their legs; and with horrid menaces seize upon several whom, he presumed, they imagined to be their late prisoners. A riot was instantly begun; for as the men seized by Tarw Trin and his party were stout seamen of the coast, inured to desperate scenes, and particularly to skirmishes of this nature, they did not receive the assault of the mountaineers with any sobriety of spirit, but repaid them their blows with usury, so that at length they were forced to

depart. They again turned towards the house of the bailiff, who with that unhappy turn which characterizes him who is the sport of fortune, now found the use of his legs, and bolting out of the porch, ran with great swiftness up the town towards the old tower. The mountaineers at once espied him, and set up a view halloo, which carried deeper dismay to the heart of the bailiff than does the cry of a pack of dogs to a hard-run fox. He nevertheless kept up his speed, but not having had time to change his morocco slippers for his accustomed shoes, he soon ran them off, and the stones lacerated his feet to the quick. Still, however, he had the advantage of his pursuers, both in knowledge of the ground, and in condition for running; and accordingly, having made a few doubles, and put his wind and speed to the trial, he managed to get away, throw the hunters out, and take earth where it was beyond their power to dislodge him.

CHAP. IV.

" Amid the bowels of the earth full deep,
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is."

SPENSER.

WITH the sagacity of a thorough-bred terrier, we shall proceed to scent out our unfortunate pug, who was, in fact, dead beat when he foiled his pursuers. The hill upon which the Twr Vawr stood, and which Apsly climbed with unbroken speed, we have elsewhere remarked was of very uneasy ascent; and when the bailiff reached its summit, he was so completely blown as to be obliged to pull up, as sick as a dog after a twenty miles' chase. And in his fright the wo-begone justice clerk clean forgot that the old tower was in the hands of the enemy; and it was not until he got a sight of the wild-looking mountaineer who sentinelled the ground, that his recollection of its capture struck his mind. Again he turned

off from the road, followed by a shot from the sentinel, who fancied him an enemy attempting his surprise; but he escaped the shot, and as the sentinel durst not leave his post, he once more was free. He had tumbled, rather than run, down a precipitous bank in the wood which surrounded the tower; his face was lacerated by the brambles, and his body bruised by the projecting stakes and stones with which the declivity abounded. Still he was comforted that he had escaped the enemy, that he knew where he was, and was pretty sure of a refuge with which his pursuers were unacquainted. Regaining his feet, he halted for a few minutes to listen if he was followed, but all was silent: he could hear no voice nor sound but of the moaning wind and the murmuring surge. Again he proceeded; but with the utmost caution, advancing a step, and stopping to listen, with a heart beating double quick time. At length he reached the westerly side of the rock, upon which stood the foundation of the

tower, and which here made a complete angle, one side facing the sea, and the other striking into the land, and forming a barrier to the wood, which was protected from the water by a dry fence wall. The whole of the small demesne attached to the Twr Vawr had been inclosed within a ring fence, before it was destroyed by the combatants; and it had ever been held a very high offence for any person to be found within its precincts; and this legal prohibition, coupled with the ill name which the country people attached to the place itself, where, as usual, the ghosts of the murthered made their appearance, entirely protected the tower and its curtilages from public inspection and curiosity. It was, therefore, only known to Apsly, to Pendarvis, and a few others in connection with the place, that a fissure in the westerly side of the rock had in ancient times been made to communicate with the dungeons of the tower; but as the dungeons had long gone to decay, and the upper chambers

of the tower were alone used as a prison, this passage had long been in desuetude. It had, in fact, been converted into another sort of occupation, with the consent of Pendarvis, as our readers will in the sequel discover.

With some difficulty Apsly groped out the fissure or aperture in the rock, and when he did discover it, he found it stopped up with thorns and brambles, which, though removable by any person who knew the clue to this labyrinth, bore a sufficient air of natural wildness to set the penetration of a stranger at defiance. The brambles were living shrubs, which grew out of the ground at the foot of the fissure, and had been planted and trained so as to be thrown aside for the purpose of egress or ingress, and drawn up afterwards. The bailiff it appeared was in the secret, for he so disposed of the brambles as to admit of his passage, and then replaced them as he found them. Having advanced a few yards, and turned round a natural buttress of rock, which at the

entrance of the aperture seemed to bar further passage, he arrived at a low and narrow cavern, in the mouth of which was a strong iron-plated door. At this he knocked with much caution ; presently the drawing back of a bolt announced the attention of an inmate, and the sallow and gaunt features of the gaoler Shadow, revealed by a glimmering lamp which he held in his hand, protruded themselves through the half-opened portal. Apsly would have pushed forward, but the Cerberus of this subterranean region kept his knee to the door, and lifting up his lamp, applied it to the face of the intruder.

" I am neither ghost nor shadow," said the justice's clerk ; " but Apsly. So let me in, if thou'dst save me from powder and bullet."

The gaoler made no reply, but opened the door and admitted his superior, who, with the readiness of a man accustomed to the place, proceeded up a short but dark avenue into a square room or cell,

partly formed by the crevice or fissure in the rock, and partly by the labour of man. The place was poorly furnished, but the lawyer was surprised to find it tenanted by an additional inmate, who was unknown to him. The body of a man lay on a low squab beside the fire. Apsly believed he was dead, for a large cloak, in which the man was enveloped, was covered with blood, and the face, which was partly exposed, was pale and rigid, the eyes closed, and the whole form still and motionless. The justice-clerk gazed on it for some moments with great attention, and the silent gaoler placed himself at his side without any remark, whilst his unsteady eye wandered from the settle to Apsly, and back again, unceasingly.

"Here is one that hath met the fortune which I have escaped," said the bailiff. "Beshrew me, but I will rather remain out of office than wear death's livery. Ugh! — the sight makes my blood turn to ice."

"He lives," said the gaoler.

Apsly looked at his comrade incredulously, and approaching nearer to the body, applied his ear to the face, and with some difficulty detected the almost imperceptible breathings of the wounded man.

"He lives now," said the bailiff; "but if he's not as dead as the abbot of Basingwerk by cock-crow, I'll eat him for my breakfast. Dost know him? How came he here?"

To the first query Shadow replied by a gentle shake of the head; to the second, by pointing with his finger upwards; but he did not speak.

"Thou dost not know him, Shadow?" said the bailiff. "Well — very well — that may be; but how came he here? He couldn't come down by the run as I did, in this state. Oh! I have it. He's one of the poor devils of soldiers, who, trying to run away, got shot, and fell down the bank. I see it: thou wast at the door of thy fox-hole, and, like a good fellow,

help'd him in. 'Twas good of thee, Shadow; very good."

The gaoler shook his head with some impatience, and said with a hurried voice, "He fell against my lodge door, and thrust it in; I closed it again; I bore him down through the dungeons."

"Faith, do so again, rather than it should be my business," said the bailiff; "I would not pass the vaults alone with a half-slain man over my shoulder for Plas Mawr and all its rights, members, and appurtenances. I should expect a legion of devils swarming round the body, eager for the ejection of its tenant the soul."

A feeble groan parted from the lips of the wounded man, which caused the hair of the justice-clerk to stand erect, and the blood to forsake his face.

"Peace be with the spirit, and the guard of St. Elian!" muttered the bailiff. "Would we were in more comfortable quarters! Thou didst close the door

above, Shadow. The foe hath now mastered the tower."

"All's well," repeated the gaoler, in the tone to which he was accustomed.

"That ends well," pursued Apsly; "but what hast thou done for thy patient? Where is he wounded? Thou dost not know. Why didst not leave him to die where he fell, stead of hauling him down here? If I had not come in, he had no other chance. But let's see, let's see; he won't bite."

With a trembling hand the bailiff proceeded to lay aside the cloak, and the exposure revealed to him the dress, form, and features of Delafosse.

"Softly!" said the bailiff, as he gazed on the countenance of the unfortunate soldier; "here is our gay spark, much lower than when he crowed over us but a few hours byegone. Low enough, o' my conscience, whilst his comrades are still high and mighty. Did I ask thee where he is wounded? I should have

said where is he not? His clothes are cut to shreds. He's a hash ready for the stew. He is dying through loss of blood. Lend a hand, Shadow; off with his rags; he's a man of authority; and if we save his life, lad, we shall not have brought a bad cause into court, I promise ye."

The bailiff and his companion drew off the remnants of the French officer's clothes, which were literally cut and shot into ribbons, for he was in the act of leading on his men with great gallantry against a most severe defence of the soldiery, when he received those fatal wounds which brought him to the earth. At length he was stripped to his shirt, from the breast of which, as Shadow with great care turned him on his side, escaped a portrait attached to his neck by a cord of twisted silk. The curiosity of Apsly was too eager to suffer him to replace it without taking a survey of the figures, for there were two, on each side one; and he gave the fire an additional

stir, that he might the more clearly discern their lineaments. The first he examined was that of a young and lovely female, whose face was unknown to him. It was Julie Caillemotte, his mistress. Upon this, though eminently beautiful, the bailiff did not long bestow his attention, but hastened to examine the other, that, after a cursory glance at each, he might compare their charms. The second portrait was of a female not so young, so fresh, or so lovely. It had not that air of innocent gaiety which the miniature of Julie wore. It was more sedate, more matron-like, more grave and severe; but still beautiful and dazzling. At the first glance the bailiff seemed to recognize the features.

"It cannot be," he exclaimed aloud, whilst his limbs trembled, and he gazed on the picture with a look as riveted as that of Hamlet upon his father's; "It cannot be; I am dreaming! Shadow, good lad, look at this picture, and tell me I'm a fool. It is, as I am a man

living — as I'm a living sinner, — it is the Lady Elain Pendarvis!"

He held the portrait in his hand, and gazed upon it and the body of Delafosse alternately with strongly excited feelings. "What a fool I'm become," he said, at length; "I think the savages must have frightened away my senses. Look, Shadow! Is it Lady Elain or not?"

"It's the Lady of Plas Mawr," said the gaoler, beholding the portrait attentively.

"Then who is this that wears it?" said Apsly.

The goaler looked upon the face of Delafosse, which was of a marble hue, and ran his features over, first pointing to one part, and then another; until at last, with a violent start and a contortion of face which might have represented either a laugh or a cry, he said, — "Her son! Edward Pendarvis!"

"It is Edward Pendarvis, if I am Apsly," said the bailiff, in a tone which

seemed as if he feared to be heard; "Shadow, good lad, we must be secret. We may be wrong after all."

The gaoler shook his head.

"Nay, but I say it is possible we may be wrong," continued the bailiff; "for this picture may perhaps represent another lady."

"Lady Elain," answered Shadow.

"Well, Shadow, Lady Elain or not, I bid thee be silent," said Apsly; "I promise thee it is a secret worth knowing. At present we must conceal him from all persons, and if he mends he'll not readily escape from thy hole. Let us be silent, Shadow; but leave all to me. I understand these matters. — Thou and I are poor, lad; Fortune hath given us a lift, if we know how to take advantage on't. Mr. Pendarvis must pay high for this secret. Dost mind me, lad, eh? It will be a sore suit for Mr. Watkin, if his nephew rise up to oust him of Plas Mawr. Thou shouldst know

the lad better than I, Shadow. Thou wast helper to the gardener, as I recollect, after Sir Jorwerth's death."

The gaoler nodded.

"And didst remain in that office until his honour, Mr. Watkin, packed thee off with other helpers and labouring folk," continued Apsly. — "He said it was not his mind to support the idle caterpillars that his kinsman, Sir Jorwerth, had collected around him. Yea, I recollect well your discharge got his honour no good will in the country: songs were made about him; and the wandering harpers that he would never have in his hall rapped him off wherever they went. But bestir, lad; he will die whilst we are gossiping."

Out of the scanty portion of linen which the gaoler possessed, Apsly and he made bandages, and bound up the wounds of the sick man; having first stanched the bleeding by the application of some herbs culled at the door of Shadow's tenement.

"How many suits hast thou in chancery — I mean, thy clothes-chest?" said the bailiff.

"None."

"What! none, say'st thou? It's unfortunate. Hast any bed?"

The gaoler shook his head, and pointed to a heap of dried moss in a corner of the cell.

"Well, well, we must do as well as we can," pursued Apsly: "help me to lay him down on the ground, whilst we make the settle easier: spread the cloak out."

They removed Delafosse from the settle, and made him a bed of the moss, which, although not so warm as feathers, was equally as soft; and, covered over with his cloak, was a very decent substitute for that which could not be obtained.

"Now, Master Shadow," said Apsly, "what sort of housekeeper art thou? What hast in thy cellars? Master Edward hath need of somewhat to rouse him from this swoon. Pize on the

throats of those rascally hill fellows! I wish we had the good hollands they have broached to-night: though much good may't do 'em, for they're like to get the worst of it for not keeping better guard."

The gaoler retiring to a small hole in the rock, which served as a cupboard, produced a bottle, which he put into the hands of his companion.

"What is't?" said Apsly, applying the mouth of the bottle to his own. "Metheglin! 'Twill do him no harm, if it does little good. So do thou raise him whilst I administer the draught."

But they found this a work of difficulty; for the patient was so perfectly insensible, and so dead a weight upon their hands, that it required uncommon exertion to pass into his stomach the smallest quantity of the liquor. Some little, however, did find its way, and almost instantly produced an alteration in the wounded man; for his breathing became stronger, his pulse more vivid, and

his colour more natural; and although his insensibility still continued, yet he appeared evidently to be reviving. The bailiff and his companion watched the changes on his countenance with eager expectation; but it was a long time before their anxiety was rewarded by any symptom of returning memory. The eyes of Delafosse at length were slowly unclosed, but their vague sight wandered round the place without taking any fixed direction. A heavy sigh burst from his breast, and muttering the name of "Julie," his eyes again closed, and he seemed to relapse into stupor. Apsly again attempted to pour down his throat a small quantity of the metheglin, but he did not succeed.

"Rest, quiet!" said Shadow. "Take time, take time."

"Thou'rt right," replied the bailiff: "at present, he is unfit to take aught but his rest; and I'll take mine, for I'm stark enough, I promise thee, after the run I've had." And drawing together a quantity

of the moss before the fire, he lay down, whilst his companion seated himself on a stool, and continued to regard the invalid with unabated attention. The bailiff began to relate to Shadow the dangers which he had past, and the fortunate escape which he had made from the Caterans who pursued him; but the mind of his auditor was taken up with other matters; and at length Apsly, observing that his narrative did not attract that attention, nor excite that interest, which he thought it deserved, relinquished his tale, and fell asleep, of which change the gaoler seemed quite ignorant, until the warning nose of his companion saluted his ear. Being made conscious that the bailiff was fast, and feeling himself no wise disposed for sleep, the gaoler rose up, and ignited a small dark lantern, with which he was accustomed to light himself through the passage to the tower; and taking a peep at Delafosse, he passed out of the main chamber of his abode into a narrow and arched cavern, which struck about ten

yards further into the rock. From hence a flight of rude steps, cut out of the solid stone, ascended to the dungeons of the tower, the entrance into which was concealed by a door made out of a broad slab of granite, fitting close into the wall, and which had at some period revolved silently on its hinges, although now Shadow was obliged to use great caution lest their creaking should be heard. The dungeons were, for a fortress of the old tower's antiquity, spacious and comfortable, with narrow windows, looking out to sea; and the chains and fetters which were still attached to massive rings let into the wall attested the use that had formerly been made of them. The appearance of Shadow was quite in keeping with the antique and feudal air of the place. His tall and meagre person, and lenten visage, together with his habiliments, which would have served for any era two hundred years previously, and the stealthy pace with which he moved, represented with great accuracy the lean and

cruel, and eaves-dropping gaoler of an earlier period, when the secrets of noble prisoners were purloined by some listening spy amid the secret labyrinths of the dungeons. After having closed the entrance, Shadow passed forward through the common stair of the prisons, and ascended to the ground floor of the fortress, which was also in decay, and now a receptacle for bats and daws. Some misshapen articles of ancient furniture remained in the narrow hall, which had, perhaps, served the conqueror of Wales and his mail-clad barons; but they were now rotted, and falling to pieces; and of the windows, which once lighted the room, nothing remained but the apertures through which the wind howled without restraint.

Here and there an old scutcheon served as a monument of departed grandeur; but the arms were defaced by damp, and the houses, whose honours they should have emblazoned, past finding out.

The gaoler, having darkened his lantern, proceeded with cautious step towards his own lodge, which, as our readers may remember, was just within the gate. He stopped and listened, but all was silent; and the door giving way to a gentle push, he entered the room. On putting aside the shade of his lantern, he found that his usual place of duty was in its accustomed state, except that it was here and there spotted with blood, which doubtless escaped from the wounds of Delafosse. Shadow once more concealed his light; and, after listening attentively at the foot of the stair which conducted to the guard-rooms above, without hearing any sound, he took courage to ascend. Arrived at the gallery or landing, where arms, luggage, and accoutrements were heaped together promiscuously, he again listened, with trembling limbs, for any sound which might communicate to him the situation of the garrison. The door of the guard-chamber stood open, and a light, either

from the fire or flambeaux, reflected strongly on the wall of the gallery. Opposite the door was a heap of arms and baggage, which appeared to have been thrown down there by persons entering the room; and the gaoler crept silently behind it, hoping from thence to have a full view of what was passing within the chamber. And he was not disappointed, for on raising his head among the articles which surrounded him, he could see a considerable part of the room. A number of men, partly regular soldiers and partly half-armed mountaineers, lay together on the floor, with their weapons beneath them; and at the further end of the room, within the chimney-nook, Shadow observed the corpulent figure of Colonel O'Regan reposing on the couch. Several others, officers as they seemed by their habits, sat upon benches adjoining; and in the middle of the chamber, around an old table, was grouped the picket of the night. These men were spending their time in games of chance. They con-

ducted their play with much decorum, and with little noise; but occasionally a reverse of fortune, or a hazardous chance, betrayed them into an extraordinary vociferation. On one occasion, when a sudden burst of a bankrupt gamester awoke the echoes of the guard-chamber, Shadow perceived one of the officers rise from his seat and approach the table. It was Captain Coquincourt, with his arm in a sling; but no other signs of his discomfiture were visible about him. He appeared to interest himself in the fortunes of the players, and to have forgotten that within the last four hours his life had been in imminent peril, and that the fortune of war had made him a prisoner. The behaviour of Burdet, who sat near the Irish colonel, was in every respect the reverse of the Frenchman's. He had individually made a most gallant defence against the overpowering force of Drwndwn; but, being unsupported by his men, who, as we have before remarked, were, through drunkenness, incapable of

defence, he was beaten down, and made prisoner with his company. But his failure gave him the most exquisite anguish, not because he was liable to a court-martial for not keeping proper discipline in his company, for at this time the want of it was general in the army, but as well because he had been surprised and vanquished by a foe whom he held in utter contempt, as because he had been surprised and vanquished at all. Burdet was, in fact, one of those thorough-bred John Bulls who hold their adversaries cheap, and set them at defiance; who are ready, out of their vanity, to meet them half appointed, and to despise themselves if they do not kick all before them without check or obstruction, and who, should any little unsuspected disaster befall them, sink at once into sullenness and self-contempt. Thus our surprised captain was in the highest admiration, and most excited chagrin, that he, an officer of courage and military skill, should be made the captive of

a horde of bare-legged, half-naked, and half-armed banditti, who had never seen any regular warfare, and made use of the same means to vanquish him and his company as they would have done to take the deer of the forest. His lip curled with self-reproach and bitter self-condemnation, as his haughty eye glanced upon the savage forms of his conquerors; and in his heart he despised the French Captain Coquincourt, who bore his misfortunes with such equanimity. The other two French officers, Ribaudier and Du Puy, who had received many wounds, had had them dressed, and now occupied that side of the chimney-nook which was opposite to the seat of the governor. Ribaudier, in his savage manner, execrated the cowardice of his soldiers, and lauded his own valour to the skies; whilst the generous ensign bestowed abundant eulogiums upon the courage of the late garrison, and ascribed their failure to the numbers and desperate valour of the assailants, and to the skill

of their leaders. Their conversation, as our readers may conceive, was carried on in their own language, or it doubtless would have raised a fresh storm about their ears.

The gaoler, as he lay screened behind the heap, could occasionally hear the voices of persons whom he could not see, and who were out of the line of his sight between the door and the chimney. Among others, the harsh tones of Rowna Jones, the tenor of her daughter, and the treble of another female voice, that of the pretty Katharine Van Dronk, mingled together in a manner any thing but harmonious. Their conversation was pretty constant; but Shadow could not discover its import. But his eyes and ears in vain strove to catch the form or the voice of one person whom he longed to see, and whom it is necessary to inform our readers it was his present errand into the tower to converse with — the smuggler. Watch, Drwndwn, and a party of their followers,

had left the Twr Vawr, immediately after the departure of Owain Goch, to attempt the capture of the transport. His absence occasioned no little disappointment to the gaoler, whose determination it was to make him acquainted with the situation of Delafosse. A life of servitude, of wretchedness, and oppression, had not worn out the marks of humanity in the breast of poor Shadow, who remembered his best days in the service of Sir Jorwerth Pendarvis, and the kindly disposition of his son, with gratitude and pleasure. In his heart he abhorred the infamous traffic which his colleague, Apsly, seemed disposed to make of the life of Edward Pendarvis; and as the gaoler knew somewhat of the smuggler, whom he had frequently met upon the shore, and at Llancoch, he sought him, in preference to hazarding his person near the Irishman, who, as our readers have seen, had a few hours before treated him with little courtesy. Whether Shadow was alone governed by humanity

and gratitude to the house of his benefactor, in thus seeking the safety of Edward Pendarvis, we will not pretend to determine. He was among the many who had received injury and insult from Watkin Pendarvis, without receiving benefaction; and strange as it may appear, in so forlorn an object as the miserable gaoler, and singular as it may seem in a gaoler at all, he had a mind as sensible to the insults and injuries of others as it was grateful for good treatment and humanity shown to him. Shadow was a timid and apprehensive man, whose feelings were broken by harsh usage, and he was so unused to behaviour of another description, that he ever remembered with fondness those who took the smallest care for or notice of him. Watkin Pendarvis he usually shunned as he would have done the spirit of darkness, and never, except when forced by his duty as turnkey of the prison, appeared before him. On the other hand, the Lord of Plas Mawr spurned him as he would have done a dog,

and seemed, whenever an opportunity offered, to indulge himself in an extraordinary malignity towards the fearful and unoffending gaoler. Nevertheless it was somewhat surprising that Watkin Pendarvis allowed him to retain the situation of turnkey to the prison, which, as magistrate of the district, was in his recommendation, if not absolutely within his authority. However, Shadow did retain it; and this indulgence on the part of Pendarvis begot much speculation in the country. Some said he had not the power, though nobody doubted but that he had the desire, to eject the gaoler; but this declaration met with little support: for since the magistrate had taken so active a part for the new government his influence had sustained him in many a more important act than despoiling a turnkey of his office and salary. The most general rumour, and that which met with the most ready belief was, that Shadow had at some period done services of a secret and unworthy nature for the

Lord of Plas Mawr, which obliged him to provide some office for him, as a recompense and tie to secrecy; although, those services performed, and Pendarvis having no farther occasion for him, he now both hated and despised his instrument, and would gladly have seized upon any means short of absolute murder to rid himself of a wretch who reminded him of his guilt. Whatever the truth might be, and it will most probably come out in the sequel of these sheets, it is certain that Shadow now held in his hand the balance of his persecutor's fate, and no reward could induce him to incline it in his favour. It is true, he might believe that the fortunes of Watkin Pendarvis were now bankrupt, and that, if his young kinsman recovered from the effects of his wounds, he, being of the victorious party, would be the man most capable of testifying his gratitude in a substantial way. Nevertheless, he must have been aware that the eventual success of the Jacobites was wholly precarious, and that

if their venture failed, his hopes of enriching himself through Edward Pendarvis must terminate also. We will, however, in this place, spare our readers the trouble of reading any more of this kind of argument, (which, after all, may, like the arguments of some of our friends at the bar, bear very slightly upon the matter at issue,) lest some mischievous wag should throw out a dictum, that we are mooting the point for the mere purpose of spinning out our case, and thereby adding another term-fee to our retainer.

CHAP. V.

" What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?"
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

THE gaoler was yet in the act of taking observation of the guard-chamber, when a loud rapping at the door below stairs announced the arrival of some of the Jacobite party, and put Shadow into great fear, lest, in passing the gallery, they should discover him. A cold sweat broke out over his whole frame, and he awaited with agonising feelings the turn of his fortune. Two of the picket turned out with their firelocks bayonetted; and on their descending the stair, the gaoler slipped from his hiding-place, and passed further up the landing, where the darkness shrouded him from observation. From hence he heard distinctly the challenge of the soldiers, and the answers of the party outside the gate, and he imme-

diately afterwards beheld a large company of persons ascend the stair, and pass into the guard-chamber. At their head was the smuggler, William Watch, who was followed by Watkin Pendarvis, guarded by a picket of men, and Owain with the broken nose brought up the rear. This party had scarcely passed, before the chieftain of Benlyn, Owain Goch himself, made his appearance; and the gaoler now concluded that all hope of seeing the smuggler alone was, for the present, at an end. He therefore watched his opportunity, and descended the stair to the hall, whence he quickly regained his subterranean abode.

In the mean time, the leaders of the Jacobite faction were met, in a small closet adjoining the guard-chamber, to confer upon the capture of Watkin Pendarvis, who, as it appeared from the account of Drwndwn, had been retaken at a short distance from the village by his party. Drwndwn, for the purpose of

co-operating with Watch in the capture of the transport, had proceeded higher up the shore, to cut off the retreat of any of her crew who should attempt to escape in that direction; and as Watkin Pendarvis had taken the road towards Conwy, the nearest town in possession of the royalist troops, he naturally fell into the midst of the silent and watchful highlanders. This capture was necessary to appease the disappointment of the leaders in failing to make themselves masters of the transport; which, having by some means learnt the nature and issue of the conflict on shore, had weighed anchor and stood out to sea.

The Irish colonel, who had been aroused by Owain Goch upon his entrance, joined the chieftain and Watch in the closet, where the conference was carried on as much by shrugs and signs as by words, which were conveyed in whispers; and Gwyndyr made known to his colleagues the hopes of Pendarvis's conversion, which he pretended to derive from the

ambiguous expressions of the lawyer at the cottage of his bailiff. These expressions, as our readers will recollect, were intended by Pendarvis to impose upon the chieftain and Delafosse, but had by both been estimated at their proper value. Nevertheless, Gwyndyr, for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the Hibernian and Watch, related, with an exaggerated colouring, what had passed at the bailiff's house, and expressed his belief that the lawyer's scruples might be overcome, and he might be induced to espouse their faction; and he asserted, with as much eloquence and forcibility as he was master of, the necessity of binding to King James's interest a man of such sagacity as the Lord of Plas Mawr.

"Bad luck to him, and worse to the boot of it," cried the governor; "why couldn't he come in before the lad Delafosse was kilt? He deserves nothing better than a shot in his lug. Case why? Couldn't the ould Whig have pop-

ped the tower into our hands without this bloody squabble, whereby we've lost the best fellow that ever stepp'd to tuck of drum? Och, devil join with him, say I; let him stand out. We'd be disgrac'd to draw up with the lousy thief."

"Ay, or be drawn up with him," said Watch; "for hanging's the likeliest thing to come of striking hands with Pendarvis."

"We may strike hands and not hearts, Will Watch," said the chief of Benlyn, with some vexation. "We may take him in, and keep a wary eye upon him."

"He's not worth the care, Gwyndyr," replied the smuggler. "He can now do us no harm, and he'll do nobody any good but himself."

"His interest is mixed with ours," said Owain Goch: "he durst not defy us, for his house and family are in our hands."

"And when he is secure in those, what shall hinder him from playing us false?" said Watch.

"Ay, ay, jewel!" cried the Hibernian; "Master Pendarfy has about as much honour as most of his brethren. A lawyer's honesty's like the moon in the water; trust you're on firm ground, and you sink to the bottom, plop, over head and ears. So shall we and our glorious cause, if we put faith in this grandson of Belzebub."

"We should soon be on the shoals with such a pilot," said Watch.

"Not if you stood with a pistol at the villain's head, and swore to shoot him when your bark struck the ground," said Owain Goch, impatiently.

"But what able seaman would trouble himself with a pilot he knew to be treacherous?" said the smuggler; "and more, when he was able to steer clear without him? By the man that made boots, he'd deserve rope's ending from stem to stern."

"Was it not you that wished Lady Pendarvis to be left in peace?" said Owain Goch. "When I refused your

request I was hot with action, but I now believe no good will follow spoiling the place."

"I would have Plas Mawr left in peace on Lady Elain's score," replied Watch; "not for Watkin Pendarvis."

"No matter; in peace shall the Hall remain;" returned Gwyndyr. "It shall not be said that the eagle of Benlyn pounces on the turtle; that Owain Goch violates the retreat of a woman."

"And 'tis mighty well spoken, master Owen Goch," said O'Regan, with great importance; "let the eagle of Benlyn pounce on as many turtles as he can find, but let my good friend Owen Och leave the ladies in peace and quietness. Och, it's a fine thing to see a man as rough as a bear among men, and as gentle as a sucking-pig with the females."

"I shall not now explain wherefore," said Gwyndyr, with a burst of irrepressible pride, and no small indignation; "but I must insist upon trying to bring over this man, Pendarvis, to our party.

If I have this night done aught for the cause of King James, I am entitled to some voice in this concern. I have resolved; he must be admitted to our association, or I will withdraw from it; chuse for yourselves."

This declaration, as it was likely, occasioned no little surprise to the colleagues of the chieftain, who looked upon him for some moments without the ability of replying; but at length Watch, who knew the impetuosity of Gwyndyr's character too well to set it at defiance, replied, that "since he seemed so earnestly to desire the enlistment of Pendarvis into their party, he would no longer oppose it; trusting that his motives for a step of so hazardous a nature were sufficiently weighty."

"Och, and I care not a Testoon if we're joined by all the lawyers in England, Scotland, and Ireland," cried Teague O'Regan; "Case why? case they'd cheat the devil of them all, if he was in the place of the hook-nosed Dutch-

man. But I say, dears, let us not bother our heads about basketing the fish till we know whether he'll take the hook."

"That we'll soon see," replied the chieftain; "Drwndwn, fetch the lord of Plas Mawr hither; he shall join us, or pain and peril wait on him and his."

The lawyer, who expected little less than immediate death as the consequence of his escape, and who, with his constitutional courage, had prepared himself to meet it without dismay, entered the closet, and, without any symptoms of flinching, halted a few paces from his adversaries, and expected his fate.

"Come forward, sir," said Owain Goch, with much gravity, but laying aside his sternness; "the fortune of war has this night made me master of Plas Mawr and its inhabitants. They are now at my disposal, and must abide my doom, be it good or evil."

The lawyer groaned internally, but made no reply.

"I have before heard you speak in such a way," proceeded the chieftain, "as leads me to believe that sooner than behold your house and household subjected to the chances of war, which must be their fate if you are obstinate, you will abandon the faction of the usurper, and return to that of your rightful sovereign King James."

The chief of Ben Lyn paused for a reply; but Pendarvis, with accustomed but untimely caution, only looked towards the door, near to which the French officers sat conversing.

The ire of Owain Goch was excited by this regard for the proximity of his enemies, and darting an indignant look at the lawyer, he said, "Mr. Pendarvis, I counsel ye not to trifle when the weight that may crush you hangs over your head. Speak out to us who are the deemsters of your life or death; will you join with us, or must your house be destroyed, your lands ravaged, your wife—"

"Hold, Mr. Gwyndyr, I hope not so," said Pendarvis, with more terror than he had ever shown before;" I am your prisoner — I have sought to escape, and fortune hath once more put me into your hands. If I connect myself with you, and King James's cause should fail, how then? Do I stand excused to the opposite party, inasmuch as I can alone save my life and secure my family and property by obeying your wishes?"

This artful query was thrown out by the wily lawyer for the mere purpose of protecting himself from the suspicions of Gwyndyr and his companions, who, had they seen him forward to join them, might have questioned his sincerity. He had no intention to embrace their cause in reality, for he believed that, however at present victorious over the small force which opposed them, and masters of the Twr Vawr and small district around, the elements of the confederacy were of too combustible a nature to hold long to-

gether, and would presently explode; and that if, beyond expectation, they should continue in unity a few days, such a force as would put them down without a chance of successful opposition, would be brought against them from Caernarvon, Conwy, and other places adjacent, occupied by garrisons in the interest of King William. The Hibernian was deceived by the lawyer's subtilty, and answered him by saying, that "he would doubtless stand excused, if that should happen which was impossible, the eventual success of the usurper."

But the plain sense and habitual shrewdness of the smuggler were not so easily deceived, and he remained silent and discontented, whilst Gwyndyr, whose impetuosity and eagerness to gain the proselyte blinded his penetration, shook him by the hand with a fraternal squeeze.

"You are then free, Pendarvis," said the chieftain, "you and your house, all save one."

"Who is that one?" said the lawyer.

"Caillemotte's daughter," answered Owain Goch. "I have won her with my sword, and I will keep her as my portion of to-night's spoil."

"Let me counsel you to pause upon this act," said Pendarvis, who, bad as he was, had no mind so lovely a creature as Julie should be sacrificed to a barbarian's lust. "Mademoiselle Caillemotte is of high rank, and if any constraint were put upon her, all persons would unite to avenge her injury. King James, I am sure, would reprobate all our services, if they were shaded by a cloud so dark as this."

"The cloud shall be as black as hell, but I will keep her," cried Gwyndyr, violently. "What, sir, do I give up gold, ambition, and revenge, for a painted baby-face, and am I to be denied even this?

"At least await the lady's consent," said the lawyer, who knew that consent would be hardly obtained.

"She shall have seemly time," replied the chieftain, with a smile; "and as this

garb is but coarse, and little fitted for the bravery of a lover, I will make bold to borrow from some of the gentry — our prisoners." He went to the door of the closet, and raising his voice, said " Ho, sirs, you in the corner !"

Coquincourt and his friends answered the bawl of Gwyndyr with a stare, but made no haste to leave their seats.

" Drwndwn !" said the chieftain, " fetch me hither those French dogs, I will teach them to be as supple as my spaniel."

" Avast, Gwyndyr," said the smuggler, " don't bother wounded men about trumpery; thou shalt have my quarter-deck suit to go a wooing in — the same as I wore when I made love to Kate."

" Faith, jewel, I'll trim you up in such a habit as there's not the like of it in England," said the governor; " the very sight of it shall make the darling's heart go pit-a-pat with admiration. It's the same thing I wore when we turned out of Charlemont with drums beating and the honours of war. Oons, the ould

duke said he never seed man cut such a figure before."

"And the duke was right," said Pendarvis, slily; "but Mr. Gwyndyr hath not your portliness, Colonel O'Regan! I fear any man of less bulk would fail to impart that dignity to your dress which it acquired from your corpulency as well as from your manners."

"'Deed, Mr. Pendarfy, and you're a pretty spoken man," answered O'Regan, "that I'll say for you in all weathers; and you're a man of taste and judgment, boot of your eloquent speech making."

The lawyer replied to this compliment by a low bow, which the governor returned with one considerably lower. In the mean time, Owain, with the broken nose, had succeeded in bringing Monsieur Coquincourt to the door of the closet, Burdet, Ribaudier, and Dupuy refusing to stir at the uncourteous summons of the chieftain. Their contumacy might have wrought evil consequences, but they were protected by the smuggler,

who loudly declared he would not stand by and see wounded men hurt, because they would not trouble themselves with nonsense. On the wishes of Owain Goch being made known to Captain Coquincourt, that gentleman replied that the chieftain was at liberty to help himself to any clothes out of his wardrobe, which in fact, with the rest of his effects, were now in the tower, having been removed there the preceding evening for better security, with those of the other officers and soldiers. Happily the victors had not had time to take possession of the spoil, or rather it had been the usage of Gwyndyr to be himself *partitor prædæ ;* and that custom had been so well preserved in this case, that the baggage of the soldiers lay perfectly undisturbed. By the orders of Gwyndyr, several of the officers' boxes were now brought into the closet and opened, and the contents publicly exposed ; and from these he made such selections of apparel as his taste and knowledge of dress directed.

In a short time he had exchanged his own habit, which was that of a seaman, for the full-bodied coat with deep-hanging cuffs, the breeches, boots, and cocked hat of a military officer. O'Regan would have assisted him to a wig, silk stockings, and shoes, together with a silver hilted rapier of very exquisite workmanship and delicate appearance, but the chief put them by with a sneer of contempt: "I have hair of my own," said Gwyndyr rudely. "I'm not going to dance; and this rough blade, which has been fifty times red with the blood of my foes, is more near to my hand than that tinsel thing."

"Tinsel, grah!" exclaimed the Hibernian, in great surprise; "tinsel! faith it looks like silver; but tinsel or no, jewel, the sword's a pretty sword, and would become the thigh of a gentleman. Here, Captain Cockincourt! take your tinsel thing back again, as Master Gwyndyr will carry his own skein. But wait a bit,

dear, your appointments are not yet complete. You shall have my muff."

"Burn your muff," cried Gwyndyı, with uncompromising insolence. "I wouldn't put the lousy bear-skin on my arm."

"Och, dear, don't be talking so big," replied the governor, "or you'll be after getting my monkey up in no time at all. Burn the muff! And is that all the return you make for my civility. Mountain manners is this by my faith and troth; and I'd have you to be knowing, Master Owain Och, or whatever else is your pretty name, that lousy's no more the condition of the muff than the nearest thing to your skin, jewel."

The tone of defiance and indignation with which the ex-governor of Charlemont delivered this retort, was well calculated to excite the turbulent passions of the chief of Ben Lyn; and Pendarvis contemplated with secret satisfaction the jars and wranglings which, arising

out of such small causes, promised effects of considerable importance. But Watch now interfered to put an end to the contest of the Welsh and Irish heroes, and succeeded in diverting their minds from personal feelings to the consideration of the cause in which they were engaged.

"By to-day's meridian," said the smuggler, "it will be seen which way the tide runs. Our start will have got wind, and the Dutchmen will be on the look-out. So what's to be done, gentlemen? Must we lie up here till we've strengthened our fleet, or bear away towards Conwy, and try to take it in."

"Arrah, dears, devil's the hour to be lost!" said O'Regan, "case why? the whole thing hangs upon our fortune, and where nothing's tried, nothing's won. Better to set upon Conwy before the garrison knows our strength."

"In my opinion, gentlemen," said Pendarvis, "our best mode will be to await the arrival of succours. If we

now proceed, the utmost that our most prosperous fortune can achieve will be the reduction of a few small towns, which will in no wise advance the main object of our enterprise; but await the junction of the royal party, and if they come in in considerable numbers, Conwy, Caernarvon, and all Wales fall as of course. If, on the other hand, their fears should hold them back, we shall have the less ground to retrace, the fewer treasons, as they will be called, to answer for, and the less disappointment in the issue. Let us proceed soundly and effectually, that we may not have to confess that the abortion of our adventure is the consequence of the hastiness and inconsideration of our plans."

This advice, which was framed out of the lawyer's treachery, was received with disgust by Watch and O'Regan, who were well aware of the dangers of procrastination; but it accorded very well with the broken resolutions of Owain Goch, whose anxiety to attain the love

of Julie Caillemotte, threw all other matters into the shade.

"Pendarvis!" said the chieftain, "your advice pleases me well, and proves your heartiness in the cause. We will await at Llancoch the coming in of King James's friends."

"Then we may lay up in ordinary," said the smuggler, "for King James's friends will keep their distance. Curse me if it's likely that any one will join us before we've done something to give them courage."

"You speak with truth, comrade," said the governor, "a piece that hangs fire never does execution; — puff, puff — the powder's gone with flashing. And it isn't because we've won this little dirty dog-hole of a place, that our friends will think us strong enough to hold up the royal banner. Och, blood an oons, no — let's march onwards — you may make a mountain of a rolling snow-ball, but if you let it lie, you may put it in your pocket."

"The garrison of Conwy or Caernarvon very far exceeds your numbers," said Pendarvis.

"Ay, sir," replied Watch, "but if we wait till they join, they'll exceed our numbers still more. I durst answer for beating either of 'em single; but if they don't drub us when they're together, they're greater cowards than I take 'em for."

"You mistake me, Master Watch," said Pendarvis, who found it a difficult task to mislead the plain but ready apprehension of the smuggler. "The garrisons of Caernarvon and Conwy, united against your present force, would doubtless obtain the mastery, however valiantly your troops should conduct themselves; but I trust we are in hopes of being joined by men of name — by the great and noble of the land — by the peers and gentry of England, and Scotland, and Wales — that we are but a focus — a rallying point, whereto all the friends of the house of Stuart shall tend, and that

instantly. — Believe me, gentlemen, that nothing held me back from declaring in your favour, but my doubt of your precise intentions. Now that I am master of them, I join you heart and hand; and credit me, there are multitudes of hearts loyal to our injured king, who will do the same."

"Huzza!" cried Owain Goch, willing to lend the reasoning of the lawyer an additional impetus.

"Huzza!" cried the Hibernian, carried away by the sophistry of his wily colleague.

"Were not this place too public for such a revelation," continued Pendarvis, "I would disclose to you the names of certain of our noblest peers, who are at this moment prepared for such an insurrection, who will, I'll be sworn, cry 'to horse,' as soon as they hear of so much achieved as your valour hath this night won. Do not, then, let us, as if we were jealous of their glory, proceed until we have their countenance. Let us all have

an equal opportunity of shewing our loyalty and our valour in the cause of our rightful sovereign."

"What you say is very fine, master Pendarvis," said Watch, "and bothers my head-piece; for, d'ye see, except boxing the compass, I'm no scholar; but bless the bit of sense I can make on't. Is there not room enough in all England, Scotland, and Wales, as you talk of, for the nobles and gentry to rise, but they must come and join us? Tush; let every man lift up his hand and strike for King James in his own country. He will there do best service. If we win Conwy and Caernarvon, and shew that there is mettle in the mountains of Wales, Hamilton will send us arms and ammunition, and, if we like, a body of men beside. But we want none; we have strength enough to take in all North Wales, and let the Whigs dislodge us if they can."

"Well, gentlemen," said Pendarvis, with great mildness, "I have given you my thoughts on the matter to the best of

my judgment for King James's service; but I do not presume to guide or direct you."

"Will Watch, the loss of a day or two will mean nothing," said Owain Goch; "let us wait, and see who comes in: you are too hot."

"And you too cold, Gwyndyr," answered the smuggler; "you've run too far north, and got lumbered with ice. What holds you back after this fashion? Thou'rt sure not love-sick."

"If you would not be sick but once, and that for the rest of your days, let your tongue sleep," replied the chief, reddening with his comrade's taunt, and laying his hand on his sword.

"My tongue will sleep or wag without begging leave of thee or any man," cried the smuggler, fiercely. "But I will not sleep upon my oars, and be taken napping, d'ye mind? I'm on the King's books, and I'll do my duty."

"And which of us here will fail?" said the chief of Ben Lyn. "Mark out

the traitor, and I will cleave him through head and spine."

"Follow your bent," said the smuggler; "I am for clapping on all sail, and making way. We've now a spanking breeze; and the fellow that won't take advantage of it ought to be stitch'd in a blanket and toss'd overboard. If you must have a wench, let her be the gunner's daughter; she'll cool your courage for you, my fine fellow."

"Why, art not thou a precious puppy to be yelping about love and women to me?" said the chieftain to Watch; "who didst thyself leave the care of our high cause to bestow thy conduct on some wench of thine own."

"Ay, sure, man," answered the smuggler, laughing; "I'm so ashamed, that my face looks as blue as the back of a dolphin. But have I, in taking care of Kate, neglected the cause?"

"As much as I shall neglect it in pleasing my own fancy," returned Gwyndyr. "Thou wert as much love-sick as I

am. Sick must Owain Goch be indeed, if he be absent from the strife of battle."

"I tell thee, Gwyndyr, my love for Kate was only shewn in minding her safety," said the smuggler. "Sink me if I care about seeing her this twelvemonth. She's now snug under hatches, and fight dog, fight devil, I'll start none."

"By my troth, sirs, the girl was worth master Watch's attention," said the Irish colonel. "A pretty girl was she, and a tight girl; devilish fond of him, to the boot of all. Egad, master Owain Coch, were Mademoiselle Caillemotte a millionth part as crazy after you as she after our good friend, I'd counsel ye to fight up to your eyes in blood for her every day in the week, so I would. But the thing's the other way; clane past all comparison. Mademoiselle Caillemotte would as soon think of entertaining a jack-an-ape, no disparagement to yourself, as she would a mountain cateran, without nurture or quality."

"If by nurture you mean the silken foppery of the world," said Owain Goch, whose resentment almost choaked him; "I rejoice that I am the mountain cateran you speak of; but the man who disputes my blood and pedigree, is a greater fool than he is a liar and villain."

The eyes of the chieftain darted fire upon the governor as he uttered these words; but O'Regan did not take the intended affront. Indeed it appeared that he meant no impugnment of Gwyndyr's birth, but the awkwardness of his expression had caused the mistake.

"Arrah, joy," said he, after some moments of study; "you are quite abroad. Your pedigree is as high as my own, and nobody needs go further, for any thing I know. But I mane your qualifications are out and out other than would plase the swate crater you'd be making love to. You'd be short, I'm thinking, of that softness of speech and dilicacy of manners which such a broth of a wench would require. Faith, Mr. Coch, I'd

counsel ye to lave off the suit. It's better never to raise your bird, than fire and miss."

"The bird I fire at is sure to fall," answered the chief of Merioneth, with his eyes elated by savage delight. "I am a hound of staunch breed. I worry on to the death, unfoiled by the doubling, unmoved by the shrieks of my fated game."

"Sorrow be his portion that, unmoved by the cries of woman, would do her harm," said the governor.

"Amen, says the clerk," cried the smuggler. "May his marriage noose be of hemp, his shirt have iron ruffles, and at his bridal may he dance upon nothing."

Unwilling to shew the chagrin which the free-spoken opinions of his colleagues had occasioned, openly, the chief of Ben Lyn bit his lips, and strode to and fro in the closet in silent wrath. O'Regan, who, notwithstanding his peculiarities, was a man of honour and compassion,

independent of that amiable regard which Irishmen feel towards the fair sex, beheld the conduct of Gwyndyr, and his intentions towards Julie Caillemotte, in the most despicable light; whilst Will Watch, who, to the boldness of the seaman, and the lawlessness of the smuggler, added that love of woman which is characteristic of sailors, was no less disgusted with his behaviour. Both of them internally resolved to have an eye upon him; and, at all hazards, to preserve their cause from that odium which must be cast upon it by the commission of so vile an act as the forcible abduction of Mademoiselle Caillemotte by a leader of their faction so notorious as Owain Goch. Such an act, they were aware, would at once disgust all men of honour, however strongly inclined to espouse the cause of King James, and prevent any further accession to their numbers. They both equally regretted the loss of Delafosse, whose courage, activity, and military skill, were necessary in the command

of the troops, to which O'Regan, from his infirmities, was scarcely competent; and who, had he been now present, would, they were certain, have been able to contend against the ferocity of Gwyndyr with better success than themselves. They were little aware how much more deeply interested he was in preserving Julie from the barbarian.

The dawn was now nigh; and Gwyndyr, wrapping himself in a cloak, threw himself on the floor, desirous of preparing himself, by an hour's sleep, for the business of the coming day.

CHAP. VI.

"Do the hollow grave and the whelming wave
Give up their dead again?
Doth the surgy waste waft o'er its breast,
The spirits of the slain?"

JOANNA BAILLIE.

FATIGUE and Master Apsly's comfortable hollands banished watchfulness from the lids of Owain Goch: not even love, though inflaming a heart as hot as Vesuvius, could withstand the double effects of exhaustion and gin, but was obliged to compose his wings, and yield to the reign of the narcotic deity. Nor was the influence of sleep less extensive over the magnanimous Colonel O'Regan, who, after sitting for some time, winking and blinking at Watch and Pendarvis, fairly toppled over with an asthmatical grunt, and was gone in a moment. The two bodies, as they lay extended upon the floor of the closet, very much re-

sembled those of Douglas and the valiant Jack Falstaff, before the stage thought it necessary to dress characters in the costume of their age. The high-boned and warlike visage of the Welsh chief, and the length of his limbs, were in strong affinity to those of the doughty Scot, whilst the pudding-bellied Hibernian, with his good-natured, and not unacute features, bore a remarkable likeness to the fat knight. It seemed as if Watkin Pendarvis had our very conception in his idea, for he gazed upon them as they lay with great attention, and did not seem inclined either to lie down in the closet or return to the guard-chamber. In this reverie he was left by the smuggler, who was doubtless more desirous of the company of his lovely Kate, than of the man he suspected and despised. Pendarvis's fit of abstraction lasted no longer than the exit of the smuggler. His countenance instantly became animated, and he stooped to examine whether or not his colleagues were in fact asleep.

Assured of this being the case, Pendarvis took the small lamp which lighted the closet, and approaching the wall at the upper end of the room, drew back a small slide in the panel of the wainscot, and passing through, closed it behind him. This secret way, as our readers may have presentiment, communicated with the others descending to the abode of Shadow. Every chamber in the tower was thus approachable, a narrow passage being left between the walls and the wainscot. With great caution Watkin Pendarvis descended to the hall, thence to the dungeons, and at length he appeared before Shadow, who, petrified with surprise, almost believed it was the spirit, and not the substance of his stern persecutor. Pendarvis paused beneath the archway of the cavern at the foot of the steps, when he beheld one man asleep upon the floor, and another on the settle; whilst the gaoler, who, seated on a stool beside the fire, had dozed away the previous hour, continued to regard him

with terror and amazement. Shadow did not stir from his seat, but awaited, with chattering teeth, the orders of his superior. He did not, in his own fears, forget the danger to which a discovery of Edward Pendarvis to his implacable kinsman would expose that ill-fated youth, but he had now no power of concealing him, and could only act for his safety as circumstances directed, resolutely determining, nevertheless, that nothing but death should rob his charge of his protection. These thoughts and this resolution passed through his mind in a moment; for Pendarvis, on drawing back beneath the shadow of the cavern, pointed towards the sleepers, and looked to the gaoler for an answer.

"Apsly," replied Shadow, pointing to the bailiff.

"And that man?" said Pendarvis, coming forward.

The gaoler hesitated, faltered, and remained silent.

"What man is he thou fearest to name?" said Pendarvis.

"It is ——"

"Ha! indeed! the French officer — a leader of the rebels!" said the lawyer, approaching the settle, or couch chair, on which his unknown kinsman reclined, "How came he here?"

The gaoler as laconically as before related the manner in which the young officer had become a tenant of his cell.

"Then he is badly wounded."

"Badly," answered Shadow, with a sigh.

"No matter; we must keep him alive until the king's troops come up; we shall then present them a prisoner worthy their acceptance. The offering will enhance our services. Do thou look to him as thou wilt answer me — if he escape—"

"Escape!" repeated the gaoler, regarding his protégé with a glance of mingled affection and despair.

"It was well I came here," continued Pendarvis, "or thy pretended kindness,

thy hypocritical humanity, which is never exerted but against thy lord and thy sovereign, would doubtless have given the traitor liberty. But beware how thou dost act!"

"Edward Pendarvis!" exclaimed the bailiff, whose mind, though he was still asleep, ran upon the extraordinary discovery they had made,— "Edward Pendarvis!"

"What dream rules the fool?" said the lord of Plas Mawr, striking his clerk with his foot. "Be silent, wretch, silent as the tongue of him thou dreamest of, for I wot Ned Pendarvis sleeps with his fathers, and I may be at ease."

"G—d forbid," exclaimed Shadow, involuntarily, and casting a timid glance towards the couch.

"How, sirrah! still a rebel!" said the lawyer fiercely. "Have I suffered thee to crawl before me for twelve years, and forborne thy detested life, and yet thou art contumacious? Dost still hold the

memory of that imp dearer than thine own blood?"

"My life is nothing," replied the gaoler solemnly.

"Liar — hypocrite," muttered Pendarvis between his teeth; "rememberest thou not when beneath my dagger thou didst beg it? Coward of conscience was I to spare thee — fool and idiot to bind fear and shame to my heart. Even the world suspects me because I spare thee."

"And is murder nothing?" said Shadow, timidly.

"Villain, thou knowest the deed was wrought in my heart," returned the lawyer; "had it been effected, the sin would not be set down in blacker characters."

"An hour will come when that withholding of your hand shall be a cordial to your soul," said Shadow.

"Ay, as thou dost plume thyself on remaining the vilest reptile that grovels on earth rather than have spilt the blood of —"

" Edward Pendarvis," again muttered the bailiff.

" Ay, fool, thou'rt right, even of him. Could I once more be put to proof upon that deed! I would trust no arm but mine own — What does not a coward suffer? d — mn — n! that I should be enthralled in the bonds of continual terror— of never ceasing apprehension — by thee, a most vile and feeble worm; that I should be forced to sustain a carcass I mortally hate, and for what? Because I had not nerve to execute the deed which my head conceived."

" Would you have been more at ease, if, at your command, I had laid foul hands on the son of Sir Jorwerth?" said the gaoler.

" Ask me not; he is gone. I have his inheritance. He died not by my hand, though 'tis like my sin is none the less — thou art the cursed depositary of my guilt."

" I try to forget it," answered Shadow. I still live in hopes that Edward Pendarvis lives."

"Lives!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"I trust so for your sake," continued Shadow; "your sin will be the less; I wished not for life, but to preserve his."

"Preserve thine own," said Pendarvis; "thy folly hath more than once half drawn my knife from the scabbard."

"Remember," said the gaoler, with great solemnity.

"I remember well," replied his superior; "I am sufficiently mindful that thou hast revealed my guilt to another, and that if thou dost disappear, the d—mning facts come out upon me. How callest thou this justice, since thou mayst fall by other means than through me? Would I knew thy partner — he should be rewarded for keeping the secret."

"Let the thoughts of your heart be no longer bloody," said Shadow, impressively. "How has this cursed ambition served you? You have wrought unheard-of wickedness — for what? for whom?"

"Villain, proceed no further," cried the lawyer, gasping with emotion.

"You are a childless man, because you have sought to make others childless!" proceeded the gaoler, with a tone of warning and authority. "Repent, repent, or ye die."

"Die thou," cried Pendarvis, drawing a poniard from beneath his coat. "Sooner shall ruin and death tumble on my head at once, than I will live exposed to mockery and insult from such a wretch as thou art."

"I mock not, I insult not," said the gaoler, with composure. "I love too well the house of Pendarvis to insult even a fallen member of it; but I see better things; the house will again be built — the tree will again flourish."

"I will take thy words for an omen," said Pendarvis, putting up his dagger. "They say those of an idiot are prophetic. Were I sure of thy silence, I would have thee at Plas Mawr, and thou shouldst count the privileges of idiocy; but thou'rt intractable."

With a sad and thoughtful air he turned away from the gaoler, and pushed Apsly with his foot; but the slumbers of the bailiff were not easily broken, and it required an application of much greater force than the lawyer first used to break his bands of sleep asunder.

"The knave sleeps soundly," said Pendarvis; "he has forgot his sorrows. Ho, Apsly, rouse thee — up and run; Tarw Trin is upon thee."

At the sound of that fearful name, the bailiff, who had been disturbed by the pushes of Pendarvis, scrambled upon his knees, and began to cry for mercy, whilst his eyes were still shut.

"Peace, fool, thou art safe," said his master, shaking him by the collar; "peace, thine outcry may alarm the brutes above."

"Ha, how, Mr. Pendarvis!" exclaimed the bailiff, opening his eyes in astonishment, "do you know then, — have you seen?"

"He has seen the gentleman, the offi-

cer;" interrupted Shadow, in the most violent perturbation.

"What means this juggling? whom mean you?" cried Pendarvis; "by hell I'll know."

"The rebel officer," said Apsly, pointing to the sick youth.

"Who is he? do they not call him Delafosse?" said the lawyer, throwing aside the cloak which covered him.

A pause ensued, during which Pendarvis alternately regarded the body and his followers. Shadow stood beside the youth's head, with his hands clasped together, and Apsly, whose timid nature was convulsed with fear and remorse, trembled in every limb.

"Mr. Pendarvis," said the gaoler at length, whose hopes of preserving the secret were now destroyed; "thank God, it is Edward Pendarvis that lies before you."

The lawyer started, and recoiled from the couch as if he had stepped upon the bed of a serpent; and Shadow, with fear

and horror, beheld the lineaments of his face agitated by all the passions which convert man into the image of the devil. Disappointment, rage, hatred, and fear were blended together in the composition of one of the most horrible vizors that ever overshadowed a human face. His hard withering and stony eyes glared upon his unfortunate kinsman; but he did not speak nor move: his breath was short, broken and convulsed, betokening the war of passions in his heart; and a cold and clammy sweat broke out upon his forehead. His attendants watched him with fearful interest, and at length Shadow perceived his hand rise gradually to his bosom, wherein for a short time he fumbled as if feeling for his dagger. The gaoler stepped forward, and shook the arm of Apsly, whose senses seemed nearly gone.

"Wilt thou join in the murder of Edward Pendarvis?" said the gaoler to Apsly.

"No, no, I am clear — I will not have his blood upon me!" said the bailiff, in

broken accents, "Mr. Pendarvis, forbear, touch not his life."

"Remember your plighted oath," cried Shadow, with emphasis, "that you would attempt nought against his life, whilst I kept silence."

"The winds catch all oaths," replied Pendarvis, withdrawing his eyes for a moment from his victim, and placing them on Shadow.

"Touch his life and your guilt is known — is made public," said the gaoler.

"Ha — d—mned fetter that binds my arm!" cried Pendarvis, casting a glance of malignant hatred upon his kinsman; "the fortune of the lad triumphs."

"Heaven be blessed!" cried Shadow.

"Peace, villain," said Pendarvis; "another such word, and though death, shame, and hell gape upon me, he dies, and thou with him."

"But spare his life," said the gaoler.

"It is spared," cried the lawyer, "though now he seems more dead than

living. But are ye assured it is the boy ye mean? How did ye get knowledge of it? I have before seen him, and his features, struck me as resembling those of ——."

"Lady Elain," said Shadow, piecing out the broken sentence."

"But I did not deem aught of its being Ned Pendarvis," said the lawyer; "he hath an older look than I should have thought that youth would have yet acquired."

"You think of Master Edward, blooming and curly headed as when ——"

"Villain, cease thy cursed prattle," said Pendarvis; "how knowest thou it is he?"

The gaoler drew forth the miniature from the bosom of the youth, and put it into the hand of his implacable kinsman, who examined it with minute attention.

"This is Lady Elain, indeed," said the lawyer, still gazing on the picture. "My memory still holds of the time when this very likeness was done; when

this picture of his mother was given to the lad on his departure for France. And what face is this on the reverse? Ha, the French beauty, Mademoiselle Caillemotte. What, is the damsel enamoured of a foe? of a traitor? How will this tally with the new fledged passion of the mountaineer? By my soul, the plot thickens, and ways may still be found to hold all with a fair outside."

"Right, right, your honour," said the timid bailiff, "he may die of his wounds, which is like enough; and if he gets on the mending hand, he'll be disposed of as a traitor — do not your honour meddle with him."

It is, however, doubtful, whether Apsly did not thus speak, that he might induce his unprincipled lord to give up all present thought of the youth's destruction, which, to say the truth, would have outraged his feelings as much as those of the gaoler; and Pendarvis appeared to understand his advice in this light, for his lip curled with contempt.

"Does any one know of this secret but yourselves?" said the lawyer. "Has any one seen him; or have you told your discovery to a living soul?"

Both Apsly and the gaoler replied in the negative.

"You have done right," said Pendarvis, "not for my interest alone, but for the sake of Lady Elain's peace. If he die, and die he must, of his wounds, or by the law, it were cruel to tantalize her with knowledge of his having visited our shores alive."

"Why must he die, if he survive his wounds?" said the gaoler. "Is not his banishment as well for you as his death, nay better, since, if he die, you must be the mover of his fate."

"Harkee, sir," said the lawyer, "I will thus far bargain with you. Do you keep this matter a secret, and if he live, I will throw no bars in the way of his escape — for escape it must come to at last with the mad-headed stirrers of this expedition; but if I learn that you

have divulged his existence to but one man, I will recant my promise, and lay the royal party on the scent. You know how to credit me; and I can better trust your secrecy upon motives of his interest than your oath. As for you, Apsly, I need not charge you to be silent. You observe my wish."

"I wish the events of this night might be for ever forgotten," said the bailiff. "It is more than my neck's worth to stir from this dismal hole, lest I should meet those savages that hunted me into it."

"Be at ease on that score," said Pendarvis. "The leaders of this rebellion think me friendly to their cause; they will have me for a coadjutor. Heaven help their innocence. I will help each of them to a halter, or my brains shall halt for it. I now return, or my absence will be discovered. I ventured down hither to send thee, Shadow, to Conwy, to hasten the coming of the troops. Thou knowest the passes, and mightst with ease reach the town undiscovered;

but I wot thy charge will prevent thee from doing the king that service?"

The gaoler neither replied nor looked up.

"What sayest thou, Apsly?" continued Pendarvis. "Will thy fears allow thee to get across the market-place?"

"I would much rather not put them to the trial!" replied the justice clerk. "I could never hold out such another burst as the drunken raggamuffins put me to last night; drunk were they, or they'd have taken me up and cried whoop over me."

"Well, then, I must trust to fortune," said the lawyer. "Shadow, I will have thee re-instated in thine office; at least that thou mayst go about unmolested. — it will be necessary."

He took the lamp, and with a hasty step darted into the cavern, and ran up the stair communicating with the dungeons; and Shadow heard distinctly the door above close after his retreat. The gaoler, to assure himself of his absence,

listened carefully, and even ascended a few steps to make himself more certain; and when he found the coast clear, he again returned to his cell. Apsly had once more extended himself upon the floor, and was preparing to compose himself to sleep; but the gaoler interrupted him.

"Sleep no more," said Shadow.

"Why not?" replied Apsly; "I've slept mighty little yet to-night."

"To-night! It is morning," said the gaoler, "the sun has risen. Listen, and thou mayst hear the birds singing."

"Let 'em sing, and let me sleep," replied the justice clerk, "I'll not disturb them if they don't disturb me."

"Thou dost seem to delight in sleep as if it was thy nature," said the gaoler; "thou mightst as well be dead."

"Eh! what sayst thou of death, Shadow?" cried the bailiff, raising his head. "By the mass, I never heard thee talk so much and so boldly as thou hast done to-night. Ha, Shadow, thou knowest

his honour before to-day. Dark and ugly words passed between you. I have heard whispers before; but it was not my business, thou knowest. Nevertheless, thou wert right to oppose the young man's death."

"Ah! that his life were safe!" said the gaoler.

"Dost think it is not?" said Apsly. "Canst thou not trust his honour's word?"

"Couldst thou trust thy body on a quicksand?" enquired the gaoler. "Suffer the royal troops to enter Llancoch, and Edward Pendarvis, Sir Jorwerth's son, must undergo the fate of a traitor. Can nothing be done by us to save him? Apsly! Lady Elain has been bountiful to thee. Now show thy sense of it, in lending thine assistance to protect her offspring."

"How may this be?" said Apsly. "What can I do? Remember the eyes of his worship are on us."

"Let us remember nothing but Edward's danger," said Shadow, with impatience. "I know thee, Apsly. Lucre hath made thee a man careless of others' sufferings; but thou wouldst not see Lady Elain's child brought to a bloody end when thy hand might save him. — I know thou wouldst not."

"Thou'rt right," answered the bailiff, "so that thereby I did not exchange his neck for my own. Egad, Shadow, that is more than gratitude demands, or Lady Elain could expect. But if the lad can be saved without peril to ourselves, in the name of charity it shall be done. But hold a bit. Let us take an examination of the matter, and see how the case stands. Setting in case thou and I, by some means which thou shalt devise, procure the liberty of Master Edward; So — we at once pull upon our own heads the vengeance of his worship. Ah, no. I see, lad, it won't do. Thy place as gaoler of the tower is not worth making

a stir about. But mine is another thing — loss of substance — loss of all."

"And whether wouldst thou keep thy place, and live in daily jeopardy of thy life, as the deathsman of Edward Pendarvis, detested, hooted, and cursed by young and old, rich and poor, hillsmen and dalesmen, man and woman; or lose it, and be friended by all men living. Nay, if thou dost consent to young Edward's death, make up thy mind to quit Wales for ever. How thinkst thou to remain bailiff to the Lady Elain? Thou who dost slay her son."

"G—d forbid," said Apsly, whose better feelings were touched with the pleading of his companion. "I would purchase his life with half my substance; but there is this spoke in the wheel which you count not of. We may be called to account ourselves for succouring, aiding, and abetting a traitor."

"And who is to be the informer?" said the gaoler.

"His honour is like enough."

"Not he; not he, truly. When Edward Pendarvis had escaped, would the husband of his mother proclaim his own guiltiness?"

"Adso, there's something in that."

"Thou mightest perceive," continued Shadow, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that I, poor and low as I am, have a hold upon Mr. Pendarvis which he cannot shake off."

"I saw it; I saw it," replied Apsly, shaking his head wisely.

"Let that assure thee that I can and will protect thee from all harm, both of body and goods. Join with me in removing Edward Pendarvis to a place of safety, and look thee here."

He lifted up the cushion of the settle, and produced a bag of money, which he emptied upon the table, in the sight of Apsly.

"Here," he continued, "are two hundred broad pieces, the earnings of my

life in the service of this youth's house. Take them, Apsly, they are thine, and will indemnify thee against any change in the favour of Mr. Pendarvis. In return, I ask thy aid to remove our charge."

"Two hundred broad pieces!" said the bailiff, instinctively laying his hand upon the coin, and examining it with the scrupulosity of a mortgagee, who, wishing to foreclose his security, is unwillingly paid off his principal and interest. "Two hundred pieces of gold! The money perhaps is doing thee no good. I'll be sworn it is not, if thou hast always hoarded it under thy cushion; and it can do me no harm, that's a sure thing. Beside, as thou sayst, the favour of his honour is like enough to change, though he might not show it openly; and these two hundred pieces are far below the worth of my place. Nevertheless, boy, I am ashamed to take thy money."

"Make no words of it, but pocket the coin, and thereby assure me thou art resolved to be staunch."

"Thou must leave this fox-hole, and come and live with me," continued the bailiff, whose conscience, twinging him for robbing the benevolent gaoler of his all, suggested many expedients to repay him, without losing the cash; "that is, if yon mountain wolves have not set fire to my house. Woe upon it, the goods and stocking will have been carried off by those thieves unhanged; it will cost me some of thy broad pieces to set all straight again. But now, Shadow, what is thy plan? whither wouldst thou remove master Edward?"

"To Mr. Lloyd's; may we get him there, and I will answer for his future safety. The distance is not great; a boat may be brought under the rock, and thou and I may easily lift him, wrapped in his bed, into it. The minister's garden borders on the cut, and he may be as easily helped into the house."

"But thou wilt wait until night?" said Apsly.

"Yea; he will be better for the day's rest," replied the gaoler. "I have never ceased to hope that the house of Pendarvis would rise again. That I am an instrument in its restoration makes me prouder than if the inheritance was my own."

"But how should it be restored by Edward Pendarvis?" said the bailiff. "Unless King James comes in again, which is no more likely than that thou or I should become king, master Edward must seek his fortune elsewhere."

"He is young; he will grow wiser," said Shadow.

"Troth! so he may," replied Apsly. "But King William will not accept his wisdom instead of allegiance."

"Edward Pendarvis has been forced into the service he now is in," said the gaoler; "oppression drove him from Plas Mawr. But of that I need not tell thee."

"Indeed the world said so; but the world is a bad world, and one should not

be too credulous; besides, it is an ill bird thou knowest."

"So it was that master Edward was glad to leave his home. The spirit of his father, I am sure, made him a soldier. Party he cares not for. King William will suit him as well, or perhaps better, than King James, since he is the better soldier; he will leave the right to be settled by older heads."

"And he'll be in the right," said the bailiff; "for I know not who wouldn't be a neutral, sooner than have the company of the desperate rogues I had quartered on me last night. Eating up your provision, and drinking your liquor, is the least part of their impudence. Kicks and blows, a knife to your throat, or a pistol at your head, are much readier than fair words. My breath and brains were nigh gone with fear; and yet his honour, poor honour was it in him, couldn't help kicking my shins, because I couldn't sing without a little trembulation, or so."

"Rest thee quiet; this game will be soon over."

"Faith, lad, it had need; for 'tis a game where you get more kicks than pence; and the winner will sooner come by a sore head, than his hat full of broad pieces. As for Owain Goch, and his gang of savages, lie as they will, they care no more for King James than I care for King Pippin. They're come down from the hills to rob, and plunder, and slay the lieges, and for nought else. They can't live upon wild thyme, like heath-cocks, and they're glad to have any pretence for rouping and pillaging. And Will Watch, too! Why, the deuce, couldn't he amuse himself with his free trade, as he did before, instead of mounting cap and feather, and taking to a venture he knows as much of as a blind puppy? The smuggler's beside himself."

"I am not sorry that Watch is a leader among the rebels," said the gaoler; "we may have to seek protection from some of them, should the worst come to worst;

and the smuggler, rough as he is, has a kindly heart. Edward Pendarvis would never suffer wrong under his eye; and I would have informed him of his situation, did I not wish to screen the conduct of Mr. Pendarvis. But I still look to Watch as a last resort; he is a staff that will not fail at need."

The conversation of the gaoler and his inmate, and their arrangement of Edward Pendarvis's removal, were frequently renewed; but as the former did not tend to elucidate any part of our history, and as the latter was not in any way materially changed from the manner in which it had been first laid down, we do not think it necessary to burden our pages with the relation. It is, perhaps, of consequence to state, that the insensibility of the wounded youth still continued; and that although Shadow and his companion repeatedly attempted to administer various kinds of nourishment to him, yet no substantial change took place; and they expected the approaching night, in

the hope that before its arrival the faculties of their patient might be in some degree restored. From time to time either one or the other passed from the cell to the outer fissure, eager to gain any intelligence, by sight or sound, which might assist their plans; but fortune seemed determined they should owe every thing to their own industry, and nothing to her frolics.

CHAP. VII.

"But thou, my fair, who never wouldst approve,
Or hear, the tender story of my love;
Or mind, how burns my raging breast, a button;
Perhaps art dreaming of a breast of mutton."

SHENSTONE.

THAT we give a true and faithful chronicle of the events which happened, we must now return to the guard-chamber a few minutes before the time when Will Watch left the closet. The captive officers had taken possession of one side of the chimney-nook, leaving the other to the women, Watch's pretty wife, and Rowna and Winifred Jones, whilst Drwndwn, Jones, and several other men sat on benches in front of the fire. A numerous body of soldiers and a few mountain warriors lay buried in sleep upon the floor, whilst the picket were still engaged in play. The chamber had very little the appearance of having been lately

the scene of combat; for as the regular soldiery, who were not released until the close of the fight, had had very little share in it, few of them bore any marks of the bloody conflict, which had mainly fallen upon the warriors of Owain Goch. The chieftain's followers under Dysgirnin were now at Plas Mawr, and the tenants of the guard-room exhibited rather the appearance of an orderly garrison, slumbering and amusing themselves in the midst of peace, than a body of men ferocious with opposition, and elated with conquest. The few followers of Owain Goch, who lay scattered among the soldiers, distinguishable by their dark and uncouth habits from the uniform of the regulars, might upon examination have been detected as active partakers of the battle, for their clothes were torn and shot to pieces, and in many places soaked with blood. These fellows held no commerce with their civilized allies, for they could speak no English, and the soldiers knew nothing of Welsh; and

therefore passed away the time until they should be summoned to duty in sleep, for which the fatigues of the night had well qualified them. Coquincourt, who sat at the upper end of the chimney-nook, was as soundly asleep as the wildest of the mountaineers; but Burdet, Ribaudier, and Dupuy, whose wounds probably smarted too keenly to allow them much repose, conversed on the events of the day. This conversation was carried on in French; for although Owain, with the broken nose, lent his attention seriously to their discourse, he could make out nothing intelligible to his understanding. He therefore turned away to Winifred Jones, who sat next him, and not dismayed by her size and figure, began to lay regular siege to her. Drwndwn had, in fact, once before been a suitor to the maid of the Silver Salmon, before those practices as a poacher had been detected by which he had been forced to quit the neighbourhood of Llancoch; but even before his departure

the manly graces of the smuggler had captivated Winifred, and withdrawn the little portion of favour she had before bestowed on Owain with the broken nose. But he had that evening learnt the defection of his rival, and hoping, like our friend Ribaudier, that careless of her future destiny she would give herself up to the first summons, he was resolved not to lose her for want of a renewal of his courtship. The continuance of his passion was soon made manifest to Winifred by certain pinches of the arms, treadings upon the toes, and joggings of the elbows, but with her usual disdain of that sort of compliment, she merely removed to a greater distance from her lover, without further noticing him. Owain was not, however, to be so foiled. He followed her up, gave her no relaxation, and at length forced her to turn round in high displeasure.

"Diaoul pinch hur!" exclaimed the maiden; "What has hur to say? I wish hur neck was broke as well as hur nose."

"Not hur, by St. Elian," replied Drwndwn. "A broken nose, Winny, makes a man look foolish enough; but a broken neck makes him look worse. And who would take hur to Llanwchllyn if Drwndwn's neck was broke?"

"Llanwchllyn," said Winifred, with a sigh. "Will not Owain Goch let us tarry at the bank-side? What should we do at Llanwchllyn? We can neither fight hur battles nor kill hur deer?"

"But hur can hoard the spoil," answered Owain; "and hur can cook the deer when it's killed to hur hand. Hur can spread the moss and the mountain flax in the holds of Ben Lyn, and lie upon them when hur's don — can hur not?"

"Sorry's the day when hur must leave the sight of the bonny blue sea," returned the girl; "when hur must quit the dales of Denbigh for the hills of Merioneth."

"Tush! hur shall see more quiet waters than the sea," said Drwndwn, "hur shall look over Llyn Tegid and

the pools of the mountains. They will serve for looking-glasses to show hur face."

"Hur can see hur face in a well," replied the maiden. "Hur loves the winds of the waters; hur loves the storms of the sea."

"Augh, hur shall be blown about like a coracle on Arran," said her lover. "The wind of the valley's like a whisper; — hur shall have hur belly full of storms."

"But hur will not see ships on Arran," said Winifred, impatiently, "nor hear the merry songs of the sailors."

"Rest hur easy, Winny," said Owain, with a little spite; "hur will meet with no false-hearted smugglers in the rocks of Merioneth. We are firm as the deep-seated mountains."

The irascible damsel raised her brawny fist for the purpose of bestowing her thanks for this sarcasm upon her lover, and he held up his hand to protect him-

self, but for once prudence obtained the mastery over her anger, and she ordered her arms.

"What, Winny," cried Drwndwn, "hur has not got over that ready way of clapper-clawing yet? Hur said hur could not fight; but Owain Goch will do well to put hur into breeches and give hur a pike."

"Let him list mother an a' then," said Jones, who had for some time been listening half asleep to their conversation. "If she can't drive 'em with her arms, she'll do it with her tongue. Either one or t'other can make a louder skelly than the wind among the blocks in a high gale. It's no use piping one's eye, but if the old b——h had been quiet, we should not have been here without a house to put one's head in."

"Man with a woman's heart, would hur suffer wrong and seek no revenge?" said Rowna, who had hitherto appeared to be asleep, but sat upright on the reproachful accusation of her husband.

"Revenge! I'd bear no malice, woman," replied her husband. "If Winny had caught Watch with his tender in tow, I shouldn't have minded her giving 'em a broadside; but to skuttle 'em in the way you did, it was d—d hard, that's all I know."

"Ay, ay, Winny's a fool like her father," said Rowna, upon whose iron heart the lecture of her husband made no impression; "a poor weakly idiot, or hur would not so soon have tired of her revenge."

"And what have you got by it?" said Jones. "A couple of stout hearts killed, and half a score hurt, that never hurt ye. Will Watch made a prisoner, and put into the bilboes an hour, out of which, as I learn, and I'm glad on't, Winny was the first to free him — you and the wench dragged under hatches, and ordered to the mountains: the house and gear fired and burnt, and my old head thrown to leeward without a plank to save me — fine revenge and satisfaction this; but

I'm glad my hands are clear of it — you have it all to yourselves."

"A time may yet come," said Rowna, gnashing her teeth, whilst her eyes lowered upon the smuggler's wife, who sat between Jones and the wall; "our days are not spent."

"Hold your jaw, woman," said her husband, "and think no more of your devilry; cheer thee, my bonny mate," he continued, turning to Katharine, whose pale cheeks still proclaimed the inquietude of her heart, "cheer up, my little sparkler. The woman says more than she means, or sink me but I'd turn boatswain's mate upon her. Here, you Winny! come along side, and give her a buss, and let it be honest and hearty like, or from this hour I'll cut thee, and fling away the tow rope. Heave ahead there."

At the command of her father, Winifred, though in common not the most obedient of children, left her seat, and with some appearance of good will,

though leavened with sadness, kissed the cheek of her pretty rival, who grasped her hand and squeezed it with great cordiality. At this interesting moment Watch made his appearance from the closet, and was highly gratified at the establishment of peace between them. He sat down beside Rowna, who regarded the scene before her with eyes of contempt and rage, and patting her gently on the shoulder, he said "Hollo, mother, not pleased yet? By St. Nicholas, we must have you and Kate friends; we've had a regular blow out, you know, and now let's lay aside our arms. Winny shall have a husband, aye, and a good one, one that knows how to walk the deck without holding on."

"Let hur be no traitor, like Will Watch, and hur will serve if hur's a beggar." With an eye darting her indignation upon the smuggler, Rowna uttered this retort, and at the same time with no gentle hand pushed him from her; but Watch's good nature was not to be over-

come by this violence, which he knew was occasioned by fondness for, and disappointment at the loss of himself.

"I tell thee, Rowna," said the smuggler, "that had I not spliced myself to Kate, I had been the foulest traitor that ever broke biscuit, for many's the long year we've been consorts, before I saw the round face of thy daughter. Why, d — n it, woman, if I joked with Winny, I scorn'd to play her foul; I know she's an honest wench, and let her tell if I ever said, Winny, I love thee. But I do love thee, wench, and I will love thee, for thou hast shown thyself a staunch sea-boat in a heavy gale. Come, old one, luff up, clear away the clouds from your upper gallery."

"Ay, ay, it is time to have a merry heart when hur is driven from house and home to the hill-side," said Rowna. "Why prate ye of malice, when, to slake your own, ye refuse mercy to an old woman?"

"Were I Owain Goch I would refuse thee none," returned the smuggler; "and the chief will soon unbolt thy manacles, Rowna. It is only because this night's work shows it unsafe to let thee be abroad that he will have thee limboed until we have no need to fear thy passions or thy prattle."

The smuggler spoke in a tone of sober seriousness, to which he was wholly unaccustomed. His words made a deep impression upon the wife of Jones, whose face was distorted with contending passions. For some moments she could not speak, but gazed in silent indignation upon Watch.

"Has Rowna ever been traitor before?" she at length enquired. "Did hur betray Will Watch when rewards were worth something; when gold would have been flung into her lap, but to tell where hur lugger lay?"

"Thou wert ever staunch, Rowna," replied the smuggler. "I have no charge against thy honesty."

"Who is hur that durst say I betray'd ye for gold?" cried the virago, rising on her feet, and assuming a threatening attitude, "Hur is a liar. It was for revenge — sweet revenge — I would have slaughtered you like a wolf; I would have burnt and sunk ye, captain and crew, to repay the slight you put on the poor fool that has kissed your painted ——. It was for revenge I betray'd ye, and I repent me not. Hold me fast, if hur likes, I repent me not — I would work ye woe again."

"Stop her mouth — push her down — bring her up," cried her husband as loud as he could bawl. "The old hell cat's gone crazed."

"Crazed am I — ay, and mad as winds and waves," exclaimed Rowna, fiercely stamping on the ground; "has hur not cause? Hur daughter shamed, and no one to stand for her right, and the silly fool lipping her betrayer. Devils seize on hur! I would tear her as an eagle tears a lamb, an I might come near her baby face."

"And I wish I was near thee then," said hur husband; "I'd lend thee such a start as should hold thee between here and Conwy. What the plague would the old b — ch be at? Dost not see that we are all friends here, and wouldst have us cutting one another's throttles in the room? What harm has the pretty wench done thee that thou shouldst be as ravenous upon her as a shark in a fry of herrings? Cheer thee, sweetheart; now the ship's struck, thou'lt find Winny, like her father, honest and trustable. Hold thy head above water, thou hast a mate that will not soon see thee overborne."

"Come, Rowna," said Owain with the broken nose; "hur is like to see Llanwchllyn and the rigs of Arran if hur keeps not herself the better. Come now, get up and kiss the pretty wench like Winifred; augh, hur would like the fashion to go round."

While the latter part of this conversation was going forward, the smuggler had arisen from his seat, and made the circuit

of the tower to see that the watch and picket were on their duty and all safe. On his return from the inner room, in which the prisoners and the greater part of the soldiery lay, he peeped into the closet, where, as our readers will recollect, he left Mr. Watkin Pendarvis still awake, the chief of Ben Lyn, and Colonel O'Regan, having thrown themselves upon the floor. He was now rather surprized to find the room in darkness, but concluded that the lawyer had also disposed himself to sleep ; and, to enjoy a more perfect repose, had extinguished the light. Thus deceived, the smuggler returned to his companions and resumed his seat by his bride. During his absence Drwndwn had renewed his conversation with Winifred, and begged her to sing him a song, but she refused.

" Hur cannot sing, fool," replied her mother, to the reiterated solicitations of the broken-nosed hero. " How should hur sing in a dungeon? Is hur like a

bird in a cage? Best burn out hur eyes, and hur'll sing the sweeter."

"If Rowna's tongue was burnt out," replied Drwndwn, "hur would sing. Come, Winny, do hur best, lass; hur can do no more."

"Hur has no pleasure to sing aloud," answered the Welsh damsel. "Hur can sing to hurself for comfort; but hur heart's dead."

"Tush, wench, then, the son of Ogwen will sing to cheer hur," replied the gallant follower of Gwyndyr; and, without further preliminary, he began song, the subject of which responded his desire: —

Down upon the banks
Of the silent river,
There I met my love,
There my love met me;
Kisses, praises, thanks,
And my love the giver;
Echo through the grove
Sang his minstrelsy.

Merry ousels sing
On the dark pine branches;
And the squirrel jumps
Quick from tree to tree:

Dappled deer do spring,
Rising on their haunches;
Still my lover keeps
His strain of minstrelsy.

Speckled gwyniad leap
From the silver billows,
Dropping stars of gold
In the sunny stream:
While the silly sheep
Stray among the willows;
And the skies unfold
Many a golden gleam.

Still the harp of love,
Tuned with tender passion,
Rings with joyous sounds, —
Sounds beloved by me;
If the chords improve,
I must have compassion,
And heal my lover's wounds
For his minstrelsy.

Whilst singing, the mischievous mountaineer bestowed all his attention on poor Winifred. He addressed himself to her, and, as he concluded, held out his hand; but unfortunately his musical wooing had little better fate than what he had recited in set prose. Winifred only laughed, and pushed his hand aside.

"What, not yet?" exclaimed Drwndwn, astonished at the ill success of what

he had deemed his irresistible attack. "Mind thee, Winny, what the song says,

> I must have compassion,
> And heal up his wounds
> For his minstrelsy."

"Tush, hur song is as wry as hur nose," replied the spiteful damsel.

"Folk say if a man has a nose on hur face it's enough," returned Drwndwn. "Hur has a nose to swear by, after all."

"Not hur," answered Winifred. "Hur wouldn't swear crooked, that would be a sin; and hur must swear so, if hur swears by hur nose."

"How didst manage to get thy bowsprit bent, lad?" said the smuggler. "Didst fall foul when getting into harbour."

"No," said Winifred; "hur had it broke when hur was a poacher on the squire's manors. One of the boys met hur with a hare in hur bag, and beat hur cruelly."

"Ho; hur lies for a jade," cried the astonished mountaineer. "Owain Drwn-

dwn will fight, and beat all the lads and men to boot, in Watkin Pendarvis's livery, ould lawyer Apsly and all."

"Speak small, Drwndwn," said the smuggler, pointing with his thumb to the closet, "the squire may be awake."

"Ay, lad," said Jones, winking at the smuggler; "thou'dst best slacken sail, or his honour will, perhaps, straighten thy nose by a blow on your larboard."

"Hur wouldn't fail to strike him dead," muttered Drwndwn between his teeth.

At this moment, the man of whom they were speaking made his appearance at the door of the closet, with the lighted lamp in his hand. He had no suspicion that the light had been missed during his absence; and the sight of the clear flame threw the smuggler into amazement.

"How got ye the light?" cried Watch, with an energy and directness that informed Mr. Pendarvis its absence had been noticed. For a moment he was confused; but quickly regaining his

self-possession, he said, "The light was not extinguished. I concealed it because I could not sleep with its glare upon my eyes. I cannot sleep now. Morning is near, and I am an early stirrer. I feel chilled with sleeping on the bare floor; and will thank you for admission to your fire."

Watch and his companions opened a way for Pendarvis to approach the fire; but Burdet, Ribaudier, and Du Puy, who sat also within the chimney-nook, neither offered to give up their places, nor to bestow a glance of recognition upon the apostate, as they supposed him, from their party. Pendarvis, however, conscious that five minutes' explanation, if he could achieve the opportunity, would set all to rights again, bore their contempt with great equanimity, and returned it with looks of haughty superiority, assumed for the purpose of blinding the eyes of his new friends. Indignant at his insolence, the officers could not forbear expressing in their own language, feelings of strong

detestation and abhorrence; whilst Pendarvis hemm'd strongly in reply, knit his brows, and put on the frown of an Old Bailey counsel. The presence of the unpopular magistrate seemed to impose silence on all the under persons of the scene. Rowna, her husband, and their daughter, though not abashed, felt themselves too little at ease in his company to speak much; whilst their taciturnity almost constrained that of Drwndwn, who was otherwise perfectly free from any awe or respect of his superior. Watch, whose mind was busily employed in its own reflections, and who was besides too ill affected to the lord of Plas Mawr to hold any friendly conversation with him, stood beside the window, and looked out upon the lawn; and his wife imitated the muteness of her spouse. The prisoners alone, whether because they were Frenchmen, and therefore naturally disposed to talk, or that their indignation acted as a bell-rope upon their clappers, kept up an uninterrupted chatter, to the small

edification of Pendarvis and the rest. Drwndwn for some time stretched his ear to catch the unusual sounds; but at length, wearied with the endeavour to extract some meaning from them, and perhaps more so with the obdurateness of Winifred, rolled off the form upon which he sat, and threw himself at full length beside his comrades on the floor.

The morning now dawned, and Watch having opened the casement, the mountain warriors snuffed the keen air, and began to shake off their drowsiness. The floor of the guard-chamber, which had for some time appeared like a field of battle, strewed over with motionless carcasses, now seemed alive with the outstretching limbs and the yawning visages of the soldiery; and presently the barbarous sounds of their Highland dialect testified more plainly that the day was begun. And not for the followers of Owain Goch alone was the season of rest gone by. With the unrestrainable license and want of discipline usual among such

an irregular soldiery, the mountaineers rose from their simple bed, and in a trice spread all over the tower, some singing the ballads of their country, others vociferating in tones so loud and sharp, that it was impossible for the most weary or most drowsy to enjoy further repose. Drwndwn exerted himself to maintain some little order, and threatened the noisy route with their captain's displeasure; but his authority produced no effect. Captain Coquincourt, who had slept a considerable part of the night, awoke in great alarm, and was at first unable to comprehend where, and in what situation he was placed. The accustomed ears of Owain Goch were soon alive to the stirring of his followers, and he sprang from the floor, and gave himself a shake. Without any regard for the years and consequent necessity of rest required by his companion O'Regan, the chief of Ben Lyn pushed him with his foot, and shouted over him to awake.

"What's all the bother about?" said the Hibernian, opening his eyes gradually. "Is the foe at the gate again?"

"The sun is rising," replied Gwyndyr; "let us not be behind him."

"Faith then the sun may go to bed again, for Teague O'Regan," replied the colonel. "I've no mind to disturb myself with his freaks. It's a burning shame that he should come out so early, when men have had so little rest; it's not genteel at all."

"My lads are stirring," said Owain Goch.

"D'ye think it's short of ears I am?" cried O'Regan. "Faith, jewel, the tongues of your men of the mountains would be heard in a storm at sea, or a blacksmith's shop. I've a notion your fellows frightened the garrison last night as much by their infernal squalling as they did by sword and gun."

"By St. Elian, Colonel O'Regan," answered the Welsh chieftain, "you mistake; it is not every man that can fight

like yourself, better with the tongue than the sword."

"Och, blood and oons, man, what d'ye mean?" cried the Irishman, jumping in an instant from the ground. "It is that I was but twenty summers the younger man than I am that I wish, honey, and I'd make your ugly carcass hop about like a trout in a pannier. Fight with my tongue, is it? I'd be glad, master Owen Och, to sit down wid ye, knuckle to knuckle, and spin the king's picture for the first fire. You may laugh and grin like a Cheshire cat, so you may; but I'll not be pocketing your blarney, my dear. Your moder's son's an ill-bred blackguard, or I'd have a gentleman's gratification of shooting out your brains."

To this explosion of the Hibernian's anger, Owain Goch made no reply; but continued to laugh with great enjoyment. His object in taunting the Irishman appeared to be the desire merely of dispelling his drowsiness; and this he at-

tained. For though the colonel was fond of a joke, and accustomed to that sort of humorous repartee so natural to his countrymen, yet, on some subjects, and particularly on any thing relating to those two cardinal virtues of Erin, courage and honour, he was particularly sore. Accuse him of a breach of half the commands of the decalogue, and he was no more ruffled than if you had said, "Colonel O'Regan you're a broth of a boy;" but throw out the slightest insinuation against his honour or his courage, and his whole man was ready to explode with fermentation. He seemed, however, not to be destitute of that discretion which is the safest part of valour; he knew, and well appreciated the fierce character, and, when roused, the untameable ferocity of his companion; and he had, like the man to whom we have before likened him, honest Jack Falstaff, that admirable tact, by which one is intuitively informed how far it is safe to urge the nature of the lion, and when to

desist. Perhaps wisdom had grown with his grey hairs; perhaps the mind was willing, but the flesh weak. Nevertheless, there were few other men of whom the colonel stood in awe; and, after all, he might be influenced more by that undefinable dread which we have of the savage, and which is induced by our ignorance of his nature, than by any defect in the stoutness of his heart. Be this as it may, Owain Goch took no notice of the empty flourishes of the colonel, who, on his part, having picked up his muff, which had served him for a pillow, and given it a shake, to cleanse it from the impurities it might have acquired from being in contact with the floor, marched out of the closet, and was followed by the chieftain.

On entering the guard-room, Colonel O'Regan, with due attention to the duties of his office as governor of the tower, ordered the *reveillé* to be beat, that the garrison might turn out to their duty. This was done *pro forma;* the sentinels

ceased to challenge, and the officers prepared for breakfast. A difficulty, however, arose of what that meal should consist, and whence it was to be obtained; for they had found little or no provisions in the tower, and it was doubtful whether the whole of the village could supply any thing like the quantity required by the garrison and the prisoners. But it was necessary to make the attempt; and, accordingly, Drwndwn, who was celebrated among his companions as a good forager, was dispatched to Llancoch by the chieftain, with instructions to bring away all the victuals he could discover. In the mean time, the leaders, accompanied by Watkin Pendarvis, retired to the closet, to confer once more upon the measures necessary to be adopted for the advancement of their cause; for, as our readers will recollect, at their first consultation nothing was determined. Pendarvis artfully recommended that they should lie by for some time, to give others of their party an opportunity of

bringing them aid; in which insidious advice Owain Goch, in the hope of having leisure to secure his mistress, warmly joined. But O'Regan and the smuggler did then, and still continued to oppose such plan; and advised that they should leave a small garrison at the tower, and, with the body of their followers, proceed to attack the town of Conwy. In this struggle, the wily lawyer, maintaining the most insuperable mildness, set his colleagues by the ears, an object he much wished to accomplish. He pretended to listen with the greatest attention to the opinion of the Irish colonel, as an officer well versed in the art of war; but, at the same time, by flattering his judgment and refining away his arguments, he prevented him from making any progress in the plans he wished to be adopted. With Watch, who was less easily cajoled, he had more difficulty. The downright, straight-forward, and persevering smuggler met all his chicanery with a reiterated assertion, that there was no other

way of doing service to the cause in which they were embarked, or of securing their own safety, than that of pushing their fortune without delay as far as it would go. At last Pendarvis, conscious that Gwyndyr's desires accorded with his own, affected modestly to concede the decision of the question to him; and he plainly and determinedly said, at present not a man should quit the tower, or he would withdraw from their party, and provide for himself. To this resolution Watch and O'Regan had nothing further to object; but a thorn of jealousy was now planted in their breasts, which speedily rankled, and threatened ruin to their faction. On the suggestion of Pendarvis, the captive officers were removed from the general guard-room, and put into more strait confinement in the closet, before the closed door of which a sentry was stationed by the unwitting governor.

CHAP. VIII.

"Nay, and thou dalliest, then I am thy foe."
BEN JONSON's *Poetaster*.

IN an hour the purveyor Drwndwn returned to the tower, having with him, under an escort, a cart laden with such rough and ready provisions as he could pick up in the town. Among the geese and ducks he had made a most woful slaughter; and having seized them as lawful spoil, without troubling himself to ask the owner's leave, he had raised all the women about his ears. The pantry, the dairy, and the cellar, had suffered a like sort of pillage; and the broken nosed commissary having seized upon the small tumbrel of a neighbouring farmer, and taken the liberty to borrow a horse out of his stable, for, as he said, "what use was a cart without a horse?" he carried off his live and dead stock without a tittle of remorse or atten-

tion to the cries and reproaches of the injured Llancochites. The women and children followed the cart a short distance from the town, assailing the commissary and his guard with hootings, yellings, and all the horrid and frightful sounds which their indignation could invent; but the sight of a gun pointed down the street by a savage and half-naked warrior, presently scattered the mob, and terminated their complaints. The garrison received the supplies with greedy looks; and congratulated Drwndwn on his capacity for foraging; particularly the regular soldiery, who, having hitherto been kept in better discipline than the caterans of Merioneth, were not so well acquainted with this system of small rapine. By Owain Goch, who seldom lived by better or other means, the provisions were received as customary dues, and O'Regan was glad to partake of them without boggling at the manner in which they had been acquired; but Watch, who had a greater sense of justice and humanity

than perhaps belonged to his station and manner of life, did not fail to check the exultation of Drwndwn, although he did not refuse to join with his companions in their meal.

"Rot thy wry nose," said the smuggler, "I wish thou wert at sea in an open boat, a hundred leagues from land, with a pound of biscuit in thy locker, and see how thou'dst grin then; the poor devils that you plundered didn't grin — did they?"

"Poor devils!" returned Drwndwn; "hur always takes from the rich first; that fat goose and the three ducks, and that heavy cheese and the skim dick, and the ale and bread came from the place of lawyer Apsly, his worship's clerk."

"That's right, my fine fellow," said Watch, "pillage that shark to the backbone; I should like to have a fly at him myself."

"Apsly's housekeeper popped her head out at the door," continued the purveyor,

and said, "her master would have hur committed for stealing."

"Thou shouldst have thrown her into the basket after her skim dick," said Watch.

"What to do?" cried Drwndwn; "is not one ugly woman enough? Look through the town, and hur will not find another such pair as Rowna Jones and the lawyer's housekeeper. By St. Elian, hur had best say little about Rowna though, if hur wishes to thrive with hur wench."

Gwyndyr and his companions were not long in making their breakfast. In half an hour they were ready for the business of the day; and Pendarvis proposed that the chieftain and he should walk to Plas Mawr, and make arrangements for liberating the hall from the presence of his followers.

"I would not press this step," said the lawyer; "but Lady Pendarvis will be in trouble whilst your followers remain there, and her health is precarious."

"Ay, sir, but the girl, Caillemotte's daughter," said the chieftain, "she cannot bide here, and I will not trust her without a guard."

"That we will settle as we walk thither," said Pendarvis; "she will be safe in my keeping, and I will answer for her."

Leaving O'Regan in his charge of the tower, and Watch to overlook the town, Owain Goch and Pendarvis proceeded towards Plas Mawr. The sun now shone in a clear blue sky, darting with fervent beams upon the wild flowers of the fields and hedges, extracting their odours, and causing their perfume to be dispersed abroad. The country had no appearance of the state of warfare into which it was thrown. The cottage chimneys sent up their smoke, and the villagers pursued their daily tasks in the ordinary way, and to all appearance with as much unconcern as if Gwyndyr and his followers were still upon Ben Lyn. The fisher plied his oars and his nets, and the far-seen bark scudded past in all the insensibility

and enjoyment of peace. The cry of the shepherd and the bark of his dog were heard upon the hills, and the solitary angler was seen exercising his patient art in the streams of the valleys as usual. But this state of quiet and repose was rather artificial than natural. The cottager, the fisherman, the shepherd, and the angler, under the masque of indifference, concealed feelings of distrust and alarm; but they pursued their ordinary occupations, out of the motive that the eyes of the Terrorists might not be drawn upon them by any exhibition of curiosity. The truth is, that, through fear, a man frequently assumes a look of courage; and in many cases the propriety of such behaviour is unquestionable.

For some time Pendarvis and his companion proceeded silently in their walk. Each seemed to ruminate something of importance. Gwyndyr probably thought of Julie Caillemotte, to whom he was sacrificing his interest and his ambition, and who had converted the barbarous

robber into a love-sick trifler. Pendarvis meditated the best method of revealing to the chieftain that he had a rival, a beloved rival, that method which should most arouse his passions, and induce him to enter with unhesitating determination into a plan for the destruction of his kinsman. Watkin Pendarvis well knew the heart of man, or at least the hearts of such men as resembled himself; he was perfectly aware of the depravity, the cruelty, the selfishness, the devilishness which absorb the minds of those who deliver themselves up to the unbounded gratification of their baser passions: he knew that to such minds, which seldom halt upon the descent of iniquity, few crimes are startling, none impossible. Rape and murder would follow without difficulty in the rear, where rapine and its attendant vices had marched in the van. What had been performed once, would not be hesitated at a second time. He knew Owain Goch, whose hand was red with blood, whose fame rang of rob-

bery, of treason, of sacrilege and murder, veiled indeed under the softer appellations of revenge of feud, destruction of enemies, and so forth; and he had not a doubt that to mention the name of Edward Pendarvis, in connection with that of the lovely Julie, was to draw a knife across his throat. But to all compunction, Pendarvis was dead; he had made up his mind, and he broke abruptly into his theme by saying, "Delafosse lives."

The chieftain, who was too much occupied with his own thoughts to receive such a communication with clearness, immediately halted, and turning towards his companion, looked at him with such an inquiring glance as seemed to demand a reiteration of what he had spoken before.

"Delafosse, or the man so called, still lives," said Pendarvis.

"Where is he? How know you that he lives?" returned Gwyndyr.

"I have seen him," replied Pendarvis.

"Where? when?" cried the chieftain.

"I have seen him this night," replied the lawyer; "he is severely, but perhaps not mortally, wounded."

"Let us seek him," said Owain Goch, "he must be attended to — no braver fellow ever planted foot against his foe."

"True, Mr. Gwyndyr," said the lawyer; "but move carefully; when you shall know that which I know, I fear your mind may change."

He paused, but the chieftain did not speak, apparently wishing that he should explain.

"I do wrong to make you acquainted with the youth's misfortune," said Pendarvis, with affected concern, "but you have acted honourably by me, and I should wrong my own honour in concealing from you that which I know. I will speak plainly; Delafosse is your foe."

"My foe!" cried Owain Goch.

"Yours," answered Pendarvis, "or at least you may count him so, if, as you have already declared, you would gain

the daughter of Monsieur la Caillemotte."

"Devils!" exclaimed the chieftain, whose eyes were at once opened, as he recollected what had passed when he broke into Plas Mawr, "I have her."

"Delafosse loves Mademoiselle Caillemotte," said the lawyer, "and is beloved; he may live to reclaim her; he has the hearts of the soldiery, of O'Regan and Watch."

"What then?" muttered Gwyndyr.

"Will you give her up?" said Pendarvis; "if yea, I have done; you are the master of your own feelings."

"Will I give up my life?" said Owain Goch; "let him live and set himself at the head of his troop, with Watch and O'Regan to back him, and try whether he can rend his prey from the wolf of Ben Lyn."

"Were it not better that matters were arranged without so much noise?" said Pendarvis. "Why abandon the en-

terprise you are upon, as you must do if this rivalry come to open issue? why break with O'Regan and Watch, on the score of a silly love quarrel? Better give up the maid at once."

"May the flames of hell fasten on me the moment I quit her!" cried the furious chieftain; "and how durst you, who know me, give such counsel?"

"I counsel you," replied Pendarvis, calmly, "because I foresee your repentance when the fever of your passion is off. You will curse your own folly that led you to sacrifice honours and riches to the black eyes of a French beauty. Were it in any case but this I should hold you excused. Julie Caillemotte is voluptuously lovely; her charms are an apology for any crime."

The chieftain gloated as he listened to the encomiums passed upon his idol by Pendarvis, whose object it was to excite him to a pitch as high as possible.

"But she loves Delafosse," continued Pendarvis.

"She believes him dead," said Owain Goch, "as I did when I told her so."

"Yes, but how will she rejoice when she hears that her hero is again on foot," returned Pendarvis; "when she knows that he is alive, and will live to be restored to her caresses. By heaven, it is pity," he continued, gazing upon the chieftain, who lowered his eyes to the ground, and groaned with jealous madness; "I saw the portrait of his Julie suspended from his neck; I heard him murmur her name in the moments of his insensibility. Judge then how dear she is to him, and shew yourself truly great by restoring them to happiness and to each other."

"Ah, dog, devil!" cried Gwyndyr, gnashing his teeth with savage fury. "Hold your infernal tongue; my knife springs to my hand. Where is Delafosse? instantly, show me where he lies, or may I never see the girl more, if I do not slay thee on the spot."

"You will not lay hands on the youth," cried the hypocrite; "you will not imbrue

yourself in his blood. I beseech you pause."

"Answer me," cried the chieftain, laying his hand upon his dagger.

"You will not slay him!" cried Pendarvis; "give me your oath that you will not slay him."

"Neither oath nor word will I give," answered Gwyndyr; "give me his abiding place, or I will forthwith seek it in thy heart."

"Bear witness, heaven," exclaimed the villain, "that I am forced to give him up; once more let me intreat."

"Where lies he?" cried Gwyndyr." "The fiends catch thy intreaties; I will do my list on him. Where lies he?"

"He lies where neither you nor I dare visit him during the day," replied Pendarvis; "in the vaults of the tower; you can have no access to him without the knowledge of the garrison."

"At night then thou shalt conduct me," said Gwyndyr, with a fixed and determined resolution; "and I charge thee

Watkin Pendarvis, if thou set my revenge at aught, let not a word fall that Delafosse is among the living."

"There are others that know it," returned Pendarvis; "but they are servants of mine, Apsly, and the gaoler, and have a charge to be silent; they will not leave the vault until I have obtained them liberty."

"They shall have it when I have disposed of their charge," replied Gwyndyr.

"You will think better of this matter before the day is out," said Watkin Pendarvis. "Contemplate the odium that would fasten on you, the dangers that would ensue upon so atrocious a deed as the murder of this youth, which must become known."

"And who is to tell save yourself?" said the chieftain, sarcastically.

"Think you Apsly and his fellow will be silent when the deed is done?" said the lawyer.

"There is a way to make them so," replied the chief of Ben Lyn, "and you

also; but you are bound by weightier fetters than they."

"Hold me not in suspicion, Master Gwyndyr," said Pendarvis; "I would induce you to spare the poor youth, although you have forced from me the secret of his abode. I have no fears; I am sure you will not strike him when you see his helpless and forlorn condition; his passion for Mademoiselle Caillemotte should weigh nothing against him, nor that he is by her madly beloved; for they were lovers, as it appears, before either saw you."

"It is enough that his life is a bar to my fortune," replied Gwyndyr. "I should have been glad that the young soldier had fallen by any other hand than mine; but if it may not be — thou durst not?"

"Not for worlds," cried the lawyer, with an affected shudder. "I would undergo no small pains to save his life."

"Why, then, the deed must be mine, or——." He considered for a moment, and then proceeded; "ay, or Drwndwn's; that

staunch terrier turned into the earth will make sure work; and it will save the smirching of my own hand, which, it is true, Master Pendarvis, is not over ready to wield knife against a defenceless man; nor should such deed be done at my bidding, but the thing must be, else, as you say, my fortunes are blasted; I will instruct Owain."

Thus determined on his bloody purpose, the Welsh chief proceeded; still, however, full of thought and anxiety. The lord of Plas Mawr followed him, wrapped in his own thoughts and contemplating the tragic conclusion to which his arts seemed likely to bring his young kinsman. It was the desire of the lawyer, as our ingenious readers will easily gather, to push on the fiery and unrelenting chieftain to the murder of Edward Pendarvis, without letting him into the secret that he had any wish for the youth's destruction. He affected rather to deprecate such a proceeding, and to stand between Owain Goch and the object of his

fury. His design was, that in case the murder should be committed, Gwyndyr should have no power of accusing him afterwards of any participation in it, and he trusted that the chief, to make all sure, would order the death of Apsly and Shadow, as well as of their charge, otherwise he was still in danger, because there could be no doubt entertained that Shadow, upon losing his *protegé*, would at once conclude that he had been the means of his destruction, and blazon abroad what he knew of the matter. There was also another difficulty; upon the disappearance of Shadow, the unknown holder of his secret would exist in his place, and perhaps instantly declare to the world his former guilt; how to avoid this danger was at present beyond his penetration; and he was therefore constrained to leave it to the turn of fortune.

On arriving at Plas Mawr, where the followers of Owain Goch still maintained their licentious guard, the chieftain was disappointed at learning that Made-

moiselle Caillemotte had taken to her bed, a measure which he had no doubt was the consequence of the supposed death of her lover. Lady Pendarvis, on the contrary, whose apathy had been broken up by the new misfortunes which had befallen her, was not now the feeble and helpless creature we have before seen her. Firm, calm, and intrepid, she no longer trembled at the sounds or the sight of the mountaineers; but her mind, now aroused, seemed to pervade her whole establishment, to penetrate all quarters of her house, and to be prepared for every exigency. She was altogether a new being; and, by her mild but constant resolution, kept in awe and preserved in order the horde of barbarians by which her house was garrisoned. The mother of Julie no sooner learned that Mr. Pendarvis and the chieftain had returned to the house, than she quitted the apartment of her daughter, over whom she had watched with maternal tenderness, and requested an interview with

the latter, which he, eager to learn any tidings of his mistress, readily granted. And the desire of ingratiating himself with Madame Caillemotte induced him to soften down his austerity, and to listen, with as much patience as his impetuous nature was capable of, to her recital of her daughter's illness, and her wishes for her removal to some place where she would be less liable to alarm and irritation.

"She shall be removed, if you please," replied Gwyndyr.

"Thank you, sir," said the too sanguine Frenchwoman, interrupting him with delight.

"She shall be removed, if you please," continued Owain Goch, without noticing her conclusion, "to Llanwchllyn."

"To where?" said Madame Caillemotte, in an altered tone.

"To Llanwchllyn," replied the chief.

"Where is that?" said the mother of Julie.

"It is by the pleasant Llyn Tegid, or Bala pool, as the Saxon calls it," replied Gwyndyr, "and near to my mountain home of Corndochon."

"Your home!" cried the lady, in a tone of despair; "why must she go there?"

"There she will be safe from alarm," said Owain Goch. "The beat of drum is never heard on the mountains of Arran. The Saxon durst not visit the hills of Merioneth; but if he did, I have stout arms and bold hearts that can guard the lady of my love."

"Ha, grace dieu! ma belle Julie," exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, shuddering. "My child is too ill to travel — she would die — she cannot be far removed."

"You jest," said the chieftain, with darkening brow; "you would deceive me, but you betray yourself. Beware how you trifle, for I have little skill in the falsehoods of the world. If your

daughter cannot travel to Llanwchllyn at present, she must rest where she is."

"Barbarous man!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, irritated beyond all endurance; "Will it please you to see my child die?"

"No," answered the chief bluntly, "I would have her live — live for my delight, — woman! she is dearer to me than to thee, and I will provide for her safety; at Plas Mawr she will be secure for a time; if danger approaches, we will find her a more quiet biding."

"Death will find her one in the tomb," said Madame Caillemotte. "You will destroy her by depriving her of liberty."

"Tell her she is free," cried Gwyndyr, "as free as the eagle that holds in Snowdon, and looks over hill and valley without a check."

"Ah, dear monsieur, and is she so?" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, with an air of supreme gratitude.

"The word and the deed are two things," returned Owain Goch. "But

thou canst tell her so, canst thou not? Deceive her, good mother, if it will help her health."

"Foolish man," replied Madame Caillemotte, "the disappointment would break her heart — the cruel are ever short-sighted."

"Away, woman, thou is it that wouldst deceive if thou hadst the wit," cried Gwyndyr. "I will not part with the lovely Julie; no, not for hoards of shining gold, or my dearest revenge fully satisfied. — Do as ye list, say what ye list, to comfort thy daughter; but I will not that she part from me; urge this no more; I shall grow angry."

"Ruthless savage!" cried the distracted mother, "thou wast suckled by a wolf — nature disowns thee."

"Woman, thou art the mother of her I crave beyond the enjoyment of all other passions of my heart, of her whom I worship beyond what I can tell thee, or I should be wroth," answered Gwyn-

dyr. "Thou hast lived in the world; thou art keen-sighted, and hast seen the ways of men; thou hast observed their motives and their interests; their natures and their passions. Didst thou ever among the mighty or the mean, the noble or the base-born, see the man who, when he had that in his grasp which above all things was dear to him, resign that beloved thing to another. Answer me, woman of an evil tongue; I have thy daughter — dearer is she to me than the mother that bare me. That mother is still living, but were she about to die, and the releasing thy daughter could lengthen her days a hundred-fold, I would not part with her."

"Ingrate!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte at this positive declaration. "The holy love of a parent should be stronger than that of a mistress."

"And is the brave officer whose name you bear no better beloved than was your father?" said Owain Goch, with a smile.

"Ah, Monsieur Caillemotte is a chevalier, endowed with all qualities which can make man beloved," replied his wife. "Valour, honour, benignity, and a world of personal attractions form him to shine and to win the hearts of all."

"I believe it, good mother," answered the chieftain, who was not destitute of cunning; "I believe it, and his daughter is the true descendant of her father. The lovely Julie must win all hearts, for she has softened mine, which was like the flint of the rock."

"Ah, that it was touched with humanity," said Madame Caillemotte, "or with true love for my dear ulie."

"True love, woman!" exclaimed Gwyndyr, "I tell thee that love more true than mine never burned in the heart of man; that love more fierce, more steady, can never be felt by man."

"What you feel is not love, it is a profanation of that passion to call it so," replied the lady. "A true lover is ever more solicitous to gratify his mistress

than himself, more careful of her feelings, her tastes, her inclinations, her desires, than attentive to his own; he is fearful of offending his idol; before her eye rather than in the presence of a monarch he is timid and irresolute; she bids him come, and he flies to her feet; she tells him to depart, and with a bursting heart he quits her presence; in every thing, even unto death, the true lover is constantly, undeviatingly, and perfectly obedient."

"You are drawing the picture of a French lover," said Gwyndyr, with a cynical sort of smile. "In the mountains of Wales we woo otherwise, and thrive quite as well; each nation has its customs, good mother; ours may not be so courtly as they should be, but they serve our turn, and you must pardon me if I woo your daughter after the fashion of my own country."

"At present she is unfit to be wooed after any fashion," replied Madame Caillemotte; "and whilst she remains here,

in this house, whose lord seems to be in some way implicated in the political convulsions, she cannot be better."

With a considerable degree of diffidence, though with unrivalled art, Madame Caillemotte threw out this insinuation; by which she hoped, though almost at the same time despairing, to induce the chieftain to allow of Mademoiselle Caillemotte's removal to some other place, where, if less commodiously lodged than at Plas Mawr, they might be less strictly guarded. It was also the object of Madame Caillemotte to get, if possible, nearer the coast, that if an opportunity offered they might have a greater facility of escape. For some time the chieftain pondered her words, and perhaps discovered her object; but, secure in the watchfulness of his followers, he said, "Whither would you go?"

"Nearer the water," said Madame Caillemotte, with some hesitation; "the sea-breeze might be of service to her."

"Woman," replied Owain Goch, sternly, "think not to escape. Your hopes of slipping from my hands are like snow in the breath of spring. You would be at Llancoch."

"At the village? Yes," replied the lady, "your suspicions are wrong. Your kindness will entitle you to Julie's gratitude. We should be safe at the house of Mr. Pendarvis's clerk."

"No; that knave may be bought," answered Gwyndyr. "I will not have ye there; though ye are honest now, the villain would set ye plotting."

"Is there no clergyman with whom we could abide till Julie's health be restored?" said Madame Caillemotte.

"There is," replied the chieftain. "Mr. Lloyd will receive ye. But, again, I warn ye, seek no escape. The trial would be vain, and my revenge certain."

They now separated, Madame Caillemotte to communicate to her daughter

and Lady Pendarvis the chieftain's permission for their change of residence, and Gwyndyr to give the necessary orders to his clan for marching off to the tower, the necessity of his maintaining a guard at Plas Mawr being now done away by the removal of his captives to Llancoch, a measure which gave considerable satisfaction both to Lady Pendarvis and her husband. The latter was not sorry to be rid of his guests, inasmuch as it was by their departure that his house was discharged of the fierce undisciplined followers of the chieftain. Lady Pendarvis, to whom the younger French lady had become inexpressibly dear, from the sympathy and attention with which she had treated her afflictions, and by whom Madame Caillemotte was highly respected, as well for her unfailing cheerfulness, as for that firmness which characterized her, and which she had perhaps inculcated to her hostess, contemplated their removal with regret; and could be scarcely induced, by any argu-

ments, to part from those persons who, in so short a space, had administered to her so much consolation and delight. Whilst the carriage was being prepared to convey Madame Caillemotte and her daughter to the house of the minister, Lady Pendarvis attended the apartment of Julie with her mother. They found her at prayer. She was seeking that consolation which is before all others. Julie Caillemotte had been brought up in not merely a moral but a religious manner. Her father, who, with the character of a soldier and a gentleman, blended that of the saint, (we use this word in seriousness, because we know of no other so expressive,) had himself attended strictly to the religious part of her education, and had accustomed her in every emergency to fly for refuge to that protector whose arm is omnipotent, and whose compassion is unfailing. Her mother and Lady Pendarvis awaited the conclusion of her devotions, which, perhaps, out of that shrinking and unpha-

risaical spirit which is the concomitant of true holiness, she shortened. Indeed, after they entered the room, they knew only by her attitude of imploration that she was praying, for her face was buried in her hands, and no sound escaped her lips. When she arose, her mind seemed composed, though her demeanour bore a character of seriousness, almost of sternness, which the war of her passions and her final victory over her fears by the divine aid, had induced. Her voice was low, scarcely audible, and somewhat sepulchral and hollow in its tone; but it was stayed and unfaltering, and bespoke perfect confidence in, and resignation to, the will of her Creator. Her mother, whose eyes swam in tears, embraced her, whilst Lady Pendarvis took and clasped her hand in both of her's.

"We leave here, ma bonne," said Madame Caillemotte. "Thou must put on thy cloak, and bid farewell to our kind hostess."

"Leave!" replied Julie, clinging to

the hand of Lady Pendarvis. "Whither go we? Are we not at the disposal of that savage man?"

"Alas, yes, mon enfant," answered her mother; "but he permits us to remove to the village, to the house of the minister there." She went to the door, and having ascertained that no one could hear, she continued — "Courage, child, all will yet be well. A happy moment will come. I prophesy it. Rescue is at hand, and we must be near to avail ourselves of it. The house of the clergyman is near the shore."

"Mr. Lloyd is a good man," said Lady Pendarvis; "in all that he can he will assist you. Did it depend on his power or his services, I might count upon your safety. I will pray for it unceasingly. Heaven knows, that since I saw you my troubles have abated. Even amidst the dreadful storms this night hath produced, my cares have been lighter, at least they have been less selfish. The very blow which makes my heart bleed for you,

seems to have destroyed one-half of my own sorrows. Ah that you could abide here in peace."

"There is no peace, madame, but in heaven," said Julie sorrowfully. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"My dear child!" said Lady Pendarvis, "reject not that consolation which you can impart so effectually to others. Go not away hence with that weight of grief which seems to have been attracted from my breast to yours. Have comfort."

"I have, dearest madam," replied Julie, with streaming eyes; "I have all the comfort that can be had on earth. I do not repine at the will of Him who can temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Cheer up, Julie. Cheer up, my Caillemotte," cried her mother, with a tone of confident triumph. "The soldier's daughter should fight with courage and vivacity. Mon dieu, mon enfant, we shall be too much for these savages, or French female wit shall halt for it.

Cheer up, my child, I will play the Turenne, and we will make such a retreat as shall astonish and bewilder these mountain soldiers."

"Be sure that neither Mr. Pendarvis nor myself will be idle," said the hostess. "At present he will be narrowly watched. I can see it is the desire of these turbulent men to seduce or fright him into their party. He may outwardly conform to them, but I know his heart is with King William."

Julie covered her eyes as she thought of her lover, one of those turbulent spirits denounced by Lady Pendarvis; but their conversation was interrupted by a servant coming to announce that the carriage was ready to set out. The ladies took an affectionate leave of each other. Lady Pendarvis and Julie wept; whilst the selfish nature of the lawyer, and the rugged disposition of the mountain chief were unable to remain unmoved at the sight of their tears. Mr. Pendarvis handed Madame Caillemotte and her daugh-

ter into the carriage, which, at the command of Gwyndyr, proceeded slowly towards Llancoch; whilst he, accompanied by Pendarvis, whom he would not trust from his sight, took the same route.

CHAP. IX.

" As the poor partridge, cover'd with the net,
In vain doth strive, struggle, and bate, and beat;
For the close meshes and the fowler's craft
Suffer the same no more to whurre aloft."

Du Bartas.

A MESSENGER had been sent forward to announce to Mr. Lloyd the coming of the ladies; and that gentleman, when the carriage arrived, hastened to his gate to meet them. The minister was a handsome, middle-aged man, whose open air and cheerful aspect bespoke a friendly and contented disposition, and a freedom from any of those corroding cares which embitter the stream of human life. His person was rather corpulent, and, by the precise manner in which his stockings were rolled up, he seemed desirous of displaying, like a late pontiff, a handsome pair of legs. Notwithstanding these signs of bachelor-like singularity, for Mr. Lloyd was still unmarried, although passionately

devoted to the fair sex, there were many little symptoms about his person and his manner of thoughtlessness and mental absence. Thus, except in the extremities, the head and the heels, he was by no means entitled to the designation of a neat man; and although in his attentions to the ladies he was commonly very assiduous, his carelessness of the other part of the sex was proverbial. Not that he was deficient in urbanity, or was intentionally regardless of conciliating his male friends; but his neglect of them seemed to arise from some constitutional indifference to any thing that wore breeches; whilst his love of the ladies seemed to proceed from the like constitutional attachment to any thing decked out in petticoats. Mr. Lloyd was, however, an amiable and a charitable man, in the true sense of the word. No case of distress among his poor parishioners was offered to his notice without exciting his commiseration and benevolence; and, when his natural abstraction would give him

leave, no minister could be more zealous in seeking out objects requiring spiritual or temporal relief. It frequently happened that he was imposed upon by the knavish poor of his parish; for his forgetfulness being well known to the begging tribe, the same person would frequently accost him, with the most unblushing impudence, twice or thrice in a day, and crave his alms, which he never failed to bestow. Caution was thrown away upon him; for when counselled against the rapacity of some of the wretches he knew, on the next meeting he would ponder what was the nature of the reproof he had to give the object, and conclude with bestowing his alms as usual, wholly forgetful of the demerits he had been warned of.

In his reception of the ladies, Mr. Lloyd at once betrayed his natural infirmity. He appeared to have entirely forgot the state of confusion and anxiety in which the whole country was, as well as the circumstances of distress under

which his guests, even as prisoners, laboured; but taking them by the hands, as if they were old friends paying him a morning visit, he welcomed them with great cheerfulness.

"Very glad to see you at the parsonage," he said, as he bowed, and squeezed the hand of Madame Caillemotte. "Exceedingly happy to have your company," he continued, with another bow, and squeeze of Julie's hand. "Good morning, Mr. Pendarvis: not the pleasure of knowing your friend. Good morning, sir."

"We are about troubling you, Mr. Lloyd," replied Pendarvis, returning the friendly minister's salute. "We are about troubling you with ——"

"Say no more, sir; not the least trouble," interrupted the parson. "I am honoured by the society of the ladies. The truth is, like the possessors of second sight, I almost expected you: for, as I sat at the window of my study last night, looking towards the tower, I saw one of

those meteoric fires, called by the ancients *capræ saltantes;* which denote some remarkable event. At first it appeared like lightning, with darting and uneven flashes, accompanied by a sort of hopping thunder; but that ceased, and left a vivid flame and sulphureous smell, which lasted for a considerable space of time."

"Ha! ha! ha!" burst out the unceremonious chieftain. "How learning cracks a man's head-piece! Your holiness was dreaming of thunder and lightning, when you heard shot, smelt powder, and saw the blaze of the Silver Salmon."

"Ha! no, I hope not," replied Mr. Lloyd, with a countenance changed from mirth to sorrow. "Though it is true somebody told me of a disturbance that had occurred; but I trust all is right again."

"Quite right, Master Lloyd," replied Owain Goch.

"I am glad to hear it," said the minister. "Our country hath too long been visited with the plague of war. It

is now time that our swords were beat into plough-shares, and our spears into pruning-hooks."

"That men should wear petticoats, and handle the distaff," continued the chieftain, with a smile of contempt.

The minister's thoughts were turned by the word petticoats to a consideration for the ladies; and he did not, in fact, hear the retort of Gwyndyr; but taking a hand of Madame Caillemotte, and another of her daughter, he led them into the house, leaving the men to follow.

The house of the minister was small, but comfortable and beautifully situated. It stood upon a terrace, with its best front towards the sea, a single field intervening between it and the shore, and having a large and prettily laid out garden behind, beside which ran a small creek, or cut of water, communicating with the bay of Llancoch. A window in the eastern gable commanded a view of the town and tower. The parlour, into which Mr. Lloyd conducted his new in-

mates, was, as might be expected from the size of the house, rather contracted, but it was snug, and, for a bachelor's place, well furnished. Its walls were covered with ranges of books, relieved and ornamented here and there with pictures of Erasmus, Melancthon, Luther, Episcopius, and other learned doctors of the reformed church; whilst over the chimney-piece, larger than the others, and in a frame of more than ordinary style, was our learned Theban himself, tricked out in his canonicals, and in the act of study. On a desk lay a book, in which Mr. Lloyd had been reading: its leaves were expanded, and exhibited the work of *Fortunius Licetus de novis Astris et Cometis*, a study of which he was passionately fond. It is probable that he had been perusing it on the preceding evening, and that master Fortunius was chargeable by the minister with raising that glamour, which converted the noise and the flame of battle into *capræ saltantes*. On the floor, beside the desk, were

Peter Gassendi, Fromondus, Gisbertus ab Isendoorn, and other authors in the same branch of science. In order to appear at ease, and to lull the suspicions of the chieftain, who, with Pendarvis, had followed them into the room, Madame Caillemotte instantly made herself at home; tumbled over the books, peeped into a manuscript collection of Welsh songs which lay on the chimney-piece, examined the few medals and the numerous fossils which formed Mr. Lloyd's collection, and acted so well the part of an amateur virtuoso, having, like most Frenchwomen, a little knowledge in those things, and an admirable way of shewing it, that she instantly acquired the favour and friendship of her host, and excited the curiosity of the savage mountaineer, who gaped with wonder at the extent of her information. And so eager was the wily dame to cajole Gwyndyr, that, overcoming her repugnance to him, she condescended to exhibit several articles to his attention, and explain to him the

theory of their formation. But Owain Goch was too artful himself to be easily managed. Her ultra-frankness and kindness of manner put him upon his guard, and he struggled to overcome his curiosity, and to assume the coldness of circumspection. Madame Caillemotte perceived his distrust, and, with natural tact, turned away from him, and continued her familiar colloquy with the worthy parson. Julie, in the mean time, sat in the window, gazing out upon the sea, whose waves of silver were rolling in with a furious tide. The grey gull "swept with level wing the deep," or rode like a cork upon the heaving surf; whilst birds of prey stalked on the shore, or hovered heavily over the waters. Julie looked upon this scene of beauty and cheerfulness; but she saw nothing. Her thoughts were too deeply fixed upon the fate of her lover to have leisure for any other employment; and though her mother frequently spoke to her, fearing her

melancholy might excite the attention and watchfulness of Gwyndyr, she made no reply, and seemed to have no apprehension. The eyes of the chieftain were fixed upon her; no turn of her countenance escaped him: but even he was tongue-bound upon the subject of his love, awed by the presence of so many witnesses. After sitting some time in silence, he rose and said, "Master Lloyd, our affairs command us in another quarter. We will leave the women with you."

"Oh, the ladies!" answered the minister, raising his head from a book of prints which Madame Caillemotte and he were looking over. "Very well, sir, I will endeavour to amuse them to the best of my power."

"You will be answerable for their forthcoming when called for," said Gwyndyr. "Take care, but I will not trust you — I'll be sure."

"Sir," said the minister, with an extended face, "What mean you?"

"I'll send you a guard," continued the chieftain.

"A guard," exclaimed Mr. Lloyd, "I want no guard, sir; the ladies will be safe in my house."

"Will they so? — they are my prisoners," said Gwyndyr, "and I must prevent any escape."

"Your prisoners!" said the minister; "I had deemed they were at their own disposal, and came hither to be nearer the sea. Pray, sir, are you King William's officer?"

"I am Owain Gwyndyr, of Merioneth," replied the chief, "and no officer of the false Prince of Orange."

This information caused Mr. Lloyd to start and awake from his usual lethargy; but his natural courage by no means forsook him, for he said, "Whoever you are, sir, I never heard that it was customary in modern times to make war on women. I am sure neither of the contending kings will authorise such an act."

"Tush, man, read your books and con over your stones," said Gwyndyr; "take the roar of guns for thunder, and their blaze for lightning, when you next hear them; but leave war to other men."

The worthy parson was dumbfounded by this insolent speech; he moved towards Pendarvis as if for an explanation; but the lawyer surveyed the books: he again addressed himself to Owain Goch, but the ruffian turned his back upon him. He next looked to Madame Caillemotte, who, unseen by Gwyndyr, held up her hands in a posture of imploration, and he bowed, as if apprehensive of her meaning.

"Well, sir," he said with great calmness, "I did not certainly expect the harsh language you have used, but, however, it belongs not to my profession to quarrel with any man; so peace be with you."

"And with you, if you are loyal," answered the chieftain, "else war and death."

"It is appointed for all living to die," said Mr. Lloyd. "But what mean you, gentlemen? that I should be the gaoler of these ladies; if so, you were wrong to bring them hither, for I confess frankly, I shall say nay to nothing they desire that is consistent with honesty."

"You are a good fellow," replied Gwyndyr, "you speak fairly; and I will relieve you from all charge, except you are found plotting — I will send you a guard."

"As you please," replied the minister, "the ladies may walk out?"

"They may pace your garden," replied Gwyndyr, "it has size enough for their occasions."

"Quite large enough, monsieur," said Madame Caillemotte, "and we are much indebted to you for this indulgence — Monsieur Caillemotte will owe you many thanks."

"There is no need of ceremony between father and son," replied Gwyndyr;

"I have ten thousand thanks to return your husband for presenting me so beautiful a bride."

For a moment Julie turned round and shuddered, but she presently resumed her composure, and her look out of the window; whilst her mother not only preserved her countenance, but, folding her arm over her waist, made one of those low curtseys which appear to signify, by their depth and formality, the sense of the performer's gratitude for some favour received.

"We will now leave you for a while," continued Owain Goch, advancing to the window, and taking the hand of his mistress. "Farewell, Julie, I think they call you — farewell, sweetheart."

He put his arm round her waist, and applied his lips to her cheek so suddenly, that she had no time to escape; but her face, which had hitherto been deathly pale, crimsoned, and her eyes lightened with indignation. The chieftain smiled,

and shaking her hand, said, "Thou art of a right valiant breed, sweetheart, we shall match well."

"He took Pendarvis by the arm, and they left the parsonage; Madame Caillemotte watched them from the window, and beheld Gwyndyr, whilst yet on the steps of the terrace, take a dog-whistle from his breast, with which he summoned one or two of his men who were awaiting him at a short distance. These fellows he stationed at the front and back of the house, so as to prevent any egress without observation; and in their own language, charged them with particular instructions regarding Mademoiselle Caillemotte. One comfort, however, was, that these sentinels were out of ear-shot, though if they had been in the room they did not know sufficient English to understand the conversation. Madame Caillemotte did not suffer any time to elapse before she began to avail herself of the opportunity afforded by Gwyndyr's absence to make the pastor her friend.

"We are thrown, monsieur," she commenced abruptly, "upon your charity — The wife and daughter of Monsieur la Caillemotte, a noble and colonel in the army of his majesty, King William, are reduced to pray for your succour against the barbarian that has brought us here. We call upon you as a gentleman — as a christian minister — to aid us by your counsel and assistance to escape the hands of the ruffian. It is not our captivity that affrights us, that we could bear; but this brigand, this mountain robber, hath set his eyes on my dear Julie, and I shudder for her fate. He regards no ties, no rights, no laws; he is what he calls himself — a wolf."

Julie did not speak, but her eyes were suffused with tears, and her distressed beauty spoke more eloquently to the heart of the honest divine than any — the most brilliant language could have done. He approached her, and with tender familiarity, for he had already forgot that their acquaintance was not older than

half an hour, took her hand, and shook it gently and kindly, at the same time that he wished, like the compassionate Sterne, to wipe away the tears from her eyes.

"Be comforted, my lamb," said he, endeavouring, by the cheerfulness of his voice, as much as by the tenor of his words, to calm the grief of his fair guest. "You need no advocate, nor any rhetoric but your own looks, to win over to your assistance my little strength and cunning. Your present cause of grief is, I trust, like a parhelion, which shall disappear and leave no trace of its existence behind."

"What can be done?" said Madame Caillemotte.

"We must be patient, madam," said Mr. Lloyd; "nothing can be done at present; we must await nightfall; and let me advise you in the interval to cease pondering on your misfortunes, and endeavour to recruit yourselves, so as to be prepared for a little exertion."

"Let us prepare ourselves for death," said Julie mournfully.

"Rather than dishonour, mon enfant!" replied her mother, "and we will meet it cheerfully; but it is not yet come to that. We have, thou seest, still friends."

"In wishes and in hopes," replied Julie; "but I cannot flatter myself that we shall escape. The task is too difficult."

"But all trials before death, or shame, ma bonne!" cried the old lady.

"Death I could meet," said the lovely mourner, covering her face with her hands; but to submit to the fate threatened by that man—Oh let me die—let me perish this moment."

"At least, monsieur can stand our friend in this," said the dame; "he can furnish us with poniard or poison, with which at extremity we may release ourselves from the fangs of the monster."

At this Spartan suggestion, the worthy minister, astonished in the extreme, drew his head back, and gazed upon Madame

Caillemotte as if she had been a spectre or a fiend risen out of the earth.

"Poniard or poison!" exclaimed Mr. Lloyd. "Heaven forbid that a Christian minister should come in contact with either. Heaven forbid that even despair, that foe to the life of man, should drive the most wretched to the use of them."

"Despair, monsieur!" cried Madame Caillemotte, gaily, "as yet we have not learnt the meaning of that word; we are bold and confident. A soldier does not tremble when he bethinks himself of providing means for his defence; for his king's honour, he lights the train which blows him to destruction; for our own honour should we do less? No, monsieur; without honour life is nought. We must meet my Caillemotte without a blush, or meet him no more."

"This, indeed, madame, is the heroism of the world," said Mr. Lloyd, with great gravity and impressiveness. "It is that false honour which the pride and the vanity of man have tricked out in bril-

liancy; but it is not the honour which we should all seek. It beareth not the impress of that divine lawgiver, who taught that to bear and to suffer are man's duty and highest gain."

"Ha, monsieur!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, in a plaintive accent, "would it be possible for Julie to live, to meet her honourable father as the constrained bride of that detestable ruffian? Would it be creditable in me, her mother, to wish her life?"

"Heaven forbid such an issue," muttered Mr. Lloyd.

"Heaven, indeed, forbid it," repeated Madame Caillemotte; "but I put it to your heart, monsieur, I put it to your sense of honour and fair fame, whether I should not better act the mother's part in dismissing my child from a life of loathsome misery, than in bidding her peace and resignation."

"Ah, madame," replied Mr. Lloyd, whose eyes swam in tears, "I behold that, of those who live in the world,

the best are blind to the things which make for their peace. Self-immolation, even under the fearful circumstances you suggest, cannot be justified. You cannot overcome by any sophistry, by any argument drawn from the world's applause, that holy and awful command, 'Thou shalt not kill.' But let us leave this discourse, lest we increase the terror of our dear young friend."

"Monsieur, my child is affrighted at the dishonour, not at the dangers, to which she is exposed," returned the pertinacious dame. "We have together braved the fire of a hundred pieces of ordnance, where death was as familiar as life; where the sounds that assailed our ears were the thunder of cannon and the groans of the dying; but our lot was among civilized foes; and the cheek of my Julie did not blench."

"Most wonderful!" exclaimed the parson.

"Her heart bled for the agonies of the wounded, whether friend or foe," continued her mother; "but her own dan-

ger was not in her thoughts. Oh, miserable, that we should have left a people so generous and so courteous to fall into the hands of barbarians. The wild Irish, among whom we were frequently exposed, are a thousand times higher in the scale of civilization than the brigands we are captive to."

"Owain Goch is, indeed, a fearful enemy," said Mr. Lloyd; "but still there is comfort. He is surely not so crafty as he is ferocious. We may surpass him in policy if not in force. The lion is sometimes taken in the toils."

"Now you speak as a good and hopeful soldier," said Madame Caillemotte. The wits of two women and a churchman are sure an overmatch for those of an ignorant mountaineer."

"Could we but enable you to pass the sentinels," continued Mr. Lloyd, "you were in safety; but at present how this may be accomplished I know not. We must trust to Providence. The night may bring its opportunity."

"But let us not await the help of

Jupiter without putting our shoulders to the wheel, monsieur!" said Madame Caillemotte.

"Ha! *rusticus expectat dum defluit amnis*, eh, madame," cried the parson, with a smile. "No, no. We will mix our policies together assuredly. But it is time for you to refresh yourselves. And my dear young lady, be comforted. You, I am sure, were not created for so miserable a destiny as you apprehend. The Prince of Wales, as Gwyndyr styles himself, bears a mighty sound; but I trust I shall not be obliged speedily to pay you any other homage than I can render you now."

Excusing himself for a moment, Mr. Lloyd retired; but presently returned, accompanied by his housekeeper, a clean clear-starched dame, whose good-natured and comely countenance made you forget that she was past her meridian. She bore a butler's tray, set out with refreshments; and, absent as Mr. Lloyd usually was, he had not forgot to direct

the addition of a bottle of his best Canary to the repast. Like a good and intrepid soldier, who, though almost certain of a speedy end, deems it his duty to make the best of every moment of existence, Madame Caillemotte did not need much invitation to partake of the minister's hospitality; but assuring herself that she should not be fit to embrace any opportunity of escape which might present itself, unless her corporeal exhaustion was retrieved by proper aliment, she helped herself freely, and encouraged her daughter to follow her example.

"Courage, ma bonne; eat, my child," she exclaimed, at the same time assisting Julie to the things she thought she preferred. "We shall be incapable of exertion, if we suffer ourselves to languish without food. Remember, Julie, to-night we may have to ride many miles. It may be to walk, child."

"Heaven grant we may," said Julie. "I shall not need food to lend me strength."

"Chut, chut! your body is not immortal," replied her mother, "it hath need of victuals. You must eat, ma bonne."

Urged by her mother and Mr. Lloyd, Julie did eat a little, though with an aching and full heart, which made every morsel go down with pain and bitterness. The thoughts of escape, and of the means to be adopted, occasionally withdrew the mind of Julie from contemplating the death of her lover, the bolt which had struck deepest into her heart; but the intervals of this mournful recollection only seemed to restore it to her memory with additional keenness, and to open the sluices of her tears with fresh impetuosity. The loss of Delafosse touched her more nearly than her present danger of falling a sacrifice to the barbarous love of Gwyndyr; for she was now almost reckless of what became of that beauty which she only prized in so far as it the more endeared her to her lover. She naturally desired to escape

from the hands of the chieftain, whose image was one of terror; but though she thought fear would lend her strength, nay, wings to fly with, the leaden weight of Delafosse's death oppressed her, and palsied her energies. Sorrow crushed her down to the earth as if a rock had fallen on her, and prevented her from rising. She sometimes thought of becoming Gwyndyr's bride, the bride of a mountain robber, with whom every accomplishment, every soft and delicate feeling which she had acquired in the more civilized world would be a curse, a goad of iron to enter into her soul; but even these harrowing thoughts did not long occupy her mind: she turned away instantly to the recollection of her lover, and to the remembrance of that state of misery which his death had brought upon her. There was no hope to cheer her; he was gone, and she gave herself up to despair. At length, after taking a morsel or two, Julie ceased from eating, and, bursting into tears, said, "I cannot

eat. I shall be suffocated. Pray excuse me."

"Calm thee, my child!" said her mother. "Dear Julie, calm thy feelings. If we waste our energies in unavailing grief, on what are we to rely for safety in the hour of trial. All depends on our preserving a calm and steady countenance."

"Alas! I grieve not for my own danger," said Julie, covering her face with her hands. "We are under the protection of God."

"And he is able to protect you," said the minister.

"You grieve, Julie, for the loss of a dear friend," said her mother, taking her hand affectionately; "for poor Delafosse."

Julie threw herself into the arms of her mother, and poured her tears into her bosom. This was the first time that Madame Caillemotte had alluded to the tender relations which she was aware still subsisted between her daughter and

the Jacobite captain. Whilst Julie believed him to be alive, she had not dared to confess to her mother that she still entertained sentiments which had been forbid by her father; and although Madame Caillemotte might, and did, perceive that the acquaintance of the lovers, upon their meeting on board the transport, was renewed with pleasure, yet she had too great confidence in her daughter's honour and her own penetration to disturb Julie's tranquillity by any unkind reproaches; trusting, that as they were soon again to separate, no ill effects could arise from the brief renewal of their intercourse. But she had no idea, before they were informed of Delafosse's death by the chief of Benlyn, how strongly rooted was her daughter's affection for him. The workings of her grief, the ravings of her despair, had at once exposed her secret to the maternal eye; and though she blamed Julie for disobedience to the commands of her father, she could not forbear tenderly sympa-

thizing with her on this fatal bereavement. There was, indeed, nobody better acquainted with the virtues of her daughter's lover than herself. Whilst in France, and before Monsieur Caillemotte had dismissed him from his house, Delafosse was a great favourite with her; and had she not been now occupied with solicitude for her own safety, she would have greatly deplored his early death. But she had still forborne to mention him to her daughter, whose agonies she had dreaded would turn into madness, lest the recollection should unfit her for exertion; and she had now only been forced into acquainting Julie with her knowledge of the source of her grief, because she feared the concealment and repression of her feelings would be stronger and more dangerous than their indulgence. Thus suffered to abandon herself to her emotions, Julie vented the fulness of her heart so unrestrainedly and wildly, that her mother was again alarmed at the fearful excess of her passion.

"Julie!" she exclaimed, "my dear Julie! ma bonne! Have pity, mon enfant! Ah, monsieur! for Heaven's love aid me to quiet her; she will die; she will expire before the eyes of her mother. Hold, Julie! restrain yourself, if you have the spirit of a Caillemotte. Ah, my poor dear child."

"Mademoiselle! calm your exorbitant grief," said the worthy pastor. "It kills your dear parent."

"Ah, I grieve — but I must die," exclaimed the afflicted girl.

Madame Caillemotte clasped her hands together, and hanging over the fair form of her daughter, who had fallen into a chair, mingled her own tears with her's. Mr. Lloyd, whose heart was melted at the sight of their distress, turned away, and walked out of the room; believing, with more delicacy than bachelors usually have, that the sorrows of the daughter were best confided to the care of her parent. By degrees the strength of Julie's agony subsided; her cries ceased, he

sobs were less audible, and her tears fell not so fast: she opened her eyes upon her mother, who watched her with fearful anxiety, but closed them again, and leaning back in her chair, seemed, like an infant, to fall asleep from mere weariness of grief. Her sleep was like that of a troubled child — uneasy, and broken with starts; and every now and then a deeply audible sob rose from her bosom. Her face, as she reclined on the back of the chair, was pale and somewhat livid, and had, altogether, an appearance denoting much exhaustion. The tears of her mother flowed afresh as she gazed upon her drooping lily, which almost seemed to have been stricken off the stem, and to be withering to decay. The sleep of the youthful mourner continued until the day was considerably advanced, her mother keeping watch by her; during which time Mr. Lloyd frequently looked into the room, but on finding his young guest still reposing, he retired to another apartment. Whilst Madame Caillemotte

sat by the side of her daughter at noontide, she observed the Herculean figure of the chief of Benlyn pass by the window, accompanied by Mr. Pendarvis; and presently after, she heard Mr. Lloyd and the new comers engaged in some altercation. The voices drew nearer, and she could distinctly hear the pastor urging an ineffectual remonstrance against the entrance of Gwyndyr, lest he should disturb the slumbers of Julie. But though neglectful of Mr. Lloyd's entreaties, the mountain chief approached with greater caution and silence than the minister expected; and perceiving that his representation was true, and that the languid form of his mistress did actually recline in sleep, under the guardianship of her mother, he withdrew, and left the house. Within a few minutes afterwards, Julie awoke; and if her mother had been struck with the sickly and feverish looks of her daughter as she lay reposed, her alarm was by no means removed by her appearance and condition when awake. Her

eyes were at one moment dull, glazed, and unmeaning; at another, sparkling and brilliant with the light of fever, which communicated its venom to her cheeks and to her brain. She spake idly and incoherently; now addressing herself to Madame Caillemotte as her lover Delafosse, and by and by as the ferocious chief of Merioneth. This was a fresh source of trouble to her mother, but with still undaunted fortitude Madame Caillemotte exerted herself for Julie's relief. She called for the assistance of Mr. Lloyd's housekeeper, and, together, they managed to convey the invalid to bed, where, for the present, we shall leave her.

CHAP. X.

" The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,
Th' adulterer and the thief his larum has within."

COWLEY.

A FAMILIAR proverb says, it is easy to get into law, but hard to get out. How easy it is to get involved in the mazes of crime, and, when involved, how difficult to extricate oneself, we need not inform those of our readers who are any ways proficient in morals. But it is still more difficult for villainy to carry on its schemes successfully, to mature its plans, to perfect its designs, and to accomplish without detection the ends for which it has abandoned virtue. The villain in his highest prosperity, in the fancied assurance and triumph of his career, trembles beneath that unseen but haunting eye which continually rests upon him.

It was with feelings of this kind, to which perhaps some portion of remorse

was added, that Watkin Pendarvis beheld the shades of evening rapidly advance; and as the darkness covered the face of the earth, his own soul seemed to participate in its obscurity and terror. We have before shewn our readers that his fame, perhaps his life, was involved in the safety of the gaoler, Shadow; but he was aware that his reputation and his life also would be compromised if Shadow lived, and Edward Pendarvis fell beneath the dagger of Gwyndyr or his follower. Though a man capable of investigating evil thoughts and designs, with curious and unflinching subtilty, yet he had to-day purposely avoided thinking of that policy which had induced him to lay the life of his kinsman at the mercy of his ferocious rival. He had resolved to trust to the chance of events to smooth those difficulties which opposed themselves to his safety and success; but in the evening he found them as considerable and as frowning as in the morning. He had entertained some expectation, that before

night some force of the Orange party would have made its appearance for the recovery of the town and dispersion of the Jacobites, and that in the heat of action he might have worked upon Gwyndyr to cut off Edward Pendarvis and his attendants. This idea was barely shadowed in his mind, but it was like the hues of the rainbow, which dissipate into the familiar grey of the sky. His feelings were wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, as he heard the evening drum beat, and he almost wished that he had spared his kinsman, as he feared to hear the heavy foot of Gwyndyr, approaching the closet of the guard-room, where he sat in company with O'Regan.

"What drum is that?" said he to the colonel, wishing that he might be deceived as to the time — "not the evening drum?"

"The evening drum it is!" answered the governor; "the taptoo; get home to your quarters, my darlings."

"You must be wrong; time flies not so fast," said Pendarvis.

"Is it your mother's son that tells an ould soldier he doesn't know when to bate the taptoo?" replied O'Regan, scornfully; "time, jewel, is like a lawyer's conscience, it halts at nothing."

The blood of Pendarvis rushed into his face at the accusing retort of the Irishman; but he remained silent, and again fell into the abstraction of thought, from which he was disturbed by a loud halloo at the door, to which the Hibernian replied with equal vociferation.

"Pendarvis," said Gwyndyr, for it was he who had spoken, "Pendarvis, ho! are you asleep?"

"I have slept," answered the lord of Plas Mawr, "and had a fearful dream."

"Arrah! do you sleep with your eyes open, Master Pendarfy?" said O'Regan. "You've been staring at the floor for these three hours; no wonder you thought the drum soon enough. But it's not dacent to be nodding in the company of gentlemen."

"Where is Watch?" said Gwyndyr; "he is not a careful watchman to be off his post after curfew."

"Watch watches another post to night, Master Och!" replied O'Regan; "he cools his corns by the water side at the public house down there."

"Right; it was so agreed," answered Owain Goch; "some knave or fool has whispered abroad that a party of Orangemen is marching on us from Caernarvon; the luck's too good to be dreamt of so soon; but it is right we keep heedful ward."

"Och, sirs, and I'd rather hear the tramp of five thousand Orange boys," cried the governor, rising and extending one foot in the attitude of slow march, "than I'd have buttermilk and praties for my morn's breakfast; let us come to blows speedily and try the issue; 'twill be better, mark ye me, than wasting our lives in this doghole of a dungeon."

"It will be good time when the time's come, Colonel O'Regan!" said Owain,

"for me as well as others; but have you visited the guard? Have you walked over the tower from battlement to foundation? Is all safe and soldier-like?"

"Burn me if I know!" replied the governor, frankly; "you have other officers beside me whose duty's to look to the pickets. This plaguy gout holds me back from stumping up and down stairs."

"But have you made enquiry, master governor?" returned Gwyndyr, with an affectation of rising wrath; "if you cannot stump up and down stairs, you can command others I wot. How now, sir! are we to be surprised through downright idleness? Pretty tale to tell the world that we had courage to win a tower, but not brains to keep it."

"Mighty well, sir, if every thing is to be laid on the shoulders of ould Teague O'Regan," muttered the Irishman.

"Why is ould Teague O'Regan governor?" exclaimed Owain Goch, furiously. "Why does he stick the feather in his cap, and carry the truncheon, if he is not to bear the toils of his post?

Is't for show that thou art captain of this fortress?"

"Mighty well, mighty well," muttered the crest-fallen hero.

"Mighty ill, meanest thou, or 'tis a fool's saying," returned the chieftain, "to leave your place of trust to those who would find and fill it; to abandon your guard to a scum of common fellows for the brandy bottle."

"Ha!" ejaculated O'Regan, as if he had been twinged with the tooth-ache, "brandy bottle quotha?"

"Yes, by St. Elian, I know it to be truth," replied Gwyndyr.

"Blood and oons, this is beyond bearing of man nursed upon mother's milk!" cried the Irishman, whose patience was utterly exhausted.

"I say it is true as the sun has shone," said the chieftain.

"It is a lie, 's death and furies but I choke," cried O'Regan, pacing off into a quick march; and then facing about to the teeth of Gwyndyr, and addressing

him with a little more equanimity, he said, "You are an uncivil man, to spake of ye with favour, to charge an ould soldier, ould enough to be your fader, with forgetting his honour; and you are mighty little skilled in the art military not to know that it is the duty of the subalterns to form the pickets, and to make their report to the officer in command. Fire and brimstone, Mr. Welshman, has Teague O'Regan been five and forty years under arms, from a horse boy, that is a page, until he carried a halbert and spontoon, and has yet to learn his duty from a captain of Welsh thieves!"

"Dog!" cried the enraged chieftain, raising his arm with the intention of striking him to the earth, but he was restrained by Pendarvis, who, nevertheless, beheld the dissension of the jacobite leaders with satisfaction.

"Dog!" continued the governor, whose tongue once upon the sally could not soon be brought down, "I say devil; faith and it's well enough for soldiers of

your leading to be prying and peeping into every hole and corner about your camp, and for the leader himself to be always on the skulk. Case why? case he has no man he can rely on; no man of his following whose head's worth a skew; a gang of half naked belly-bitten savages to whom a leaden bullet is a release from all sorts of ills."

"Diaoul!" exclaimed the mountaineer, griping his knife. "I've had enough of this. Peace, yelping babbler. Peace, hound of a vile breed."

"Had I but known among what a set I was coming," continued O'Regan, with undaunted loquacity, "Hamilton or James himself should have had the job before Teague O'Regan. But I'm in for it, and there's no getting out. That's comfort for me; so I'd best be content."

And whilst Gwyndyr yet hesitated to strike him, he left the closet for the purpose of making those inquiries, for the omission of which he had been reproached

by his colleague, and which he had argued so stoutly were not a part of his duty to make. Watkin Pendarvis beheld him depart, and heard his receding step with awful disquietude. He fixed his eyes on the ground, unable to bear the inquiring glances of the mountain warrior, who, with a fiendish smile, seemed to enjoy his distress, and desirous to increase it.

"Thou hast been dreaming, Watkin Pendarvis!" said Gwyndyr, sarcastically. "It is now time to awake. The coast is clear, and I now claim thy promise of shewing me the place of Delafosse's hiding."

"Is not your purpose turned, man of blood?" replied the hypocritical lawyer, clasping his hands together with a shew of fervent sorrow.

"Not a whit, else had I never entertained it," answered Gwyndyr. "Women change. Men are true as steel."

"Flinty-hearted, obdurate man!" said Pendarvis, "be the youth's blood on thy head and hand. I wash mine of this

horrid stain. I am innocent of his murther."

"Shew me the way without more words," said the chieftain.

"What is your purpose touching his attendants?" said Pendarvis.

"If you value their lives, devise some means of withdrawing them from the place," replied Gwyndyr. "Drwndwn will hardly stay his knife if there be more throats than one; and the more, as your bailiff played his comrade Tarw Trin a scurvy trick."

"You mean Apsly," returned Pendarvis; "he will, perhaps, follow me. The other is a brute less easy of management."

"Let the brute die then," said Gwyndyr, carelessly. "We must run no risk of discovery to save the life of a brute."

"Say not we, Mr. Gwyndyr," said the conscience-struck hypocrite, "I am clear of this treason."

With a trembling hand, Pendarvis touched the spring, and thrust back the

sliding panel. Both he and Gwyndyr took lights; and the latter, bidding his companion to proceed, they entered the private passage, and closed the panel after them. By the same route which we have before described, the man of law and man of war descended to the dungeons, in the lowest of which Pendarvis stopped for a moment to listen for any sounds that might indicate the proximity of an observer. Silence, however, reigned through the prisons; and Pendarvis, with fearful caution, opened the stone door which disclosed the descent to the cell of the gaoler, and pointed down the stair, to signify to his companion that they were come to the place where his rival reposed. The chieftain prostrated himself on the top of the stair-case, and, looking down, endeavoured to discover the body of Delafosse; but the descent was so deep, that he could not obtain his desire. On rising, he motioned Pendarvis forward, whilst he himself hastily returned to the closet, fearful that

his absence might be discovered by O'Regan. He regained it securely; the governor, in his desire to do the thing completely, not having yet returned from perambulating the tower; and Gwyndyr, therefore, proceeded to seek Drwndwn, and to communicate to his savage follower his murtherous commands. He was not long away, but returned alone, and found Pendarvis in the closet, accompanied by his clerk, Apsly, who trembled under the falcon-glance of Gwyndyr.

"Ha, what fellow is this?" said the chief, sharply.

"He is my clerk, Mr. Gwyndyr," replied Pendarvis, "whose offences you have consented to forget, and whom you have agreed to discharge. I now claim his liberty."

"Let him have it. Let the dog to his kennel, so that he be seen no more," answered Gwyndyr. "Remember, Master Pendarvis, that was our contract. Away, hound, and see thou show not thy

teeth as heretofore. Another snarl, and thou wilt be knocked in the head. Take him out, and send Drwndwn and Tarw Trin. One of them shall see him forth. We will have no skulking."

Pendarvis, followed by Apsly, who quaked in his shoes as he passed the chieftain, left the room; and immediately afterwards the two subalterns of Gwyndyr entered it.

Go thou," said the chief to Tarw Trin, " with the man attending Mr. Pendarvis, and see him beyond the guard. Let him have free and safe passage."

The warrior nodded and retired. Gwyndyr closed the door of the closet, and, after a moment's consideration, he looked shrewdly at his follower, and said, " Is Pendarvis closely watched?"

" Hur is close enough, by St. Tavid," answered Drwndwn. " Dysgyrnin hurself has hur eye upon hur."

" Well," said the chief, nodding his head quietly, " I half doubt the fine

speeches of Watkin Pendarvis; but if he plays me false, he shall still lose his game. I have tried him closely, and the villain has neither back nor edge. An edge I will find for him, grinded sharp and keen, if he falls out the man I take him for. Thou wouldst like to let the lawyer blood. Wouldst not, Drwndwn?"

The mountaineer grinned horribly, but made no reply.

"Is thy knife keen?" continued Owain Goch, "and fit for the work I spoke of? I must have Delafosse slain; but I would have him dealt with quickly. Let him not taste the bitterness of death, for he was a good soldier and a faithful comrade. Let me see thy weapon."

Drwndwn put aside his cloak, and drew forth a long narrow-bladed knife or dagger, whose edge and point Gwyndyr examined with heedful scrutiny.

"His attendant must feel the stroke of this point," said the ruthless chieftain, restoring the weapon to his follower;

"and better for thee to kill him first. The other can make no resistance. Follow me silently."

After seeking for some time, he at length found the spring of the panel, and unclosing the sliding-door, he and his follower descended to the old hall, and thence to the dungeons. On gaining the lowest cell, they found the stone door still expanded; for Pendarvis did not omit any facility to the destruction of his kinsman. Gwyndyr knelt down as before, and pointed to Drwndwn to do the like, that they might listen for any sound revealing the state of watchfulness or sleep in which their victims were. But a death-like silence still pervaded the foundations of the tower. Gwyndyr laid his hand under his head, and closed his eyes, signifying they slept.

"Forward to the work," whispered the chief of Benlyn. "Thou wilt need no aid; so I will return to the closet, and keep the coast clear. If thou hearest

voices on thy return, strike upon the panel, and come up from the hall to the guard-room by the common stair. Be speedy and sure."

Drwndwn answered him with a ghastly grin; and held the light as he crossed the prison, and ascended the stair in such haste, as seemed to indicate a fear of hearing the groans of his victims. Drawing his cloak around him, the son of the widow Ogwen cautiously descended to the habitation of Shadow, whose eye encountered his as he entered the precincts of the cavern. The assassin halted, and stood rooted to the ground. The eye of the turnkey still rested upon him; but he neither stirred nor spoke.

"Rice, brother of my mother!" said Drwndwn, at length recovering from his stupor. "Does hur see hur verily?"

"Owain, son of my sister!" replied Shadow, extending his hand, "What brings thee here?"

"The order of hur chief," returned Drwndwn; "but hur had other things

in hur head than Rice Evans when hur came hither."

"Thou didst not know of my office here," said Shadow.

"Marry, if hur had known, Owain Goch should have hack'd hur head off before hur would have stirr'd step on this work," replied Drwndwn.

"Thou didst not come to lay hands on us?" said his uncle.

"By St. Elian, hur did," answered Owain, "to cut hur throat and the French captain's."

"But not by thy chief's command," said Shadow, "for he was the fellow soldier of the hurt man."

"And at whose command else than Owain Goch's should hur do a deed of blood?" said the soldier. "Is the chief not hur leader in peace and war?"

"I see — I see —" said the turnkey, clasping his hands in great sorrow; "Apsly he fetched away, that his life might be saved — mine was doomed forfeit."

"Apsly has been turned out," said Drwndwn, "hur is free — Watkin Pendarvis begged hur liberty."

"Watkin Pendarvis then is with Owain Goch," said Shadow, eagerly, "Oh! false-hearted villain — unnatural kinsman — perjured man. I see he has betrayed him; he has worked the chief up to this deed of blood."

The turnkey covered his face with his hands, and sat for some moments the image of despair, while his nephew, who, whatever were his savage and vicious propensities, was by no means deficient in the national virtue of affection for his kindred, gazed upon him with silence, and with no little dissatisfaction.

"Why does hur mourn?" said Drwndwn, sulkily; "is hur afraid that the son of Owain will do hur chief's bidding? Let Owain Goch rot before hur touches Rice Evans to do hur harm."

"Peace, boy," replied the turnkey, "I know thee too well to fear aught at thy hands. Thank God I have more to

hope. Thou wast sent for our destruction; thou shalt become our safeguard."

The countenance of Drwndwn brightened up, and he grasped the hand of Shadow with fierce satisfaction.

"But why does hur take on so much about the Frenchman's safety?" said the nephew.

"Frenchman!" said Shadow; "Come hither, lad, cautiously, silently."

"Drwndwn approached the bed of the wounded man, who lay still asleep. His breathing was now more free and regular than before, and his colour more natural; so that he appeared more like himself than at any time since the action. He had been carefully watched and attended the whole of the day by Evans and Apsly, who, with less difficulty than at first, had been enabled to communicate to him, occasionally, refreshment. That profound stupor or insensibility which possessed all his faculties in the morning, had in some measure given way, and was succeeded by a ten-

dency to repose, likely to repair the exhaustion and loss of blood which the invalid had undergone.

"Look here, boy," said Shadow, turning down the cloak with which the youth was covered, and removing the luxuriant love-locks which had fallen over his face; "Dost know him? Is he not like some one thou hast seen heretofore?"

"Hur knows not," answered Drwndwn, looking upon the countenance with great care, "hur is like the man hur saw before, Captain Delafosse,"

"Look narrowly, boy," said his uncle, "thou wast an old playmate of Sir Jorwerth's son — of Edward Pendarvis."

"Edward Pendarvis!" exclaimed Drwndwn. "But hur is not Edward Pendarvis, the son of Sir Jorwerth."

His kinsman made no answer, but suffered him to take his fill of note and observation, carefully marking the changes of his countenance, as the recollections of past years broke upon his mind. At first

they seemed dim and faint as the pale glimmering of grey that precedes the rising of the sun: the face and features of the wounded soldier were of another hue and character than what he would have deemed those of Sir Jorwerth's son to have been, although he still perceived a resemblance of that family likeness peculiar to the house of Plas Mawr; but as he took each feature in detail, and examined it in connection with some well-remembered feat or circumstance that had engaged his boyish attention, the flood tide of his memory returned; the sun of recollection burst over the horizon in unclouded splendour; and the youth, to whom he had formerly looked up as his leader, protector, and companion in juvenile exercises, lay fully recognized before him.

"St. Elian, and 'tis hur honour indeed!" exclaimed Drwndwn; "and hur has been near striking hur knife into the throat of hur lord. Well nigh could hur strike it into hur own."

"Thou must do something better, boy," said his uncle, "and that speedily; — we must save Edward Pendarvis from his foes."

"Hur will fight for hur lord against Owain Goch and the devil," cried Drwndwn. "Glad times will come again when the lord of Plas Mawr has hur right."

"We must get him out of the vault," said Shadow; "no time must be lost; they will be on him again."

"How can hur be taken out?" replied Drwndwn, shaking his head; "the watch is set night and day."

"Thou knowest not of this passage to the sea," said Shadow, leading him to the outer door. "There will be some danger of discovery by the sentry on the tower, but we must run all risks."

The eye of the mountaineer brightened, but fell again as he said, "But where must hur be carried?"

"We had fixed, Apsly and I," returned Shadow, "to run him in the boat to Mr. Lloyd's."

Drwndwn shook his head, and said "Owain Goch has placed the French-women there under a guard; the chief is mad for the young lady who loves hur honour."

"And so would murther him," replied Shadow; "but for the treason of Watkin Pendarvis, Owain Goch had not known he lived. But thou must return, or thy delay will bring the fiends on us. What canst thou say?"

"That ye are dead," replied Drwndwn.

"But will Owain Goch believe thee," said Shadow, "without proof."

"Hur has never had cause to doubt the faith of the son of Ogwen," replied Owain, proudly.

"But will he not wish to see our bodies?" said the turnkey.

"Hur cannot tell," answered Drwndwn; "but hur will strike Owain Goch dead, or hur honour be hurt."

"Go thy ways, and be speedy," said Shadow. "But stop — how wilt thou

return? Thou canst not from the closet."

"Hur will watch for Gwyndyr's being off," said Drwndwn.

"Is any person in my lodge below?" said Shadow.

"No, the gate is barred, and the sentry outside."

"Then follow me; I will show thee how to return speedily," said the turnkey. "After thou hast seen Gwyndyr, go down by the common stair to the lodge, and I will meet thee there. Thou must be speedy."

"As a hawk — as a wild goat."

Replacing the cloak upon Edward Pendarvis, Owain and his kinsman ascended the stair, and passing the dungeons, arrived at the hall, where they separated; the turnkey taking the road to the lodge, and Drwndwn by the secret passage to the closet. Shadow had not, however, waited long before he was again joined by his kinsman, who informed him that he had been obliged to retire from the

entrance to the closet, having heard several voices conversing with his chief.

Satisfied that Owain Goch would conclude the bloody work to be done, as he must have perceived the tap upon the panel, which, in accordance with his command, Drwndwn had given, he returned with Shadow to the cell; and by the way they fastened, as strongly as their means would admit, the stone door in the lowest dungeon, so as to prevent a surprise by either Gwyndyr or Pendarvis. They were not long in concerting a plan for his safety; for Drwndwn not being capable of naming a place more secure than the minister's, although at present the house was guarded, undertook so to manage the sentinels, as that they should not interrupt the admission of Edward Pendarvis. The only difficulty remaining was that of getting him out of the vault into the boat without observation. To remove him at all, they were obliged to disturb him so much in wrapping him

with clothes, that the wounded man awoke, and for the first time displayed signs of returning recollection.

"Where am I?" said Edward Pendarvis, endeavouring to raise himself upon his arm. "And who are ye that thus care for an unfortunate?"

"Sleep; hur is safe," replied Drwndwn.

"Ha, I know thee," said Pendarvis; "thou art the follower of Gwyndyr. Where is he, good fellow?"

"It skills not now to answer," said Shadow. "You are better in our hands than in the power of Owain Goch. Now is not the time to explain; but your life is threatened, and we are about to convey you to a place of safety."

"What! am I then a prisoner in the hands of the foe?" said the youth. "Respect me; I am France's soldier."

"You are in the hands of friends who know you," replied Evans; "who care for your safety, and will provide for it at all hazards."

"I know not that. I know not the man who speaks, nor where I am," returned Edward Pendarvis. "Say, good fellow, if thou art still of Gwyndyr's following, what fortune hath befallen us?"

"There is not time; we hazard life by delaying thus long," said Shadow. "Owain, thou art the stronger, raise him at the shoulder."

"I will not be taken hence," cried the youth, "save I know on what grounds."

"Thou shalt know hereafter, Edward Pendarvis," replied Evans, solemnly.

The youth, unable to utter even a groan, shrank beneath the clothes, while Evans, fearful that in his present state the shock, if unqualified by further explanation, might have a fatal tendency, threw himself on his knees beside him, and taking one of his hands, cried, "Oh, my dear young master! Was it possible you could escape the eyes of Rice Evans, your ancient and loving servant?"

"Ah! do I live to hear such blessed sounds?" exclaimed Edward. "Evans! I have indeed recollection of thy name, and thine attachment, if not of thy person. But wherefore —"

"Speak not now, dear master," said the affectionate Shadow; "not now; your life and ours are in jeopardy. You must submit to our guidance; mine and this lad's, who is my sister's son. You are now in the vaults of the old tower, but your enemies have discovered you, and we must bear you away to some other hiding."

"I am at thy bidding, good Evans," replied the young soldier. "I have not much strength, but I will exert myself to aid ye."

"Stir not, dear Master Edward," replied Shadow, raising him as he was, wrapped in the clothes, while Drwndwn assisted at his head. "We will use caution and tenderness. Happy day, when the storm's over, will this be for the Lady Elain."

The youth groaned, but did not speak, and they raised him with care from the bed, and conveyed him to the mouth of the aperture, within a few yards from deep water, where lay the boat, in which he was to be conveyed to the minister's. The boat belonged to the tower, and had been kept moored in a little cove beside the dwelling of the gaoler, for the purpose of transporting prisoners from Llancoch, when it was not wished to take them through the town street. With some pain to their protegé, though without difficulty or noise, Shadow and Drwndwn got him aboard. The turnkey then closed up the aperture leading to his retreat with the thorny covering which usually concealed it, and stepping into the boat, they pulled away from the tower, keeping close under the rocks, to avoid the look-out of the sentinels on the top of, and around the tower. The tide was ebbing strongly, and enabled them to run out of danger in a few minutes; and the wind, which whistled heavily

through the lofty trees, would have concealed sounds of much greater noise than the strokes of their oars. In a short time they had passed the beach of Llancoch, taking care to stand out so far from the shore as not to endanger a discovery, and they then began to pull strongly for the little creek, or cut, upon the banks of which stood the house of the parson. The force of the ebb tide obliged them to put all in (as the boatmen's phrase is,) to make the cut; but, after a heavy pull for a quarter of an hour, they made the quiet stream, and ran their boat ashore. Here Drwndwn got out, and walked towards the parsonage, for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground, preparing Mr. Lloyd for his new guest, and making his entry safe. The moon was up, but overcast with clouds, and a hazy atmosphere, affording light only within a narrow sphere, effectually obscured all objects at a distance. Even the house of Mr. Lloyd, which was within a field's distance, could not be descried, and the

lights which burned within the town glimmered like planets shorn of their beams. During the absence of Drwndwn, short snatches of conversation passed between Edward Pendarvis and his attendant, in which the latter related the manner and means of his recognition. He also stated to the youth the fears he had entertained of still further treachery on the part of Watkin Pendarvis, although he did not describe the scene which took place in the vault, when that perfidious kinsman discovered his injured relative in the Jacobite leader; nor did he reveal the attempt of Gwyndyr upon the life of his colleague, nor the cause of his enmity; fearful that, in his present state of debility, the shock of such tidings would be too overpowering to his frame. Edward Pendarvis made many enquiries from the faithful servant of his house, which he had not been able to do from any other person since his arrival within the manor of his forefathers; particularly as to the welfare and repose of his mo-

ther, for whom he had ever continued to preserve the highest veneration; and he was no little pleased to find that she still remembered him with affection, and retained the sorrowful remembrance of his loss. In this discourse minute after minute passed away without observation, and Shadow himself was only informed by the loud-pealing tongue of the church bell, telling midnight, that half an hour had elapsed since Drwndwn's departure. His anxious spirit was on the eve of becoming fidgetty and alarmed, when the approach of two persons, whom he recognised as his nephew and the worthy minister, Mr. Lloyd, relieved him from his concern.

CHAP. XI.

" Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From good to bad, from better hap to worse."
SOUTHWELL.

MR. Lloyd was a man of considerable strength, and of a nature by no means backward in lending aid to those who stood in need of his corporeal as well as mental assistance. On arriving at the boat, Shadow took him for a moment aside, and he instantly, with the greatest cordiality, applied himself to the task of raising the wounded soldier, and bearing him towards the house. Evans was his partner in this labour of love, whilst Owain with the broken nose acted as vidette, and preceded the party about twenty paces. In safety they arrived at the garden gate, without seeing or being seen by either of the sentries, who had, in fact, been spirited off the ground by Drwndwn, and they gained the house and chamber allotted by the

pastor for his new guest, which was his own, with similar good fortune. Having placed their charge in a good bed, the worthy conspirators came to the conclusion that Drwndwn should return to the tower, and make his appearance before Gwyndyr, with the report (for the broken-nosed hero would have it so, despite the moral qualms of his reverend colleague) that he had executed the chieftain's orders; and that he had disposed of the bodies of the slain, by dropping them twenty fathom deep in the bosom of the sea.

"Hur will take this ragged cloak for proof," said Drwndwn, snatching up the slashed and bloody mantle of Edward Pendarvis; "and so farewell; hur must send the guard rogues to their post again — hur left 'em in the parson's kitchen, swigging hur cwrw."

When Drwndwn had departed, Shadow, with the assistance of the pastor, carefully searched the wounds of Edward Pendarvis, which, although severe flesh

wounds, were happily of no dangerous character; and such salves and medicaments were applied as their knowledge and means afforded. The person of the wounded man was then carefully cleansed from blood and dirt, and he was reclothed in clean and comfortable garments belonging to the hospitable minister. Every thing, even the airing of his shirt, was done by Mr. Lloyd, or the turnkey; for the latter, who was the active director of all things, would not trust the housekeeper with the knowledge that his young protegé was at the parsonage. With equal caution and attention, the minister, under the counsel and assistance of Evans, provided such viands and restoratives as were thought advisable for Edward Pendarvis's condition; and they were administered by the turnkey himself, who strictly prohibited his patient from entering at present into any conversation, which he conceived his present feeble state unable to sustain.

"Rest you, dear master," said Evans, composing the bed clothes, "to sleep — to sleep — Master Lloyd! betake yourself to your easy chair; I will couch me on this squab."

Obedient to the voice of his protector, Edward Pendarvis closed his eyes, but his mind was too busy with the events of the last few hours to suffer the enjoyment of sleep, even to his wearied nature; yet unwilling to disturb his friends, he affected the repose which he did not feel, and from his stillness, Shadow soon believed he was at rest. He rose from his seat and gazed on the form for which he had suffered so long and so much, for which he had been ready to sacrifice all things, even life itself; and the bright visions of hope seemed to arise out of dangers and difficulties like the spirits of the blessed from the sepulchres of their dust. His affectionate mind could not forbear busying itself with imaginations respecting the life and fortunes of Edward Pendarvis; eventful and singularly strange,

he thought, must that destiny have been which could conduct the heir of Plas Mawr from the house of his fathers, a persecuted and exile boy, and bring him back again under circumstances of equal danger, the leader of a band of insurgents. That so young a man should have that energy necessary for such a command, and should have gained the confidence of the Jacobite leaders in such a degree as to induce them to confide it to him, was another source of surprize to the unwarlike and inexperienced turnkey; but he drew from his situation and military rank conclusions highly favourable to his character, and rejoiced that Plas Mawr, if it ever had another Lord, would in him have one equal to its bygone fame. Whilst Evans was thus engaged in speculating on the past and the future, Mr. Lloyd had seated himself quietly in his easy chair, and applied himself to his astral studies with an avidity which abstracted him from all other concerns. His mind, occupied with

halos, irides lunares, almacantars, and the azimuth line, forgot Edward Pendarvis and his friend Evans, as if no such persons were in existence; and at that moment, even had he known such living and sentient beings were within three yards of him, unless some circumstance touching his humanity had aroused him from his reverie, their presence would have been a matter of utter indifference compared with the theory of rainbows, or the mysteries of parhelia. Whilst he was thus profoundly engaged, Evans, who was satisfied of Edward Pendarvis's repose, for the youth had actually fallen into a dose, turned from the bed, and said to the minister, "The hand of Providence is in this matter."

"The circles around the sun — entrochi — wheels within wheels," said the pastor, with great deliberation.

The turnkey looked at him for a few moments with kind attention, and continued: "Watkin Pendarvis will meet sure and swift destruction for his villany; no

shroud can cover his guilt — no place can screen him from punishment."

"Nec supra ipsum nec infra," said Mr. Lloyd.

"First of his race is Watkin Pendarvis," proceeded Shadow, without attending to the ejaculations of the minister, "who has turned out villain."

"Nullæ ad austrum pinguntur irides," saith the sage; "but how answers my Fortunius, bis jam vidimus irides in meridiano ad austrum."

The minister raised his head from his book, and cocked his eye towards Evans, whose look rested on him.

"Ha! I am at my old tricks!" said Mr. Lloyd; "What sayst thou, honest Rice Evans?"

"Nay, sir, nothing," answered the turnkey. "The young man is at rest, and you are too well employed to need my talk; I did speak, but you did not hear me."

"Propter strepitum verborum," replied the pastor, closing his book and

laying it on the reading desk; "Didst thou not tell me but now, that this youth is the late Sir Jorwerth's son by the Lady Elain."

"I did — it is Edward Pendarvis sure enough — sure as I am Rice Evans."

"And the same youth who is connected with that fearful secret of which you have made me depositary."

"The same — the same," answered Evans, with much emotion, "and well was it Watkin Pendarvis knew that bloody secret rested with another, or that youth and I had now been as the clod of the field, and the hand of Pendarvis redder than it is; even now he believes us slain — murdered by his cunning, though not by his dagger."

"May he repent and be pardoned," said Mr. Lloyd, devoutly; "whilst there is life there is hope of amendment."

"Did ever a miser repent?" said Evans. "It is not the desire to make himself great among great men that pushes on Watkin Pendarvis to murder

this youth for his inheritance; it is not so; but the desire to have lands and gear of his own, to cram his miserly heart withal; there is no common man, whose farm is but ten acres of ground, that has so near a hand as the false lord of Plas Mawr. But the widow of Ogwen said the shame of Watkin Pendarvis was on the wing. Rice!" said the daughter of my mother, "if the good do not always flourish, how should the wicked? ni bu Arthur, ond tra fu*, and the hour is at hand."

"Do you believe the words of Ogwen's widow were prophetic?" said Mr. Lloyd, surprised at the fervency of his companion.

"She was said to see further than others," answered Evans, "and those words were her song of death, for it was at the kyvur au kon.†"

"Yes, Rice Evans," returned the minister; "but was it not said your sister

* Arthur himself had but his time.
† Place of death.

mourned because Mr. Pendarvis obliged her son to fly the country? now in her grief she might utter this denunciation as what she wished not as what she knew would happen."

"You will see, Master Lloyd, you will see," said Shadow, hastily. "Heaven may reveal its intent by an old and poverty-stricken cotter, as well as by the priest in his robes of dignity."

"True!" replied the meek pastor.

"Is not her word coming to pass?" continued Evans, with great animation; "who would have expected the boy's return after so long absence! and yet here he is. Did she not doom her oppressor childless? and is he not so? yes, I repeat her words — his shame is on the wing."

Mr. Lloyd did not reply, for he perceived that the enthusiasm of Evans had overpowered his reason, and that any farther advice or opposition would only increase his malady. He therefore pointed to the squab on which the turnkey had before reposed, and leaning back in his chair, endeavoured to compose himself to

rest. Evans did the like; but although both remained silent, yet neither could sleep; the repose of Shadow being interrupted by thoughts which the late controversy had generated, as well as by his anxiety for Edward Pendarvis; and that of Mr. Lloyd, by his fancy being disposed to take a nocturnal trip through that starry region, of which the book he had lately been reading principally treated. From this state of contemplation they were aroused by the sweet sounds of a lute which proceeded from an adjoining chamber, wherein lay Madame Caillemotte and her daughter. The minister and Evans listened with great attention, and presently heard, after a short prelude, the voice of the elder lady accompanying the instrument in a pleasing air. When it was finished, a pause ensued, and they could hear Madame Caillemotte desire her daughter to be still.

"The young lady rests ill," said Mr. Lloyd, compassionately, "and her mother has taken up my lute to lull her. She plays again."

Another tune of a livelier nature was played, but unaccompanied by any song, and again the sounds died away. In a short time, however, the music was renewed by a bolder and more scientific hand, and a little French song, which at this time was very fashionable from having been introduced by Moliere into his celebrated comedy, "The Misanthrope," and which Delafosse had frequently sung to Julie in their hours of happiness at Margny, followed:

Si le roi m'avoit donné
Paris sa grand' ville,
Et qu'il me fallut quitter
L'amour de ma mie,
Je dirois au Roi Henri,
Reprenez votre Paris,
J'aime mieux ma mie, oh gay!
J'aime mieux ma mie.

"Ha! it is Julie — Julie — Julie," burst from Edward Pendarvis, in such tones as were not only heard in the chamber of the ladies, but might have been through the house; "it is the voice of my beloved."

A loud shriek was heard in the adjoin-

ing room; and Edward attempted to rise from his bed, but was restrained by Evans and the pastor, who conjured him to remain quiet.

"For Heaven's love, sir, remain where you are," said Mr. Lloyd, who knew nothing of their attachment; "the young lady is very ill."

"Stir not, my dear master," said Evans, "your death may follow."

"Ha! then let me die in her arms;" cried the wounded youth, still persisting in his attempt to get out of bed.

"Restrain him, Rice!" said Mr. Lloyd; "I fear something hath happened to the lady."

And he immediately left the room, and knocked at the door of that wherein were the ladies.

"Come in," said Madame Caillemotte, "come in, I pray you."

The pastor entered, and found Madame Caillemotte leaning over the form of her daughter, who had swooned on hearing the voice of her lover, chaf-

ing her temples and bathing them with water.

"Ha, good monsieur, is it you?" said the old lady; "is Monsieur Delafosse indeed alive, and in the house, or was it a phantom that we heard?"

"The gentleman whose voice you heard is in the next room," replied the pastor; "he is badly wounded, but can hardly be restrained from making his way hither."

"Heaven be praised!" cried Madame Caillemotte with transport, "my dear Julie will be raised to life; ha! she revives; cheer up, ma bonne."

"Does he live? Does he live?" said Julie, faintly unclosing her eyes. "Can I not see him?"

"Delafosse lives; is in the next room," replied her mother; "but he is wounded and couched."

"Go and see — go and see, that we be not deceived;" said Julie, gently pushing her mother towards the door; "behold him with your own eyes, for that savage man said he was slain."

Her mother, to gratify her, went into the room where Edward Pendarvis lay, and where she found him hardly restrained by Shadow from leaving his bed, and bursting into the chamber of his mistress. However, Madame Caillemotte calmed him, and persuaded him to remain quiet, whilst she returned to make her daughter happy with the news that Delafosse was living, and likely to recover his hurts. She was followed into her room by the voice of Edward Pendarvis, who called aloud, "Dear Julie, I am well: I will see thee very soon — I live but for thee — thou art my protecting angel;" and a great deal more, which none but a frenzied lover would conceive or listen to. But though convinced of each other's safety, a long time elapsed before their respective friends could assuage the fever of passion which this sudden discovery had created. They had been too long depressed, and their hearts had made too sudden a bound from grief to joy to expect that they should be restrained so suddenly. Besides, Julie had a thousand enquiries to

make from her mother regarding the appearance of her lover, the condition of his wounds, and how long it would take to reinstate him in health; and Madame Caillemotte found, that, to satisfy her daughter's anxiety, she must be as particular as a surgeon giving his evidence before a court upon the nature and extent of wounds he has been called in to examine. Her appetite seemed to grow from what it fed on, to luxuriate in the contemplation of that sudden restoration to life, liberty, and happiness, which she now dared to dream of; having little thought that the power of her lover was extinct, and his danger almost equal to her own. Our fair readers may perhaps think there was too little delicacy in this unrestrained exuberance of feeling; but not to say that the ladies of that age, and particularly those bred in a camp, or at least in its environs, were seldom touched with that unnatural squeamishness which taints modern manners, Julie Caillemotte had drunk too deeply of suffering to

be nice or fastidious on matters of ceremony, or to shew prudery where frankness was more graceful and more natural. Besides, she had received those consolations from her mother which led her to believe an union with Delafosse, had he been living, would have been by no means ungrateful to her ; and she had too little suspicion of her mother's want of integrity, or rather too high an opinion of her honour, to think for a moment that her professions were deceitful. It was natural then for Mademoiselle Caillemotte, it was becoming, and shewed a virtuous and unsophisticated heart, to declare without reserve the interest she took in Delafosse ; and if one might judge by the gaiety of her mother, and the quiet air with which she responded to her daughter's interrogatories, Madame Caillemotte was not one of the least gratified by the discovery of the young soldier's safety. And indeed there was no dearth of motives for this partiality ; for setting aside their previous acquaintance with

and fondness for Delafosse, the service which his name had rendered them with the savage leader, Owain Goch, whose violence, if not his importunity, it had hitherto repressed, was one of no light importance, and secured him the favour of Madame Caillemotte. Every thing, therefore, bore the appearance to the eyes of these short-sighted lovers of renewed health and happiness in store, and at length they fell asleep to dream of pleasures yet far, very far at a distance.

The respective friends of Julie and Edward also betook themselves to rest. Madame Caillemotte to bed, Mr. Lloyd to his easy chair, and Rice Evans to the squab which he before occupied beneath the window; and presently the whole of them were asleep. How long they slept our history saith not; but the dawn was not broke when Edward Pendarvis again awoke. The youth, with some difficulty, rose upon his elbow, and by the expiring taper, which shed a bickering light through the room, he could perceive the eyes of

his companions still closed. Unable again to compose himself to rest, he attempted, with a lover's fondness, to catch the distant breathings of his beloved Julie; but though he fancied he could discern the hard-drawn suspirations of Madame Caillemotte, which perhaps sometimes expanded into a snore, he could hear nothing so delicate or so musical as he believed the light slumbers of his mistress would occasion. But he heard something, of whose nature or cause he could have no guess. It was a far-distant booming sound, like the fierce hum of a hive of bees arming against an invader: it was like the hollow roar of the sea beating into a rocky cavern, or rushing upon the shore denoting a storm; or, like the far-off murmur of a rhaiadr or cataract when the earth is ribbed up in ice, and the fall of the water strikes upon the rock beneath with the sound of a hundred kettle-drums. The noise caught Edward Pendarvis's attention, and retained it: he listened, not out of curiosity, but as a

veteran charger listens for the battle; for his experienced ears now assured him that men were mustering together; and he was convinced from the earliness of the hour, that the occasion was extraordinary. He endeavoured to rise from the bed, that he might get to the window, but his weakness rendered him unable, and he fell back, exhausted with debility and suspense. Whilst he lay in this state, he heard the voices of the guard under the window, jabbering their native dialect, but was wholly unable to comprehend their meaning, and he now did not delay to arouse his friends.

"Evans!" he muttered, for the habit of caution in danger had induced him to drop his voice, "Evans — awake, ho! They sleep soundly — oh! that strength like theirs was in these limbs! — Evans! awake."

"What! who spoke?" replied the turnkey, in the same low voice, for his eyes were still closed, and he did not offer to rise.

"Up, good Evans! arouse thyself," said Pendarvis. "Art thou awake? Dost thou not hear?"

"I hear nothing," replied Shadow, after listening a short time, "but the wind."

"Listen again, good fellow," returned the soldier. "I am deceived, or men are trooping together not far hence. Hark! I hear plainly. Get up to the window, and look abroad."

The gaoler rose from his couch, and drawing aside the window-curtain, looked out towards Llancoch; but it was still too dark and hazy to discern objects at such a distance. He then unclosed a lattice of the casement, and listened for the sounds which disturbed Pendarvis.

"Now, Evans! hearest thou not plainly?" said the wounded youth. "They might be at the door. I hear as surely as ever I heard the tramp of soldiers marching into battle."

"I hear, I hear, Master Edward," replied Shadow, with great alarm. "But

be at rest: the son of Ogwen is trusty. I hope we are safe."

But though he spoke peace to his young protegé, he was very ill at ease himself; for believing that Owain Goch had detected the escape of his victim, and was mustering his followers for the pursuit, he could scarcely hope that the penetrating chieftain would omit to make search at that place where a lover was most likely to be found, — the abode of his mistress. Thus disturbed, the turnkey awoke Mr. Lloyd, whose head, being crammed full of astronomical theories, of which he had been dreaming, was little capable of giving clear advice upon a matter of moment so considerable as the danger which threatened his guests.

"Hark! hear you not?" said Evans, drawing the minister to the window. "The wolf is on the prowl. He will be on us."

"What mean you, Evans?" said Edward Pendarvis. "I am still in ignorance, and under your guidance. But I

beseech you, tell me what fears alarm you."

"You are too weak to bear the tidings," replied Shadow. "If the day passes, you shall know all."

"I will know now, good Evans," returned Edward. "You know me not if you think I am less tortured by suspense than frighted at danger. Besides, if danger be the matter, I may be able, as more in habit, to suggest some plan for security or relief which might not strike you. Therefore set me at ease. To know the worst is always a relief. To doubt and fear is, indeed, frightful."

"The young man speaks wisely," said Mr. Lloyd; "and perhaps, notwithstanding his state of invalescence, it may be better for him to know the truth than to remain in suspense."

"Is my mother dead?" said Edward Pendarvis.

"I believe not," replied the pastor, she was alive yesterday morning; for these ladies came from Plas Mawr."

"What then—are we beaten, and our party in the hands of the foe?" continued the young soldier.

"Oh! that they were, every man," exclaimed Shadow; "it would be the best news that ever blest my old ears. It must come out. Dear Master Edward, pardon me. The savage villain, Gwyndyr, with whom you were joined in this rash enterprize, has seen the young lady in the next room; and, to ensure her, gave order for your death; happily it was committed to my kinsman, whom you saw, and your life was saved. If he has discovered your escape, we are lost. There is no further retreat. The house is guarded."

The ill-fated Pendarvis did not reply to the information he had received, but covered his face with his hands, and fell back on the bed.

"Ah, wretch that I am!" cried Evans, approaching the bed, "I have killed the hope of Plas Mawr; the tidings have broke his heart. Master Edward! dear

master! but speak, to assure me you live."

Edward Pendarvis could not speak; but to ease the grief of his faithful attendant, he stretched out his hand, which Evans clasped in both of his, and both remained in silent grief for a considerable time. Mr. Lloyd was sensibly touched with this scene; but instead of giving way to distress, like a true champion of the church militant, he endeavoured to interpose the fortitude of his Christian philosophy between his friends and despair.

"My brethren, my friends," said the worthy pastor, "trust in the staff that never breaketh; in the hope that never faileth; in the word that never lieth nor deceiveth. The way may now seem dark and devious before ye; the clouds may gather around, and portend a storm; but have confidence in Him who raised the pillar of fire to guide a nation out of straits, and your way shall be made straight; the storm-clouds shall disperse,

and reveal a sky brightened with glory and happiness."

"Ah, if I were well, able to bear arms," said Edward Pendarvis, with animation, "I would at least die with glory. But are my companions in arms joined with the faithless robber? Where is Colonel O'Regan? Where are our followers?"

"They believe you to be dead," replied Shadow; "that you fell in the attack of the tower."

"But they may be undeceived," returned Edward Pendarvis. "The brave fellows whom I have led on against a foe will fly to my rescue; let them be apprised instantly that I live."

"Alas, dear master, how are we to get hence," replied Rice Evans, "since the house is guarded by the followers of Gwyndyr. Besides, his band outnumbers yours three to one, and what can be done against such fearful odds?"

"Rice Evans, I know thee not perfectly," replied the young hero; "but I am assured thou art a faithful follower of

the house of Pendarvis, else hadst thou not run such risk to save its unfortunate descendant. Be not timid; we had better die of over-daring than cowardice. Might our veterans be aroused, little should I fear from yon gang of savages under the leading of Gwyndyr. Is there no man will undertake to bear a message to O'Regan? not one? Where is thy kinsman, the follower of Gwyndyr, if he be trusty?"

"On his loyalty I will peril my life," answered Shadow. "If he is safe, there is still hope for us all. But I fear, from the savage buz of the hillmen, that your escape is discovered, and that Drwndwn has been murdered."

While they were yet speaking, they heard the rapid approach of some person to the house, who shouted in the Cambrian tongue to the guard below, and received a hurried answer. In a minute afterwards, Drwndwn burst into the room, and cried, "Up; up; Owain Goch is coming hither. All is yet safe; the

chief believes Pendarvis dead; but the Dutch horse from Caernarvon are coming up, and the lady is to be sent off under guard to Corndochan. Hur is sent hither to prepare hur."

"No; she goes not while I have breath," answered Edward Pendarvis.

"This hur thought; this brought hur back to the house," said Drwndwn. "The lady must go; it is folly to resist Owain Goch; hur cannot be resisted; hur has the power. We must fight like the fox, by cunning. Owain Goch stays at Llancoch to meet the foe. Drwndwn will find a way to recover the lady."

"Help me to rise, Evans," said the wounded soldier. "I will barricade the house till the horse come up."

"It may not be," answered Drwndwn. "Owain Goch would burn the house over hur head."

"Better meet flames and death," replied Pendarvis, violently throwing himself out of bed, "than trust my soul to the hands of these dogs."

"Ah, dear master!" cried Evans, gently laying hands upon him. "Be not rash; for heaven's sake return to bed; all that can be done shall be done for your honour and the lady's. Trust Owain; trust my sister's son; he is faithful and shrewd."

"I would not trust my father," answered Edward, in whom the fever of passion contended with that of his body. "Off, old man; release me."

"Mr. Pendarvis," said the minister, "it is madness to contend against so unequal a foe; all that you can do is to rely on Providence for the lady's safety; at present I see no danger."

"You see not with my eyes," answered the youth. "Give me a sword."

"There is no weapon in the house," replied the minister, "except those of this young man."

"Not a sword, a pistol, or a pike," returned Edward Pendarvis, looking wildly around. "Soldier, lend me thine; thou canst have others."

"Hur cannot appear before hur chief without arms," replied Drwndwn; "and hur has to be where they are needful."

"I am betrayed—abandoned—lost!" exclaimed Edward, with frightful vehemence. "Away to thy chief, since thou art vile enough to follow such a leader, and tell him, if Edward Pendarvis lives he will requite his treachery. Away, all of you, and leave me to defend the house alone."

"Edward Pendarvis, son of Sir Jorweth," said Rice Evans, with a trembling voice and quivering lip; "tell not him to flee whose life is only worth keeping for your need and service. Hear reason, dear master, or you will pull death upon us all. We must bend now to the blast; in an hour we rise again. If we stand obstinate and stiff, the whirlwind will tear us up by the roots, and scatter us for ever. I pray ye to bed again; now, for Rice Evans' sake."

"Not for the prayer of my mother," answered the youth, stamping with great

fierceness on the ground; and adding incoherently, "I will fight; I will die. Bar the doors and windows; bring your arms to the front; stand fast, and give fire. Amiable Julie! I will protect thee against all the savages on earth."

"Ha! he raves!" cried Shadow.

"The fever is strongly on him," said Mr. Lloyd; "he has not strength; he will fall."

"Julie! fair Julie," continued Pendarvis, waving his hand, in the delusion of febrile excitation, "retire; do not expose thy fair breast to the shot of the miscreants. Thou hast the body of a woman, though the courage of a Caillemotte. Courage, good hearts, and to the tug. There; we drive the villains. Fly, Gwyndyr, fly! Fly, Gwyndyr, fly!"

And elevating his arm, as if he had brandished his sword, Edward Pendarvis fell back exhausted on the bed, and lay still and inanimate as a corse, in the

same situation as before he had been brought to the house of the minister.

"Hur has no time to lose," said Drwndwn; "best cover hur up, and tell the ladies what is to be done. They must do as Owain Goch would have them. The chief will not look through the house, nor come up stairs, if they do as hur would have them."

"I will forthwith caution them," said the minister. "Every thing depends on prudence and submission."

Drwndwn immediately left the house; and Mr. Lloyd proceeded to the chamber of the ladies, to impart this new turn of events, and to communicate briefly the situation in which Edward Pendarvis stood in relation to the chief of Ben lyn. They had been disturbed by the same sounds which had aroused the invalid; and Madame Caillemotte was already up and dressed. In a few words the pastor told his story, and stated the necessity of obedience to the direction of Gwyndyr,

as the sole means whereby the eventual safety of all could be secured; and he found few arguments necessary to induce them to adopt the plan proposed by Owain Drwndwn.

CHAP. XII.

"Ah, my heart, I know you well,
Ye think for to discomfort me:
Nay, nay, nay, nay, I warne thee well,
Though that all this, yet in vaine be:
Some other grace may come perde,
Or else I think to be content
With my desire, till I be spent;
Wherefore, my heart! let be, let be."

PINKERTON'S *Scottish Poems*.

WITH a beating heart, though with courage of the highest order, the lovely Julie Caillemotte prepared to sacrifice herself to the safety of her lover. Not a tear, not a sigh escaped her, as she hastily dressed herself to encounter the new stroke of fortune by which she was to be again separated from him; and she actually hurried her mother's and her own equipments, that they might get down stairs before Gwyndyr's arrival, so fearful was she of leaving any opening to the detection of Delafosse. With the necessity of exertion, Mademoiselle Cail-

lemotte seemed to acquire strength and energy fitted to sustain her in the task. She no longer appeared the fainting, melancholy, love-sick damsel she was when first brought to Mr. Lloyd's; but the spirit of a high-mettled woman, possessing her mind in the midst of dangers and difficulties; and conquering all things by a philosophical passive obedience, animated her, and gave her a solid, though distant hope, of extricating herself from the bonds of the savage tyrant that enthralled her. Her spirits were, doubtless, elevated by the knowledge of her lover's being still alive, and by the hope that he would recover, perhaps to rescue, at all events, to avenge her; and her solicitude for his safety was the principal reason of her neglect of her own. In this state of mind, and too busy with her feelings to communicate them even to her mother, Julie led the way down stairs, and joined Mr. Lloyd in his study, where they had not long to

await the coming of Owain Goch. A noise which, from the original confused murmur we have before mentioned, increased to uproar, authenticated the approach of the chieftain; and on throwing open the window-shutters, the minister could behold in the grey dawn of the morning a mingled and disorderly crowd of Owain Goch's followers surrounding the house. Gwyndyr himself was giving some directions to Drwndwn, who bounded away with great speed towards Plas Mawr. He then turned to the house, and beholding most of the windows closed, cried, "Beat drums, and awake the sleepers — sound horns — to horse — the dogs are drawn."

He entered the house, and abruptly threw open the parlour door.

"What! up and ready?" he exclaimed, with some surprise. "This is well; this is sportsman-like. Come, my gay lady; your ambling nag paws for the field. You must ride a hunting this fine morning. The air that blows on Llan

Elian will brace you for a longer journey."

"We are ready, monsieur," said Madame Caillemotte, with deliberation and composure. "We are prepared to go whither you command us, trusting to be protected, and to receive the treatment that is honourable."

"As honourable, fair Julie," answered the chief, turning to Mademoiselle Caillemotte, "as the Prince of Wales, in his present fortune, can bestow upon the lady of his love."

"I pray you peace, sir," returned Mademoiselle Caillemotte. "We throw ourselves upon your protection, and we doubt not of meeting it. It is said, the hospitality of Wales hath never failed. Never should it fail in him who claims descent from the princes of the country."

"Owain Gwyndyr is too poor and too roughly bred to be able to preserve those royal virtues which pertained to his ancestors," said the chief; "but such

hospitality as he can display shall not be wanting to her who can command all he has."

"Do not mistake me wilfully, sir," replied Julie, with some animation. "We ask no display of care; no costliness of housekeeping; nor any extraordinary service. We require that we may lay down our heads in peace; that we may sleep securely under your roof. We eat bread with you as friends; and demand, as the custom of your country, hospitable and secure entertainment."

"Fair Julie, thou art well versed in the manners of my nation," responded Gwyndyr, with a smile. "Be it as thou desirest. No harm or treachery could rise in this breast, lawless as thou mayst deem it, against thee or thine. But now away. Buckle on thy cloak. We can waste no more words. Canst thou walk to Plas Mawr; or shall I carry thee thither in my arms?"

Mademoiselle Caillemotte made no reply to the chieftain's gallant speech, but

silently put on her cloak and hat, whilst her mother did the like.

"For a while, fair Julie," said Owain Goch, "thou and I must part. The service of King James detains me at Llancoch. The soldier's duty must ever be before his love. I have sent Drwndwn to Plas Mawr to get his worship's coach ready to convey thee towards my home, among the hills and the lakes of Merioneth. He will conduct thee to Llanwchlyn, the seat of my mother. Thou wilt know her and love her, for she deems highly of this old fashioned hospitality which thou speakest of. When I have fairly beat the heavy-breech'd knaves that are coming up, and I would thy gallant friend, Delafosse, were brother of my fortune, I will return to Corndochon, and glad my mother's eyes with the sight of a victorious son, and my own with thy beauty."

Mademoiselle Caillemotte could hardly forbear a tear, and a glance of indignant contempt at the deceitful profession of

the chieftain; but a moment's thought convinced her that a show of implicit confidence was necessary to blunt his penetration. She was, moreover, particularly desirous to be gone, for every moment of delay increased the possibility of her lover being discovered. She, therefore, bade adieu to Mr. Lloyd, who kissed her hand with great tenderness, and prayed for her welfare and happiness. She was leaving the room, when Gwyndyr stopped her and said, "Is it right, fair Julie, to leave your host and protector without bidding him farewell? Is it not better to give freely that which otherwise may be taken forcibly?"

"I will not do you so much wrong," replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte, "as to believe that you would take forcibly that which was not given freely. But, nevertheless, farewell, sir."

She held out her hand with the frankness and dignity of a princess, and her lover covered it with kisses. At length he suffered her to depart under an escort of ten of his followers: and the anxiety

of the pastor was relieved by the departure of Gwyndyr also. After seeing the last man pass the bounds of his little domain, Mr. Lloyd returned to the bedchamber of Edward Pendarvis, whom he found, not only still insensible, as he had left him, but in a state of high fever, arising from that excessive mental irritation he had undergone. The faithful Evans shook his head with mournful despondency, as the pastor gazed upon the form of the invalid, and asked what could be done?

"Heaven only knows?" answered Mr. Lloyd. "I am inexperienced in physic; and to send to Conwy for a doctor would expose him to discovery. Yet if thou wilt undertake to watch him, I will ride over thither speedily, and lay his case before the medical man. He will give some direction for his treatment. De invisis non est bonum judicare. But what else can be done?"

"You are, indeed, the shepherd of soul and body," replied Shadow. "It is

our only chance to save him. I pray you be speedy. Though I need not, for you have been a friend indeed to the son of Lady Elain."

In a short time the minister, accoutred in riding-coat and boots, mounted his fat square-built pony, and trotted away towards Conwy with more than usual attention and speed. The sun was rising behind him as he left the parsonage, and gilded every pinnacle and projection of rock, mountain, and tree, with a splendour unknown in a flatter country. A strong frost had crisped the ground, and the leaves of the trees and hedges, and the field-spider had spread a hundred spherical webs, whose gossamer glistered with silver dew. On his right lay the sea, which was half seen, half shrouded by the mist of night, like a fair mirror, partly obscured by the condensation of vapours; and far westward, or rather to the south-west, appeared, like the shadows of past ages, the dimly-seen British alps, the mountains of Caernar-

vonshire. Mr. Lloyd was a true mountaineer; or at least so far as to be an enthusiast in his admiration of mountain scenery, and consequently to hold that of the low or flat countries at a very much inferior rate. He could not eat when absent from his beloved country on any visit to the lowlands, he could not sleep nor breathe: the water was not drinkable; the air was not endurable; he had ever a strong tendency to apoplexy; from all which torments he never ceased to be delivered when he came in sight of the hills of Cambria. Thus endued, it is no wonder that the worthy pastor, assailed by so many temptations in the shape of natural beauties offering themselves to his admiration, fell into one of his usual fits of absence respecting the cause of his being on horseback at so early an hour; neither that he relaxed the application of his riding-stick to the unwieldy sides of his hog-maned cob, which that animal willingly construed into an intention on the part of the

rider to slacken his pace. The condition of his suffering guest had made a clean elopement from his memory, which, with a philosophical indifference, turned to the inspection of strata, fossils, plants, and other matters more germane to his habits of thinking. He had ridden about three miles from Llancoch, and had got off his horse to survey more narrowly a scene of historical recollection, the place where tradition asserts the Earl of Northumberland to have captured Richard the Second in an ambuscade on his passage from Conwy to Flint; when, having turned his eyes down the glen, where, as he had heard, the fierce Northumberland and his followers lay, and fallen into a train of profound thought, he was aroused from his reverie by the sound of a gruff voice; and, on turning round his head, he beheld two mounted troopers, whose appearance and language bespoke a foreign origin. They were videttes of that squadron of Dutch horse whose approach had been notified to

Owain Goch; and of whom, although the pastor had particularly heard, the recollection never occurred to him. The troopers pointed towards Conwy; but Mr. Lloyd, unable to comprehend their meaning, inquired what they wanted?

"Der Hauptman und sein reiterhaufe," replied one of the men, a German, pointing with his sword towards Conwy; and the parson could now see a considerable body of horse moving at a slow pace towards them. They were fine looking men, with a very military appearance; and Mr. Lloyd could not avoid occupying himself with admiring their equipments and bearing, rather than in adverting to his own situation. They were clad in a blue uniform, with large gold-laced hats, immense shoulder and waist belts of buff leather, and armed with sword, carbine, and bayonet. Their horses, of a strong heavy breed, were in high condition, and showed that they had not lately undergone the fatigues of active service. On their coming up, the pastor observed

there were two troops of fifty men each. The senior captain, or officer in command, seemed pleased at meeting with our luckless minister, and a grim smile passed over his weather-beaten and hard-favoured countenance, as he saluted him in the harsh and jarring tones of the regular high Dutch. The pastor looked at him, and bowed, but did not reply. Observing, however, that the officer awaited some explanation, he said "I have the honour to be vicar of the church of Llancoch."

"Ha! Langoch," cried the officer; "dat is der platz von empörung — vat is dere anzahl?"

"Anzahl!" repeated Mr. Lloyd, diffidently.

"Dere nombre, meister vicar!" said the officer, second in command. "Ich wold kennen de nombre of de rebelse — vey haf be einform durty hundert: are you freund to der Konig Wilhelm?"

"I may boast myself, friendly to the liberator of Britain," replied Mr. Lloyd.

"Wohl, meister," continued the officer, "speak rechtgläubig — vat is dere nombre?"

"Of their number, I cannot speak truly," replied the pastor, "since I have not been from home since the rebel Gwyndyr and his followers entered the town until now."

"Wohl, gut," exclaimed the German, "und what brinks you on dis rehde now?"

This was certainly a puzzling question for the good pastor, because until now he had absolutely forgot the occasion which caused his journey; and was only awakened by the interrogatory of the querist to the absurd situation in which he had been found, the circumstances under which he left home considered. But he was either a man of too much probity to evade or reply falsely to the question, or his usual absence of thought induced him to answer without reserve, that he was on his way to Conwy on a matter of life and death.

"Gut!" cried the officer, with a phlegmatic sneer, "and on de tings of life and death, you haf time to stare at de bergs."

The minister, unable to reply and unwilling to confess his frailty, hung down his head in silence, whilst the Dutch officers looked at each other with understanding glances, and then upon him with eyes of suspicion.

"Mein herr vicar," continued the querist, laying his hand involuntarily on the pommel of his pistol, "it appears to me dat you are der hundschafter — dat is de spy."

"I am none," replied the pastor, with some indignation, for he had not that apprehension of danger which would have repressed his anger; "I am what I have told you — the first peasant we meet will confirm my truth."

"Wohl!" ejaculated M. Hogenberts, "mount das pferd — de furst paysan must confirm your truth, or Ich woll shoot your brains."

Little pleased with the greeting he had received at the hands of the new allies of England, Mr. Lloyd mounted his horse, and was about to proceed on his journey, little dreaming that the troopers had no mind at present to part company, when M. Hogenberts sharply bade him to halt.

"I must be gone — I am already behind hand in my business," replied the simple-hearted pastor.

"Der teufel und feinds!" exclaimed the officer fiercely, "zurüch — back — your business to de flammes — mount — vorwarts."

He had scarcely given his command, when the videttes, who had again been sent forward, returned at a smart trot, and communicated the intelligence that a large body of armed men were advancing on the road from Llancoch, and were now only concealed by a mass of limestone rock, round which the road turned at a few hundred yards distance. No ways dismayed at this intelligence,

the senior officer formed his men in the road as well as the nature of the ground would permit, and prepared to receive the enemy with military courtesy.

"Mein herr vicar!" said the second in command, spitefully; "Stant fast, Ich woll break you into de service. Ich woll cut you down if you flinch or fly."

The pastor now perceived the foremost of the followers of Owain Goch appear beyond the rock, behind which the main body seemed to make a general halt, being perhaps ignorant of the number of their foes. But the Dutch captain resolved not to allow them much time to reflect on their scheme of operations; for conjecturing that the enemy were an undisciplined and disorderly crowd, unable to cope with veteran soldiers, he formed his men afresh, and led them on to charge the mountaineers. The rock served for a bulwark to protect each party against the shot of the other until they came to close quarters, and it was not until the troopers had made the turn

of the road, and got pêle-mêle among their enemies, that the carbine and broad sword did any execution against the long gun and dagger. The charge was, however, of a murderous description, and the advantage which the Orangemen possessed over their adversaries in the weight and fleetness of their horses, and their regular discipline, enabled them to make a complete lane through the savage hillsmen of Merioneth, who at length, borne down and unable to make any resistance in the confined lane where they were posted, took to the mountain on either side of the road, where their enemies could not advance, and prepared to renew the action. Owain Goch himself, who was the last to quit the road, and who had laid M. Hogenberts flat on his saddle croupe by a blow of his cutlass, climbed like a cat to the top of the limestone rock. The Dutch captain now perceived that his danger was imminent, and lost no time in sounding a retreat; but he was doomed to pay dearly for his

indiscretion, and the unerring aim of the Jacobites, as the troopers passed the defile at a gallop, emptied many a saddle, and thinned the ranks of their foes. Nor did their punishment cease when they had gained the more open ground; for the mountaineers, with the agility of goats, ran along the sheep tracks, or sprung from rock to rock, on either side of the road, heading rather than keeping pace with the troopers, and at their ease shot them down when they could make no resistance. It was not until they had come in sight of the towers of Conwy, and observed several vessels of war anchored before the town, within the range of whose guns Owain Goch and his band had no desire to advance, that the chieftain gave up the pursuit, and suffered the remnant of his foes quietly to depart, while he and his men descended to the road to finish the career of the wounded, and to collect the booty.

It is now time to return to Mr. Lloyd, and to enquire what had become of him during the contest. We have seen that M. Hogenberts threatened to cut him down if he offered to fly; but that gentleman being ordered by his superior to charge, and believing, on second thought, that the vicar would be an incumbrance in the fight, he good-naturedly, as the pastor thought, bade him to get out of the way. Mr. Lloyd, however, who was by no means a timid man, did not make any extraordinary haste; for he never thought of calculating what chances might befall him should the victory terminate in favour of Gwyndyr, and he should be found by the chieftain in company with the opposite party; and as he had never before been within sight of a battle, which, notwithstanding his Christian and humane feelings, he could not help thinking must be a scene of thrilling interest, he suffered the reins of the bridle to lie on his pony's neck, while, with averted head, for his pony was turned

towards Conwy, he expected the first shock of the combat. But, happily for him, his steed was not so fraught with high-minded desires as himself; and no sooner heard "the din of battle bray," the first discharge of fire-arms, and the cheers of the combatants, than, as if he had received a bullet in his ear, he started on the top of his speed, and in a few minutes bore his rider, who was unable to gather the reins, and obliged to hold by mane and saddle, far away from the sight of the conflict. The roar of battle grew fainter and more distant; and before he could recover his *manége* of the wilful horse, the castle of Conwy saluted his astonished eyes, and he had arrived at the ferry-house on the banks of the river. By this time Mr. Lloyd had lost all recollection of every thing but his own personal danger; and although he was not a very bad horseman, yet the fears and wilfulness of the spoiled animal he rode rendered his seat rather precarious. He was therefore glad to alight

at the door of the ferry-house, to the stable of which the pony, from his old recollections, directly made, and once more to stand safely upon terra firma. He had scarcely time, however, to congratulate himself on his escape from any hurt, or to arrange the order of his disturbed equipments, before he was surrounded by a crowd of people, who had been collected together by the appalling sounds of the distant war; and as the minister had come in that direction whence they proceeded, and with the speed and looks of a man flying for life from the field, he was justly esteemed a proper person from whom to gather information. But though Mr. Lloyd, with the greatest good-nature, replied to their thickly-set enquiries, and put them in possession of the identity of the combatants, yet he could not give them any satisfaction about the issue of the contest, nor even its probable result; and indeed they might hear with great and increasing distinctness, (for the troopers

had already begun to retreat,) that the gale of war had not yet abated. By the busy and anxious curiosity of the boatmen, among others, the passage of the pastor was considerably delayed; but when the firing came nearer, and they could discern, at a considerable distance, the broken squadron of horse endeavouring to make good its retreat to the shore, or open ground, where it would be enabled to make a stand against the mountaineers, the rabble, with natural fearfulness, took to the boats, and half persuading, half compelling the minister to accompany them, put off, and rowed away towards Conwy. The tide was fast coming in, and the river, in this place very broad, would soon have interposed an effectual barrier between them and the guns of the Jacobites; but fear is blind; and, in their terror, the boatmen preferred throwing themselves upon the nearer protection of the armed vessels, which lay at anchor, to running the risk of obtaining a more distant, though

more secure sanctuary under the guns of the castle. As they approached the ships of war, they could perceive that they were full of soldiers, who were already arming, whilst the seamen were employed in getting the boats into the water to convey them to the shore; and a military officer of rank, who stood at the gangway of the heaviest vessel, put several questions to the fugitives touching the numbers and situation of the Jacobites. Being answered by Mr. Lloyd, who informed him that he had just come from the first scene of action, the officer begged of him to step on board, a request which the pastor instantly complied with.

"I perceive," said the officer, when they had entered the cabin — "be good enough to sit — I perceive you are a clergyman."

"I am the poor vicar of Llancoch," answered the pastor.

"Of Llancoch!" exclaimed the gentleman, with some surprise. "You are then well met, sir; for you can give me

some news, perchance, of two ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle la Caillemotte, who, I suppose, fell into the hands of the insurgents with Captain Coquincourt's company. I was on my route from Bristol to Dublin, when I fell in with the corvette which escaped from Llancoch; and from her commander I learned the disaster which has befallen his majesty's arms, the result of a rebellious confederacy, which has been detected."

"Are you more than commonly interested in the ladies you speak of?" returned the pastor, with some hesitation. "I beg your pardon for the enquiry."

"There is no offence," answered the officer. "I am interested neither more nor less than in being the husband of one lady, and father of the other."

"I feared as much," said Mr. Lloyd. "The information I can give you will be ungrateful to your ears."

"'Slife, sir," answered Monsieur Caillemotte, hastily; "they have met

with no incivility? Though captivated with our troops, they have been treated as becomes their sex and quality?"

Mr. Lloyd in reply unfolded to him all that he knew of the captivity of his wife and daughter, of their treatment since, and their removal from his house that morning for the purpose of being conveyed into the interior of the country; a recital which threw the gallant and courteous officer into a state of high astonishment and indignation.

"That in a civilized country," exclaimed Monsieur Caillemotte, "a country renowned for its arts as well as for its arms, there should be found a man base and savage enough to use noble ladies after this uncourteous guise, is monstrous and incredible. That a mountain robber, a ruffian at the head of a band of thieves, durst have laid a hand on the daughter of Caillemotte — but it seems he hath dared, and to talk is useless. Which is the way to the mountains? we must pursue and rescue my poor women."

"There, sir, is our unhappiness increased," replied the minister; "there are so many mountain paths, known only to the hillsmen, so abrupt and difficult of access, that it is a thing next to impossible to make your way direct to the place of Gwyndyr's retreat. The high road is by Denbigh, Ruthyn, Corwen, and Bala; but Owain Goch seldom goes in that direction; he uses the mountain passes, which are known to none so well as himself and his followers, which are difficult to find, and dangerous to explore, and where he is safe from and laughs at the attacks of his foes."

"Fear not," answered the intrepid and confident soldier, "we will make either a hog or a dog of this wild fellow. Sure they must have some soldiers among them, or they would not so easily have mastered the place, and beat the Dutch guard. Heard you of one Delafosse, a young soldier of reputation, who was among the prisoners? He has joined, and leads the insurgents, I am informed."

In the simplicity of his heart, the good pastor, won by the frankness and open courtesy of Monsieur Caillemotte, and ignorant that the father of Julie had known and rejected the suit of the unfortunate youth, told all he knew of the events which had befallen the lovers, the situation and danger of his sick guest, and the errand which he himself was then upon to obtain for him medical assistance; and he concluded by saying, "In fine, Monsieur Caillemotte, to Edward — I mean to Captain Delafosse you owe, under heaven, not only the life, but the preservation of the honour, thus far, of your child. By his exertions in the tempest, the vessel was upheld from sinking. It was he that aroused the mariners from despair, and urged them to those efforts which kept the ship afloat until she was succoured."

"The young man shall not lose his reward," answered the colonel gravely; "if he live I will do him service; but now there is no time to lose, we must get

ashore and drive the insurgents before us—but stay, when yonder bold man shall know that we have a force he cannot cope with, he will perhaps submit, and restore to us Julie Caillemotte; we will parley with him."

The colonel armed himself, and returned to the deck, accompanied by Mr. Lloyd, and found his soldiery accoutred and ready for action, awaiting his command to be put on shore. On the bank of the river, the Dutch captain had drawn up his remnant of horse, and in the distance, where the road defiled between the mountains, Monsieur Caillemotte could discern the straggling and undisciplined bands of Gwyndyr, gazing upon the military array displayed by their lately discomfited adversaries, and the soldiery on board the vessels. Eager to learn the determination and intentions of the Welchman, Monsieur Caillemotte briefly explained the situation of his wife and daughter to an old officer, whom he had pitched on to bear his flag of truce,

and dispatched him ashore, willingly believing that Gwyndyr, on understanding his power, and the hopelessness of success, would yield up his daughter, and submit to the authority of King William.

The parleyer standing up in the boat, bearing in his hand a white flag, was rowed ashore; and Gwyndyr, perceiving it was the intention of the enemy to communicate with him, drew up his men on either side of the hill to guard against surprise, for he paid little regard to the sacred character of the immaculate symbol, and awaited the approach of the messenger. To expedite his return, the officer borrowed one of the trooper's horses, and went at a round pace from the shore to the station of the Welchmen. As he drew nigh to them, he waved his flag, and the chief of Ben lyn advanced to meet him.

"What seek ye more than war at the hand of Gwyndyr?" said the haughty chieftain.

"Monsieur la Caillemotte sends to the officer commanding the insurgents," answered the messenger.

"Can he bestow no better name on the subjects and soldiers of King James?" returned Owain Goch, snorting with rage; "the followers of Orange, who is a rebel to his father, deserve the title he gives us far better of the two: well, what seeks Caillemotte?"

"Our commander is at the head of such a force as will extinguish your rebellion in the first lighting of its flame!" continued the officer; "and he, therefore, bids you submit, having no hope of success in your enterprize, to save the effusion of blood."

"Tell Caillemotte from Owain Goch that his motive is feeble," answered the chief; "that Gwyndyr delights in blood as the vulture of Snowdon."

"Lastly," pursued the messenger, "he requires of you, according to the laws of war practised among all civilized nations, that you restore to him his wife and

daughter, Madame and Mademoiselle Caillemotte, who were taken at the house of Mr. Pendarvis, of Plas Mawr, and this instantly without equivocation or delay."

"What! does it come at last?" muttered the barbarian to himself, whilst a smile of contempt shadowed his lip; "inform your chief that Gwyndyr and the soldiers of King James do not war with women. If Caillemotte's wife and daughter were taken at Plas Mawr, they have since been released, and are gone whither it pleased them."

"If they were taken, dost thou make an if of it?" returned the veteran, whose blood was heated at the detention of persons so dear to his leader; "I tell thee, man, thou knowest as well as I, nay, better, since thou didst make them captives with thine own hand, that they were taken, and are now thy prisoners."

"Away, dog, thou dost forfeit thy character," answered the enraged chief, turning upon his heel.

"Dog!" exclaimed the officer, "unprincipled savage! Monsieur Caillemotte is not ignorant of thy villany and presumption in withholding his daughter. King James himself will disavow thee and thy brutal followers. But look to thyself, the sun is risen that shall see thee trampled in dust."

Stung with the reproaches of the messenger, who now turned his horse round to depart, Gwyndyr raised his gun to his shoulder, and took deliberate aim at him, whilst the officer, scorning to fly, rode off at a deliberate pace. But to fire at a man's back when unresisting, and confiding in the sacred symbol of truce, was either an act of too mean and despicable a nature for the proud barbarian to commit, or he was fearful he might not be borne out in it by his allies, who, he was conscious, still preserved a respect for the laws of nations and arms. He, therefore, though with a stinging heart, lowered his gun, and ordered his men to prepare for combat or flight, as the num-

ber of his enemies, of which he was yet ignorant, should incline him. The officer, in the mean time, returned on board the ship, and gave an account of his reception to Monsieur Caillemotte, who instantly commanded the men ashore; and the files of English and French infantry, several hundred of whom were under his command, debarked under the cover of the Dutch horse, and the anxious inspection of the warriors of Cambria.

CHAP. XIII.

"Oh! thou foul thief! Where hast thou stow'd my daughter?" *Othello.*

Before M. Caillemotte left the vessel, he gave orders to the commodore of the little squadron to weigh anchor, and sail round the Ormeshead to Llancoch, there to afford him any assistance that might be needful.

In a short time the troops were landed, and drawn out upon the shore; and their strength, in connection with their known valour, experience, and discipline, presented a formidable aspect to the eyes of Gwyndyr and his licentious followers. But their concern was increased by the firing of a few shots from the transports, as they wore round upon weighing anchor, which put them in motion to get beyond gun range, or at least out of the exposed situation in which they stood. In opening a fire of great guns upon the

Welsh, it was merely the intention of M. Caillemotte to break up any ambush which might be formed; but the Cambrian warriors were so inexperienced in, and fearful of this sort of warfare, that they fairly gave up their position, and departed. The little army was now formed into three divisions: the right and left, commanded by trusty officers, took the elevated ground on each side of the road to Llancoch, and M. Caillemotte, commanding the centre, marched on the road itself, covered by the Dutch horse. Thus distributed, they proceeded with confidence, under the direction of Mr. Lloyd, who, accompanying M. Caillemotte, acted as guide, and did them considerable service in making the leader acquainted with the features of the country. They advanced about two miles from the banks of the Conwy without seeing or hearing an enemy; and M. Caillemotte, ignorant of barbarian tactics, believed that, terrified at his ordnance, the Welshmen had fled; but

when he least expected an attack, he was assailed at a turn of the road in front and rear, and for some moments the veterans of William of Orange were checked by the rapid and sustained fire of the undisciplined warriors of Cambria. The latter had concealed themselves among the underwood, or in the numerous chasms of the rocks, where the unsuspecting soldiery would least have thought they were hidden; and their enemies having passed over the ground, they were thus enabled to take them in rear, while the boldest portion of their comrades, under the sword of Owain Goch, were brought up to stand the fire and the charge of the soldiers in front; a service to which they were urged as much by a fear of their ferocious leader as by their own courage and obstinacy. But no courage or obstinacy unaided by regular discipline could long withstand the regular fire and bayonet charge of Caillemotte's division. The Cambrians, almost before a bayonet had touched a

breast, broke and gave way: the column of infantry opened, and the Dutch horse, dashing through at full speed, fell furiously upon the fugitives, and amply revenged themselves for their late disgrace. Even the wolf of Ben lyn was chased off the ground, but not before he had rended many of his pursuers. Whilst the centre division thus achieved the victory in the road, the right and left wings made good their ground against their assailants in the rear; and though, in consequence of their general's order, they durst not pursue; yet they gave them so warm a reception as caused them to keep at a secure distance, and to follow their leader with the speed of fear and intimidation. Owain Goch and his followers, thus discomfited, again took to the mountains, where the horse could not, and the foot were not allowed to follow; whilst M. Caillemotte, whose loss was inconsiderable, kept his steady and victorious march towards Llancoch. Mr. Lloyd had now obtained his desire

of witnessing an engagement, though it must be confessed he was rather too much in the throng to enjoy the spectacle, without having his feelings of admiration mingled and checked by those of fear, horror, and humanity. The hurtle of the musketry and the whizzing of the balls made his eyes twinkle and his heart palpitate; but he had nevertheless sufficient presence of mind to conceal his trepidation; and even the veteran of a hundred battles, the intrepid Caillemotte, praised his coolness and temper. But whatever encomiums the worthy pastor received, he found that the field of battle was no field of glory for him. By dint of honour and shame, he restrained himself from vociferating his fears; but the demoniac yells of the combatants, the shrieks and curses of the stricken, the wounded, and the dying, palsied his soul, and obliterated his desire of beholding deeds of arms. He was glad to forget his military dream, and to sink into the peaceful village pastor.

It was high noon when M. Caillemotte once more beheld the Welsh drawn up in battalia at the entrance to the village of Llancoch; and he was obliged to dispatch a part of his regiment to dislodge the enemy from the hedges and inclosures. Owain Goch and his followers had thrown up a rude intrenchment of earth and stone so as to block up the road, and seemed determined to defend it to the last; and the skilful eye of the French officer detected the array of several companies of regular troops in the rear of Gwyndyr's tumultuary bands. M. Caillemotte halted his forces upon a little green, or rising ground, a few hundred yards from the intrenchment; and by allowing them a few minutes refreshment after the fatigue of their march, prepared them for a fierce and resolute assault. The Dutch troopers, anxious to re-establish their character, and to satiate their revenge in a general storm, dismounted, and took upon themselves the arduous duty of *enfans perdus*, whilst

the troops of other nations, French and English, were driven by emulation to equal, or surpass the efforts of the Hollanders. On the other side of the rampart, the followers of Gwyndyr, supported by disciplined soldiers, recovered from their dismay; and the garrison of the tower, fired by the harangues of their veteran leader, Colonel Teague O'Regan, burned for the combat with more than Hibernian impetuosity.

The genius of M. Caillemotte, which was as much disposed to the arts of diplomacy as to those of war, suggested to him the idea of endeavouring to scatter the seeds of dissension among the Jacobites, by sending a fresh flag of truce, demanding from Colonel O'Regan, who, he learned, was at the head of the disciplined soldiery, the restoration of his wife and daughter. From what he knew of the ex-governor of Charlemont, who piqued himself upon his gallantry and respect for the ladies, M. Caillemotte was assured that he had no hand in their

abduction ; and, after some consideration, he resolved to propose a meeting between O'Regan and himself at a little distance from either station. Thus disposed, he ordered the signal of parley to be beat, and dispatched the same officer that bore his former message to the lines of the Welsh ; and the chief of Ben lyn, as if apprehensive of the nuncio revealing something to the soldiery which he had no mind they should hear, advanced to the edge of the intrenchment, and asked his purpose.

" I am to crave speech of Colonel O'Regan," answered the officer.

" Colonel O'Regan is better employed than to waste words on you," said the chieftain. " What is your message ?"

" To none but himself can I deliver it," replied the messenger ; " and I request I may have conduct to him."

" You shall have none," answered Gwyndyr, resolutely. " Away, and return not hither, unless you can march over this mound, sword in hand."

But the name of O'Regan had passed from the intrenchment to the rear, and came to the ears of the colonel himself, who pressed forward.

"What say you, sir?" he cried, as he pushed through the crowd. "Is it to me that your general sends his compliments? Faith, sir, I'm obliged to M. Caillemotte — I'm very glad we're to have the pleasure of fighting with so gallant an officer."

"M. Caillemotte," returned the officer, bowing to the complimentary speech of the Irish hero, "is desirous to prevent not only the effusion of blood, as he would have done once before to-day, but also the breach of the laws of war; and to that end desires a meeting at any proper place that may be fixed upon with Colonel O'Regan, as an officer better skilled in in the ordinances of arms and the laws of nations than the inexperienced persons he is in alliance with."

"Arrah, you may say that," replied the Hibernian.

"We will have no meetings save with arms in our hands," cried Gwyndyr. "We are banded to fight, not to talk."

"So we are, Master Gwendare!" said O'Regan; "but, nevertheless, out of courtesy to our brother in arms, it is fit I should meet him."

"Brother!" cried the mountaineer, "I would I might hug this brother to my breast. Colonel O'Regan, you meet not this Frenchman with my consent. I see no advantage to the interest of King James that may be gained by this parley; and we are losing precious time in holding speech with these Orangemen."

"Faith, Master Gwindoor," returned O'Regan, "there is mighty small need to be in so great a hurry about cutting people's throats. When the work's begun it's soon ended; and devil the one of us can tell whether the lot's his own. Moreover, I have been at parleys before to-day. Ould Teague O'Regan is not to teach at this time what is propriety in

military matters. And how can we tell before we hear, jewel, whether what Callimot has to say is for the honour of King James or no? Perhaps the Prince of Orange may have sent him hither to make proposals of pace through Colonel Teague O'Regan, to his right royal majesty King James the Second. Burn me but it's true."

His colleague smiled contemptuously; an action which highly offended the consequence of the Hibernian, who, with a more determined air, proceeded — "Return, grah, to your general. Return the compliment of me Colonel Teague O'Regan, at present governor of the castle and fortress of Lancestock, for his royal majesty King James, and say I will meet the said Mounseer Callimot without loss of time; and as good a place as can be is between the two armies. Say so, my dear, and I will be with him incontinently."

The nuncio bowed and retired, leaving the chief of Ben lyn in no very agree-

able humour, and the governor half expecting, but wholly prepared for, a hot controversy with his colleague. And, without doubt, Gwyndyr was well disposed to show his indignation at being over-ruled by O'Regan, for he said, "We are too many here, or I would tell you plainly my thoughts on this stupid business. The Frenchman cannot beat us, and so he wishes to cajole you into some trap. But if you will stray from the herd, look for no succour when the lion is upon you."

"So be it," answered the Hibernian, coolly; "let me tell you, Master Glendower, it suits neither my rank nor yet my temper, to be back'd and thwarted by men of less years and experience than myself."

"My years are greener and my experience younger than yours," returned Gwyndyr, proudly; "but in courage and skill in conducting war on the mountains of my country, I will not yield to you nor any man."

"By St. Patrick," said O'Regan, "I wish you had all the honour to yourself, jewel, and I was in ould Ireland again; I'd never wish to see your country, nor learn your tactics; not to be made King of Wales, and call St. Winifred my grandmother."

"Go your way," said Owain Goch, sulkily; "but if you must go, I will bear you company. We are all interested in whatever passes between you and Caillemotte: the folly of one shall not be the ruin of all."

"With all my heart, go along with me," said the governor; "ould Teague O'Regan's not going to turn traitor to his king and country, that he fears to let any moder's son of the devil hearken to what he says. So send the general word, will you, that you mane to honour him wid your company."

"My men speak only their mother tongue," answered the chief; "but it matters not; Caillemotte will see you are attended, and bring a man with him."

"Ochree! But this is not the way to do the thing genteelly, nor after the military fashion," returned the governor; "Ho! Barney Callaghan there! Come hither, sirrah; I'd be spaking wid you. Have you such a thing as a white napkin or pocket-handkerchief, Master Gundare, just to tie on a pike, and make a flag of truce of."

"I carry no such trumpery," answered the chief.

"Arrah! I might have guessed the same thing before I spoke," said O'Regan. "Devil of any thing dacent is there in the whole corps of ye. Stop, dear, for a need I'll make use of the muff. It was white once, not to say it's grey now; but it'll do for a shift, and many poor devil of a soldier's done worse in the like dilemma. Here, Barney, be careful of the flag of truce, for it's the only nate thing I'm left master of in the wide world. Go to the enemy, jewel; only first bate the chammade lest they hang ye for a spy. Give Colonel

O'Regan's compliments to Mounseer Caillemotte; say, I myself will take the liberty of bringing a friend to our conference, and request he will do the like. Do you hear, Barney? Do your office nately, for the honour of me your commander, of arms, and ould Ireland."

"Never fear, your honour," replied Barney Callaghan, bracing his drum, and beating the chammade, or signal of parley; after which he shouldered the original flag of truce, jumped over the rampart, and proceeded towards the station of the enemy. With peals of laughter, the regular soldiery of Monsieur Caillemotte received this extraordinary messenger, who, after being challenged by the sentinel, was conducted to the commander-in-chief. Monsieur Caillemotte, though naturally of a grave temper, could not refrain from smiling at the singular substitute which Colonel O'Regan's ingenuity had devised for the white flag, and was equally tickled with

the manner in which the nuncio delivered his message.

"His honour's worship, the valiant Colonel Teague O'Regan," said Barney Callaghan, lowering his ensign as to a general on parade, "directs his compliments to Mounseer Calomel, and says he himself will take liberty to bring his friend, that they call Owain Goch, to confer between ye, and he would have your honour take liberty to do the same."

"I am indebted to the courtesy of your officer," answered Monsieur Caillemotte; "tell him so; and that I will pursue his desire."

Barney Callaghan hoisted his flag, turned to the right about, and departed to his own lines, well satisfied with himself; and that the honour of his master, of arms, and ould Ireland, was well sustained.

He was shortly followed by Monsieur Caillemotte, who advanced about fifty yards towards the rampart of his enemies,

cautious, however, of coming within the range of the long guns of the mountaineers. He was accompanied by the captain of the Dutch horse, a man of mould and courage similar to the form and temperament of Gwyndyr; and had any untoward event fallen out, no two men could have been better matched. They halted, in expectation of their progress being descried by the opposite party; nor did they stand long before the Irish hero, and his colleague, Owain Goch, left the rampart to meet them. They now proceeded with confidence, and the parties met in the mid-distance between the forces. The French and Dutch officers saluted O'Regan and his companion; and the former, with excessive politeness, returned their courtesy; but the proud neck of the mountaineer was too stiff to bend, and he gazed upon his enemies in still and silent haughtiness. The Dutch officer, whose pride was equal to his own, returned his stare with

equal contempt; but Monsieur Caillemotte did not notice his incivility.

"We soon meet again, Colonel O'Regan," said Monsieur Caillemotte, with a smile; "it falls to your lot to be where the drum is stirring."

"Och, Mounseer!" replied the governor; "you don't tell a word of a lie. True it is, they clap the heaviest burdens on the oldest backs. Mighty little pace have I had in the world since I followed the business of war. But men of experience, mounseer, — men of courage and experience, are in request now; though a year or two back we might have lived upon cheese-parings. The roaring trade's begun again, and soldiers may now get salt to their porridge."

"But it is to be hoped, Colonel O'Regan," returned Monsieur Caillemotte, "that this war will not long continue. My instant reason for seeking this meeting is, in the first place, as my officer hath before delivered to you, to endea-

vour such an accommodation as may spare the blood of many brave men. I speak with candour, sir, when I tell you, what you must have already perceived, that your purpose of raising any head in the principality is now hopeless; the forces under my command are superior to any that can be brought presently into the field. And were the unfortunate prince, whose cause you uphold, now present, he would say, Lay down your arms, and do not vainly expend those lives which elsewhere might do me better service."

"Until we hear the commands of our sovereign," said Gwyndyr, impatiently, "you will allow us to adopt what measures we think best for his interest. We will suffer ourselves to be talked into submission when we can no longer support with our arms the cause of King James."

"You mistake me, sir," replied the French commander, whose temper, notwithstanding the insolent tone of Gwyn-

dyr, remained unruffled; "I do not seek, I shall not attempt to talk you into submission against your inclination. I have here," pointing to his troops, "better arguments than any which my poor wit can furnish. I wish you, upon consideration, to determine, whether it will not be your interest, your most direct policy, to forego that enterprise, which could only have been successful in the event of your plans having remained secret. That they have been detected and exposed, my very presence here is sufficient to demonstrate; and no man, whose knowledge of service is so considerable as that of Colonel O'Regan, will for a moment suppose, that the undisciplined, half-armed, and uncommanded peasantry, with whom I have been engaged to-day, can, however brave, stand for a single hour against the best troops in Europe."

"You do not reckon your horse the worst among them," said Gwyndyr, with a sneer; "and yet the undisciplined and uncommanded peasantry you slight drove

them as the spray is driven by the wind."

"Mr. Gwyndyr, if that be your name," returned Monsieur Caillemotte, with rather a cynical smile, "you may be at the head of a band of brave and warlike insurgents, and yet, pardon me for speaking freely, wholly ignorant of the art military. But, however you may be deficient in the science of war, you cannot but be aware that your victory, if you call it so, over Captain Boggerman's horse, arose entirely from the nature of the ground; it was because you could maintain your station on the heights, where he could not attack you, and whence you could securely use your weapons without annoyance or retaliation, that Captain Boggerman felt it his duty to retreat. Had you been on the open ground, your followers would have been corn in the hand of the reaper."

"You mean thorns," replied Owain Goch; "the mountaineers of Wales do not fall unrevenged."

"And yet many of your followers fell to-day, with little loss on my part," returned the general, calmly.

"But the sun and our blood are yet up," answered Gwyndyr, savagely.

"It is my prayer that the sun may set in peace," said Monsieur Caillemotte, gravely; "that your fever may be cooled without blood-letting. I repeat that your cause is desperate; why not capitulate?"

"You speak too rashly," said Gwyndyr; "you know neither the country nor its resources."

"There again, Mr. Gwyndyr, you betray your ignorance of military affairs," replied Monsieur Caillemotte; "I am better informed of the resources of Wales than you suppose; perhaps better than yourself."

"It matters not," exclaimed Gwyndyr, who was enraged at the superiority which he perceived the disciplined and experienced soldier had over him; "we will fight you with all your advantages. We despise capitulation whilst we have swords

in our hands, and we will dispute every glen, rock, and mountain, in the cause of King James."

"Very well," replied the undisturbed soldier; "I take it for granted you are the oracle of your party."

"Owain Gwyndyr stands for himself and his sovereign," answered the chief.

"I mean," continued Monsieur Caillemotte, "that your colleagues agree with you."

"Ask that question when you see us differ," cried Gwyndyr, haughtily.

"In a conference of this nature, Mr. Gwyndyr," returned the French officer, with great mildness, "there is poor occasion for personal heat."

"What! shall we see ourselves treated with scorn and not resent it?" said the chieftain; "Shall we behold you throw the seeds of discord among us, as if we were children, with a naked hand, and not tell you that we detect your knavery? By the living spirits of my fathers, I will tear my heart out, and offer it to you for

a benison, when it grows so tame and cowardly."

The fact is, that Monsieur Caillemotte had, in some measure, mistaken the character of Owain Goch; for he had esteemed him a fierce and warlike, but illiterate and dull-brained savage; a second Telamon, who, having thews and sinews to execute a deed of valour, was destitute of that policy and shrewdness which are necessary to form an accomplished leader. He had, therefore, spoken rather too confidently and incautiously, and was somewhat disconcerted at the free and acute reply of his opponent, and still more so at the confirmation which Gwyndyr's declaration met with from O'Regan, who, being made awake to Monsieur Caillemotte's policy by the speech of his colleague, said, he perfectly agreed with him in his view of the matter, and at present did not think it necessary to talk of a capitulation.

"Soit," again muttered the French

officer, reduced to his laconic and phlegmatic affirmative.

"Sure enough, it's a pace of nonsense to talk of capitulation," continued the governor, "when we've such a power of men, and such plenty of brandy and other provision. We'd better stand storm, and be all killed, every moder's son, and then we should be knock'd off the perch like brave soldiers."

"Very well," said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"And we shouldn't be ashamed of looking King James in the face the next time we met him," pursued the Hibernian; "as the case would be, if we bate a surrender without firing a shot."

"Soit; very well," said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"You are an experienced officer, Monsieur Callimot," said O'Regan, "and you must admit we take the course that the devil can't find fault with. Burn me, but I'd rather my head was cut off, and

cast into an iron bullet for a twenty pound gun, than do the dishonourable thing."

"Then I now come to the second part of my speech," said Monsieur Caillemotte, with unparalleled equanimity, and even with an appearance of gaiety; "and although, being a matter which concerns me personally, it is almost unworthy to be mingled in a conference on much weightier matters; yet for the sake of courtesy, and that respect which all brave men feel for each other, I must for a few moments crave your attention. It will, perhaps, save time to thank you, Mr. Gwyndyr, for the care and attention which I hear you have bestowed on my wife and daughter, and to request you will immediately restore them to my care."

"Your thanks are due to me no further," replied Owain Goch, "than for preserving them from insult when Plas Mawr was taken in. They have since been entertained by Lady Elain Pen-

darvis; and, for aught I know, are still beneath her roof."

"For aught you know?" said Monsieur Caillemotte, with some severity: "Know you not that they were brought from Plas Mawr to a house in the village?"

"Possibly they might," answered the chief, with some hesitation; "but I know not the cause. The soldiers of King James meddle not with women; your wife and daughter, it was said, wished to be near the sea."

"But did they wish for a guard?" said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Why were your sentries stationed at the doors of the house they occupied? I call upon you, Colonel O'Regan, to answer this as a gentleman and soldier. Is it usual to hold women captive? Is it courteous to treat the relatives of an officer of my rank with the indignities they have suffered?"

"By St. Patrick, Mounseer Callimot," replied the governor, in amazement, "I

answer as my friend Gwyndyr, I know nothing at all of the dear cratures; I never set eyes on their bonny faces since I saw them blubbering aboard the transport, when we were like to have made a big bed together in the ocean."

"I believe you, Colonel O'Regan," answered Monsieur Caillemotte; "I give you full credit for your declaration. There is not in Europe, sure I am, one officer whose rank exceeds that of the lowest subaltern, who would not, in place of occasioning inconvenience to those females, have lent his assistance to ensure their comfort and liberty."

"On my conscience you are in the right, Mounseer," said the Hibernian. "And no sooner did I hear that Madame and Mamsel were at Pendarvis's, when the place was taken, but I recommended them to be taken care of, and attended according to their quality. Master Gwyndyr here can bear me witness."

"It will be well if Mr. Gwyndyr can answer for himself," said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Why point your discourse at me?" said the chief of Ben Lyn: "Am I to be the keeper of your daughter? Am I answerable for her person? In the short time that she has been on our shores, her love for a leader of our party is become known. Delafosse has disappeared, and has doubtless escorted his beloved Julie to a more peaceful country."

"Delafosse!" exclaimed O'Regan; "Did not the brave fellow fall in battle?"

"It appears not," said the deceitful chieftain; "my follower Drwndwn but last night found his cloak at some distance from the scene of combat. The ladies have gone off this morning, as I learn, and they are, I'll be sworn, in company."

"Your own words give you the lie," said Monsieur Caillemotte, whose rising anger got the better of his discretion; "it is but a few moments since you said for aught you knew Madame Caillemotte and her daughter were still at Plas Mawr. What say you to this?"

"My sword, not my tongue, shall answer you," replied Owain Goch; "I am not one of those fools who fight for what is called honour, but if you dare storm our intrenchment, beware my sword."

"Mark you me, false ruffian!" said Monsieur Caillemotte; "I have certain intelligence of your proceedings: I know that you confined my wife and daughter to Plas Mawr, afterwards to the house of the minister here. I know that this morning you have conveyed them hence to some of your mountain fastnesses, and that your object is to acquire the hand of Mademoiselle la Caillemotte by force, or intimidation. Your tale of Captain Delafosse, whom, though an enemy, I honour, is as false as your own heart."

"Ochree, ochree! how is this?" said O'Regan, in the utmost amazement: "If this be true, Master Gwyndyr —?"

"It is a lie — a villainous lie, coined by this Frenchman out of policy, to break

up our alliance," replied Owain Goch, with great shrewdness : " Beware how you believe him."

" Did my word need confirmation," said Monsieur Caillemotte, " I could bring you forth an incorruptible witness to prove the fact."

" It is easy to suborn witnesses," replied Gwyndyr ; " the power of French gold is well known."

" Very well, sir," returned Monsieur Caillemotte ; " I perceive that if you are wicked enough to do such an act, you are not bold enough to avow it. I demand to have Madame Caillemotte and her daughter instantly restored to me in honour and safety : you understand me ; if the slightest force be put upon them, I bid you note me well, gentlemen, I will pursue every Jacobite in the country with fire and sword ; I will slaughter ye without quarter. If by such barbarous and unwonted acts, ye will put yourselves out of the law of arms and nations,

expect the consequences; the utmost rigour which a vindictive enemy can inflict."

"You talk proudly," returned the chief of Ben Lyn, "you might have us at your mercy."

"And so I have," answered Monsieur Caillemotte; "if you dare stand and fight, I will engage, with five hundred of my veterans, either horse or foot, to drive all the savages of Wales from the Ormeshead to Milford, from the Dee to the Severn; though they should be commanded by the renowned freebooter, Owain Goch."

Stung with the fierce contempt of the French officer, Gwyndyr laid his hand upon his sword; but recollecting himself, he said, "You say if we dare stand and fight: when was it that the hardy sons of Britain fled from the children of France? Proud chief, thou hast but to lay thy dogs on, and see if the bear will run. Was it our seeking, that battle was delayed, and we met thee to talk when

we should have been in action? No, we were ready for death or victory; we are ready now; and though thy trained soldiers are in thy mind so far superior to the naked savages of Wales, yet Owain Gwyndyr tells thee to come quickly, at all odds, and prove thy judgment upon the Cymry. The best soldiers of France are descendants from the fugitives of Wales. Let them come hither, and try their valour with the children of those who preserved their country and their freedom."

"Gentlemen, both," said the hero of Ireland, "as we are not females in coats and breeches, let us cease bothering one another with this kind of blarney. Mounsieur Callimot, it seems we are not likely to agree upon a capitulation, because, d'ye see, we have good stomachs for fighting, and till we've got our bellyfull we shall keep handling our knives and forks, that is, jewel, our swords and bayonets. As to the disappearance of your good wife and daughter, sorry's the day the news is

come to my ears; and if it be as my friend Gwyndare says, that the little warrior has captured Delafosse, and carried him away, sorrier still is it for that too. However the thing may be, Mounseer, it appears to me, patience is the best remedy when one can't help it."

"Colonel O'Regan," replied Monsieur Caillemotte, "I will retire. You will hereafter, if you survive the fortune of the day, bear me witness how strenuously I have endeavoured to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood. Still am I sorry to confound the innocent with the guilty, but you have chosen your lot."

"For gold or copper," answered O'Regan; "one can't see into the bag, darling, when one dips one's hand in. So fare-ye-well, sirs, till we meet again, which will not be long, I hope, for the honour of arms."

With ultra-courtesy, O'Regan raised his hand to his hat, and turning about, followed his colleague to the intrench-

ment, where, in the expectation of an immediate attack, they prepared to give the enemy a warm reception. Owain Goch, with his usual confidence, occupied with his followers the front of the rampart, a service which the governor, who was rather more skilful in military matters, did not envy him; whilst the disciplined soldiery formerly commanded by Delafosse, but now by O'Regan, were drawn up more in the middle of the town, to defend any other part which the enemy might find assailable. The town was protected on the north and south by the sea and the mountains; and the party of King James confidently trusted to their arms, their bulwarks, and the righteousness of their cause.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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